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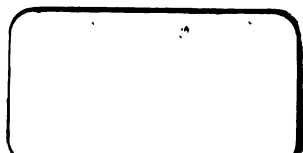
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A DICTIONARY
OF
POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

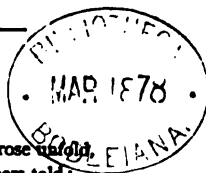
A DICTIONARY
OF
POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

SPECIALLY SELECTED WITH A VIEW TO THE NEEDS OF

THE PULPIT AND PLATFORM,

BY THE

REV. R. A. BERTRAM.



'Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told;
By the loud trumpet which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.'—*Waller*.

'Well-sounding verses are the charms we use
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.'—*Roscommon*.

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1877.

280. i. 251.

CLAY AND TAYLOR, BUNGAY.

DICTIONARY

OF

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. AARON : and Christ.

SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear,
In robes of mystic meaning dress'd,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

Through him the eye of faith descries
A greater priest than he—
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies
For you, my friends, and me.

He bears the names of all the saints,
Deep on His heart engraved ;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all His love has saved.

In Him a holiness complete,
Light and perfection shine ;
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet—
A Saviour all Divine.

The blood which, as a priest, He bears,
For sinners, is His own ;
The incense of His prayers and tears
Perfumes the holy throne.

In Him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile ;
I read my name upon His breast,
And see the Father smile.—*John Newton.*

2. AARON : his death.

WITH trembling hand

He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe,
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place ; while with a feeble voice,
He bless'd, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised
The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye
Caught the radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light

Jehovah had so oft His will reveal'd,
Unto the chosen tribe whom Aaron loved
In all their wandering—but whose promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapp'd in stifled groans,
Gave up the ghost.—*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

3. ABEL : entering heaven.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo ! a solitary tongue
Took up a song unknown ;
A song unknown to angel ears,
A song that spoke of vanish'd fears,
Of pardon'd sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could those high notes attain,
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain,
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffer'd long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as years are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly ransom'd soul on high,
To swell the chorus there ;
And still the song shall louder grow,
Till all, redeem'd from sin and woe,
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh grant me, Lord, a golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys !
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reach'd the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore !

4. ABIDING IN CHRIST. Prayer for Christ's presence.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee !

From this good hour, O, leave me nevermore !
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be heal'd,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-form'd purpose and dark thought of sin ;
Quench, e'er it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand Divine :
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me : there have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp ; and passion, hush'd,
Own'd the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

5. ABIDING IN CHRIST : our only safety.

O LAMB of God ! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'Tis only then in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me !
What doubts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure,—
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hateful foe ;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face :

One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace ;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

6. ABILITIES. Development of

CALL now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of Nature, to perfection half Divine,
Expand the blooming soul ! What pity, then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom ; Nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures : witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things ;
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitting labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom.—*Mark Akenside.*

7. ABILITIES. Difference of

ALAS ! what differs more than man from man ?
And whence this difference ?—whence but from him-
self ?

For, see the universal race endow'd
With the same upright form ! The sun is fix'd,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven,
Within the reach of every human eye :
The sleepless ocean murmurs in all ears ;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil ; and as a power
Is salutary, or its influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;—
Reason,—and, with that reason, smiles and tears ;
Imagination, freedom of the will,
Conscience to guide and check ; and death
To be foretasted—immortality presumed.

Strange then, nor less than monstrous, might be deem'd

The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding; leaving truth
And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
Hard to be won, and only by a few:
Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scatter'd at the feet of man, like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low—for proudly graced
And not for meek in heart.—*Wordsworth.*

8. ABRAHAM. A Legend of

AT night, upon the silent plain,
Knelt Abraham and watch'd the sky;
When the bright evening star arose
He lifted up a joyful cry:
'This is the Lord! This light shall shine
To mark the path for me and mine.'
But suddenly the star's fair face
Sank down and left its darken'd place.
Then Abraham cried, in sore dismay,
'The Lord is not discover'd yet;
I cannot worship gods which set.'

Then rose the moon, full orb'd and clear,
And flooded all the plain with light,
And Abraham's heart again with joy
O'erflow'd at the transcendent sight.
'This surely is the Lord,' he cried;
'That other light was pale beside
This glorious one.' But, like the star,
The moon in the horizon far
Sank low and vanish'd. Then again
Said Abraham: 'This cannot be
My Lord. I am but lost, astray,
Unless one changeless guideth me.'

Then came, unheralded, the dawn,
Rosy and swift from east to west;
High rode the great triumphant sun,
And Abraham cried, 'O last and best
And sovereign light! Now I believe
This Lord will change not, nor deceive.'
Each moment robb'd the day's fair grace;
The reddening sun went down apace;
And Abraham, left in rayless night,
Cried, 'O my people, let us turn

And worship now the God who rules
These lesser lights, and bids them burn!
Helen Hunt, from the 'Koran.'

9. ABRAHAM. The Sacrifice of

IT was noon—
And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself
And buried up his face and pray'd for strength.
He could not look upon his son, and pray;
But with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy he pray'd that God
Would nerve him for that hour. . . .
. . . . He rose up and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flash
Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength and spoke:
'Isaac! my only son!'—The boy look'd up:
'Where is the lamb, my father?' Oh the tones,
The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child!—
What would its music seem at such an hour!
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arms and call'd on God—
And lo! God's angel stay'd him—and he fell
Upon his face and wept.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

10. ABSENCE. Effects of

ALL flowers will droop in absence of the sun
That waked their sweets.—*Dryden.*

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;
And every little absence is an age.—*Dryden.*

11. ABSENCE. Improvement of

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory lock'd within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee ; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one ! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes
pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time ; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine ;
So may my love and longing hallow'd be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble.

12. ABSENCE. Similes of

A BOAT at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee !

Thomas Moore.

13. ABSTINENCE. Battle of

STAND up for the cold-water fight
'Gainst doctor and lawyer and priest ;
Stand up and do battle for right
'Gainst foes from the West or the East ;
'Gainst foes from the North and the South ;
'Gainst foes from above or beneath ;
Speak out every man with a mouth
The watchword of 'FREEDOM OR DEATH !'

Away with your 'moderate' drink !
Your infamous pleading for wine !
The tempter that lures to the brink
Of perdition ! The demon malign !
The treacherous, venomous thing
That blushes and laughs in the bowl !
The mocker ! The adder whose sting
Strikes mortal through body and soul !

George Lansing Taylor.

14. ABSTINENCE. Habit of

THAT monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is *angel* yet in this :
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery

That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night ;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence ; the next more easy :
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.—*Shakespeare.*

15. ABSTINENCE : its Rewards.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue abstinence.

Robert Herrick.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

Shakespeare.

16. ABSTINENCE. Labour for

WAIT, abstainers, every year
Vindicates the glorious plan,
Time rewards each pioneer
Who clears a higher path for man.

Faster, faster, true men gather
Round the standard all unfurl'd,
Youthful son and hoary father
Haste to bear it round the world.

17. ABSTINENCE. Resolution of

THOU sparkling bowl ! thou sparkling bowl !
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And songs and dance thy power confess—
I will not touch thee ; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings.

John Pierpont.

18. ACCLAMATIONS.

It is a note
Of upstart greatness to observe and watch
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.—*Johnson.*

19. ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS were native to her mind,
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,
And winning grace her every act refined,
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell.

Mrs Hale.

20. ACQUIESCENCE. Confiding

I KNOW not what will befall me ! God hangs a mist
o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes
new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and
glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitterness than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink.
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing. I would not if I might;
I would rather walk on in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back, with the whisper'd word 'He knows.'

21. ACQUIESCENCE. Entire

To do, or not to do; to have,
Or not to have, I leave to Thee;
To be, or not to be, I leave;
Thy only will be done in me!
All my requests are lost in one,
'Father, Thy only will be done!'

Welcome alike the crown or cross:
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest; nor gain, nor loss;
Nor joy, nor grief; nor pain, nor ease;
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
'Father, Thy only will be done!'

Charles Wesley.

22. ACTION. Appointment of

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

Elisabeth Barrett Browning.

23. ACTION. Call to

DARE to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scann'd by Jehovah and angels and men.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The path by apostles and martyrs once trod,
The path of the just to the city of God.

George Lansing Taylor.

24. ACTION. Duty of

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

[REPLY TO LONGFELLOW'S 'PSALM OF LIFE.']

'TIS no theme for joyful numbers :
Life must be a fatal dream,
If the soul in darkness slumbers,
Christ omitted from our scheme.

Though thy work-day life be earnest,
If some phantom be the goal,
When thou to the dust returnest,
Second death awaits thy soul.

Though thou act that each to-morrow
Finds thee farther than to-day,
Yet it may be, man, that sorrow
Is thy destined end and way.

Tedious art and moments fleeting
Sadden not the truly brave ;
Christians, at their glorious meeting,
Live and learn beyond the grave.

Rather be dumb driven cattle
Than ignore our higher life,

Rushing godless into battle,
Single-handed in the strife.

Lives of good men all remind us
God can make our lives sublime :
Otherwise we leave behind us
Wrecks upon the sands of time.

Wrecks !—not trophies—mark, my brother—
Waifs too often seen in vain—
Burning beacons, which to smother
Is to earn the curse of Cain.

Men may work and wait for ever,
Toiling early, toiling late ;
May be earnest, patient, clever,
And, like stoics, dare their fate.

But if here we have our portion,
If *our* glory we pursue,
Every scheme is an abortion,
Dry rot lurks in all we do.—*J. Mackay, B.D.*

25. ACTION. End of

Go, silly worm, drudge, trudge, and travel,
Despising pain, so thou may'st gain
Some honour or some golden gravel ;
But death the while, to fill his number,
With sudden call takes thee from all,
To prove thy days but dream and slumber.

Joshua Sylvester.

26. ACTION. God's Favour of

WHEN Thou dost favour any action,
It runs, it flies ;
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When Thou dost bless, hath twelve : one wheel
doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when Thou dost on business blow,
It hangs, it clogs :
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharo's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.—*George Herbert.*

27. ACTION. Haste to

LIFE is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand :
'Twill soon be dark ;
Ay ! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark !—*R. W. Emerson.*

28. ACTION. Life in

Festus. The value of a thought cannot be told ;
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives,
 Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
 As if mere life were worth their living for.
 What but perdition will it be to most ?
 Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood.
 It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
 The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
 One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
 Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
 Than if each year might number a thousand days—
 Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
 We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
 lives

Who thinks most,—feels the noblest,—acts the best.
Philip James Bailey.

29. ACTION. Present

HEART gazing mournfully
 Back through past years—
 Bringing sad memories,
 Laden with tears—
 Life's hours wasted,
 Talents abused,
 Bright opportunities
 Blindly refused—
 Close up the record
 Fraught with such pain ;
 Years that have vanish'd
 Return not again.
 Grasp thou the *Present*,
 Be earnest and bold—
 Fleeting its moments,
 More precious than gold.

Watch and fight bravely
 Against sloth and sin ;
 Pray for the Spirit,
 The victory to win.
 Cometh the future
 Veiled and slow ?
 Go forth to greet her,
 For weal or for woe.
 Bringeth she gladness ?
 Praise thou the Lord.
 Bringeth she sadness ?
 Bow to His word.
 O'er Past and o'er Future
 Dim shadows recline.
 Heart, be thou manful ;
 The *Present* is thine !

30. ACTION. Quality of

REDEEM we time—its loss we dearly buy.
 No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant.
 Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thine :
 This cancels thy complaint at once ; this leaves
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;
 This, the bless'd art of turning all to gold ;
 This, the good heart's prerogative, to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours :
 Immense revenue ! every moment pays.
 If nothing more than purpose is thy power,
 Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed ;
 Who does the best his circumstance allows
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

Young.

31. ACTION. Record of

THOUGH history, on her faded scrolls,
 Fragments of facts and wrecks of names enrolls,
 Time's indefatigable finger writes
 Men's meanest actions on their souls,
 In lines which not himself can blot :
 These the last day shall bring to light,
 Though through long centuries forgot,
 When hearts and sepulchres are bared to sight.
 Ah ! then shall each of Adam's race,
 In that concentrated instant, trace,
 Upon the tablet of his mind,
 His whole existence in a thought combined,
 Thenceforth to part no more, but be
 Impictured on his memory ;
 —As in the image-chamber of the eye,
 Seen at a glance, in clear perspective, lie
 Myriads of forms of ocean, earth, and sky.

James Montgomery.

32. ACTION. Resolution in

BE just in all thy actions, and if join'd
 With those that are not, never change thy mind ;
 If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
 But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.

Denham.

33. ACTION. Room for

THROUGH the blue Immense
 Strike out, all swimmers ! cling not in the way
 Of one another, so to sink, but learn
 The strong man's impulse, catch the fresh'ning spray
 He throws up in his motions, and discern
 By his clear, westering eye, the time of day.
 Thou, God, hast set us worthy gifts to earn,
 Besides Thy heaven and Thee ! and when I say

There's room here for the weakest man alive
 To live and die,—there's room too, I repeat,
 For all the strongest to live well and strive,
 Their own way, by their individual heat,
 Like a new bee-swarm leaving the old hive,
 Despite the wax which tempts so violet-sweet.
 Then let the living live, the dead retain
 Their grave-cold flowers ! through honour's best supplied,

By bringing actions to prove theirs not vain.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

34. ACTIONS. Good

GOOD actions crown themselves with lasting bays,
 Who deserves well needs not another's praise.

Heath.

If thou doest ill, the joy fades, not the pains ;
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

George Herbert.

35. ACTIONS : how their moral quality is to be determined.

THE body sins not, 'tis the will
 That makes the action good or ill.

Herrick.

Of every noble action, the intent
 Is to give worth reward,—vice punishment.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

36. ACTIONS : must not be indiscreet.

FOR good and well must in our actions meet ;
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

Donne.

37. ACTIONS. Sudden

ACTIONS rare and sudden, do commonly
 Proceed from fierce necessity : or else
 From some oblique design, which is ashamed
 To show itself in the public road.

Sir William Davenant.

38. ACTIVITY : admired.

CELERITY is never more admired
 Than by the negligent.—*Ben Jonson.*

39. ACTIVITY : characteristic of the wise.

WISE men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harm.

Shakespeare.

40. ACTIVITY. Christian

WOULDEST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
 Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?

Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
 'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
 Its life and beauty ; not when, all unroll'd,
 Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
 Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
 When death is waiting for thy number'd hours
 To take their swift and everlasting flight ;
 Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
 And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd :
 Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
 And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
 Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
 Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
 To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
 With thoughts all fix'd and feelings purely kind ;
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above :
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
 The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
 Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.—*Carlos Wilcox.*

41. ACTIVITY : how much it accomplishes.

THE keen spirit
 Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thought
 Start into instant action, and at once
 Plans and performs, resolves and executes !

Hannah More.

42. ACTIVITY. Incentives to

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
 For thou so soon must die ;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
 How swift its moments fly !

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
 To move in idleness through earth,
 This, this is not to live !

Make haste, O man, to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.

Up then with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away ;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work, and pray !

The useful, not the great,
 The thing that never dies ;
 The silent toil that is not lost,—
 Set these before thine eyes.

The seed, whose leaf and flower,
 Though poor in human sight,
 Brings forth at last the eternal fruit,
 Sow thou by day and night.

Make haste, O man, to live,
 Thy time is almost o'er :
 O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
 The Judge is at the door.
 Make haste, O man, to live !
Horatius Bonar.

43. ACTIVITY : its necessity.

LET's take the instant by the forward top ;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees,
 The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.—*Shakespeare.*

Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path :
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or edge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost.—*Shakespeare.*

44. ACTIVITY. Mental

THERE is a fire-fly in the southern clime
 Which shineth only when upon the wing ;
 So it is with the mind : when once we rest,
 We darken. On ! said God unto the soul
 As to the earth, for ever. On it goes,
 A rejoicing native of the infinite—
 As a bird of air—an orb of heaven.
Philip James Bailey.

45. ACTIVITY : must not be excessive.

RUN if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
 Work like a man, but don't be work'd to death.
O. W. Holmes.

46. ACTIVITY : resents delay.

How slow the time
 To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
 It forms, would execute a great design !
Thomson.

47. ACTIVITY. Thrift of

GOOD striving
 Brings thriving.
 Better a dog who works
 Than a lion who shirks.—*Oriental.*

48. ADAM AND EVE. Description of

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine,
 The image of their glorious Maker, shone
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom placed),
 Whence true authority in men ; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd :
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd ;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
 He for God only, she for God in him :
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule.
 The loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met :
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Milton.

49. ADAM AND EVE. Transgression of

WITH fatal and disastrous ease
 Lifting her hand into the clustering boughs,
 She touch'd, she took, she tasted. One small taste
 Sufficed. Her eyes were open'd ; and she seem'd,
 The moorings cut which bound her to the shore,
 Launch'd on an ocean of delights. Alas,
 Perfidious sea, on which the fairest bark
 E'er floated suffer'd foulest wrong and wreck !
 Awhile as in a dream she stood, but soon
 Her scatter'd thoughts recall'd, and from the boughs
 Selecting one laden with luscious fruit,
 She pluck'd it bower'd in leaves, and took her way
 To seek her absent lord. Him soon she met
 Returning with no laggard steps ; for when
 The serpent slid with such strange haste away
 The loitering minutes hours appear'd, and then
 A strange solicitude unknown before
 Began to creep around his boding heart,
 And he retraced his path. But when he saw

Eve with flush'd cheek and agitated mien
 Advancing, in her hand that fatal branch,
 His heart sank, and his lip quiver'd. And when
 She told her tale, the serpent's honey'd words,
 Her brief refusal, his repeated suit,
 Her answer, his reply, her touch, her taste,
 Then first upon the virgin soil of earth
 Fell human tears, presage of myriad showers.
 But when again with pleading eye and hand,
 Silent but most persuasive eloquence,
 She pray'd him share with her the fruit she bore
 Then Adam wail'd aloud :

'O Eve, my wife,
 Heaven's last, Heaven's dearest gift, what hast thou
 done ?

Me miserable ! Thou hast undone thyself,
 Thyself and me ; for if thou diest I die,
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my very flesh,—
 Eve, in whose veins my heart's best juices flow.
 What can I do, what suffer for thee ? Say
 I rigorously refuse this fatal fruit,
 What, shall I see thy warm and gentle limbs
 Stiffen in death, and live myself ? How live ?
 Alone ? Or peradventure God will take
 Another rib, and form another Eve ?
 Nay, we are one. My heart, myself am thine.
 Our Maker made us one. Shall I unmake
 His union ? and transfer from heart to heart
 My very life ? Far higher I deem of love,
 No transferable perishable thing,
 But flowing from its secret fountain, God,
 Like God immortal and immutable.
 But oh, what follows ? Adam, be thou sure
 Of thy inflexible resolve—death, death :
 Both cannot live, and therefore both must die.'
 So saying, from her hand he took and ate,
 Not circumvented by the serpent's fraud,
 But blindly overcome by human love,
 Love's semblance, which belied its name, denying
 The Great Creator for the creature's sake.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

50. ADAPTATION. Utility of

A SMITH at the loom and a weaver at the forge were
 but sorry craftsmen :
 And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall
 reach her port ;
 Yet there be thousands among men who heed not
 the leaning of their talents,
 But, cutting against the grain, toil on to no good
 end ;
 And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched
 beneath the bushel of commerce,
 While meaner plodding minds are driven up the
 mountain of philosophy ;

The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek
 is fattening in a hotbed ;
 And the dock, with its rank leaves, hideth the sun
 from violets.

To everything a fitting place, a proper, honourable
 use ;

The humblest measure of mind is bright in its
 humbler sphere ;

The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the
 halt making for the goal,

The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discours-
 ing eloquence,—

What wonder if all fail ? the shaft flieth wide of its
 mark

Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry.
Tupper.

51. ADIEU. Import of

ADIEU ! adieu ! what means adieu !
 My soul to God commending you.

Then 'tis the dearest, sweetest word

Love ever spoke or ever heard ;

And though but used when meetings cease,

And friend from friend departs in peace ;

That sweetest, dearest word would tell

Not less for *welcome* than *farewell*.

James Montgomery.

52. ADMIRATION: and Esteem.

THEY say that esteem is a diamond so bright,

It enkindles the eye that by sorrow is shaded ;

But glory to me is the sun's dazzling light,

That illumines a world which in darkness had
 faded.

Esteem is the dew-drop that freshens the flower ;

Admiration, the arch'd hues that splendidly shine.

The one is a sprinkle, the other a shower—

Let mine be the rainbow, the dew may be thine.

James Gates Percival.

53. ADVENT. Christ's first

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,

Our prayers are heard on high ;

And through heaven's crystal door,

On this our earthly floor,

Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.

In dead of night profound,

There breaks a seraph sound

Of never-ending morn ;

The Lord of glory born

Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

O sight of strange surprise
That fills our gazing eyes !
A manger coldly strew'd,
And swaddling-bands so rude,
A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless lies.

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,
Of lights the very Light,
Who holdest in Thy hand
The sky and sea and land,—
Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding
bright ?

'Tis so : Faith darts before,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
She sees the God of all,
Where angels prostrate fall,
Adoring, tremble still, and trembling still adore.

Within us, babe Divine,
Be born, and make us Thine ;
Within our souls reveal
Thy love and power to heal ;
Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy
shrine.—*Isaac Williams.*

54. ADVENT, THE SECOND : its approach.

O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the redd'ning dawn of day,
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray :
'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long-expected ! weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see ;
O my Saviour !
When wilt Thou return to me ?

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine,
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine ?
O my Saviour !
When shall I be wholly Thine ?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand ;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour !
In Thy bright and promised land.

With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour !
O my Saviour, quickly come !

55. ADVENT, THE SECOND : importance of preparation for it.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of
the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is
burning bright ;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall
surprise
With lamp untrimm'd, unburning, and with slumber
in his eyes !

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware, lest thou in sleep
sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden
crown ;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eyes, and
thus
Cry 'Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us !'
That day, the day of fear, shall come : my soul,
slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it
bright with oil ;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at
eventide,
'Behold, the Bridegroom comes ! Arise ! Go forth
to meet the Bride.'

Beware, my soul ; beware, beware, lest thou in
slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock and
vainly cry ;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimm'd, and Christ
shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of
the Son.—*Tr. from the Greek by G. Moultrie.*

56. ADVENT, THE SECOND : its nearness.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see ! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

He comes—for oh ! His yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full, unmingled joy,
To call His bride away.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon, upon His heavenly throne,
Its rightful King shall see.

Thou, too, shalt reign,—He will not wear
His crown of joy alone ;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him, on the throne.

Then weep no more : 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine ;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself, is thine !—*Denny.*

57. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Prayer for

LORD, come away,
Why dost Thou stay ?
Thy road is ready : and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation, wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly ; behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in the way.
Hosanna ! welcome to our hearts, Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Zion ; and as full of sin.
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor.
Crucify them, that they may nevermore
Profane that holy place,
Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,
The stones out of the temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call
Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet.

Jeremy Taylor.

58. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Prayer for

COME, Lord, and tarry not :
Bring the long-looked-for day,
Oh why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay ?

Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy foes are strong ;
With taunting lip they say,
'Where is the promised Advent now,
And where the dreaded day ?'

Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth—
Sower and reaper Thou !

Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruin'd earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Horatius Bonar.

59. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Prayer for

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see ;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come !

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side ;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come !

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord, our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs and tears and blood ?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come !

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn ?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return ?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come !

The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.
 Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

H. Bonar.

60. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Prayer for

How long, O Lord our Saviour,
 Wilt Thou remain away?
 Our hearts are growing weary
 Of Thy so long delay:
 Oh! when shall come the moment,
 When, brighter far than morn,
 The sunshine of Thy glory
 Shall on Thy people dawn?

How long, O gracious Master,
 Wilt Thou Thy household leave?
 So long hast Thou now tarried,
 Few Thy return believe:
 Immersed in sloth and folly,
 Thy servants, Lord, we see;
 And few of them stand ready
 With joy to welcome Thee.

How long, O Heavenly Bridegroom,
 How long wilt Thou delay?
 And yet how few are grieving
 That Thou dost absent stay;
 Thy very bride her portion
 And calling hath forgot,
 And seeks for ease and glory,
 Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

Oh! wake Thy slumbering virgins;
 Send forth the solemn cry,
 Let all Thy saints repeat it,
 'The Bridegroom draweth nigh!'
 May all our lamps be burning,
 Our loins all girded be,
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy Thy face to see!

61. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Waiting for

THE Advent morn shines cold and clear,
 These Advent nights are long;
 Our lamps have burn'd year after year,
 And still their flame is strong.

Watchman, what of the night? we cry,
 Heartsick with hope deferr'd:
 No speaking signs are in the sky,
 Is still the watchman's word.

The porter watches at the gate,
 The servants watch within;
 The watch is long betimes, and late,
 The prize is slow to win:
 Watchman, what of the night? But still
 His answer sounds the same,—
 No day-break tops the utmost hill,
 Nor pale our lamps of flame.

One to another, hear them speak,
 The patient virgins wise,—
 Surely He is not far to seek,
 All night we watch and rise;
 The days are evil looking back,
 The coming days are dim;
 Yet count we not His promise slack,
 But watch and wait for Him.

One with another, soul with soul,
 They kindle fire from fire;
 Friends watch us who have touch'd the goal;
 They urge us, Come up higher!
 With them shall rest our way-sore feet,
 With them is built our home,
 With Christ,—they sweet, but He most sweet,
 Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain;
 The distant ones brought near;
 The lost so long are found again,—
 Long lost, but longer dear:
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 Nor heart conceived, that rest;
 With them, our good things long deferr'd;
 With Jesus Christ, our best.

We weep, because the night is long;
 We laugh, for day shall rise;
 We sing a slow contented song,
 And knock at Paradise:
 Weeping, we hold Him fast, who wept
 For us; we hold Him fast,
 And will not let Him go except
 He bless us first or last.

Weeping, we hold Him fast to-night;
 We will not let Him go,
 Till day-break smite our wearied sight,
 And summer smite the snow.
 Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
 Shall coo the livelong day;
 Then He shall say, Arise, my love!
 My fair one, come away!

Christina G. Rossetti.

62. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Waiting for

WHAT of the night, watchman, what of the night ?

The wintry gale sweeps by,
The thick shadows fall, and the night-bird's call
Sounds mournfully through the sky.

The night is dark, it is long and drear,
But who, while others sleep,
Is that little band, who together stand,
And their patient vigils keep ?

All awake is the strained eye,
And awake the listening ear :
For their Lord they wait, and watch at the gate
His chariot-wheels to hear.

Long have they waited—that little band,
And ever and anon
To fancy's eye the dawn seem'd nigh,—
The night seem'd almost gone.

And often, through the midnight gale,
They thought they heard at last
The sound of His train, and they listen'd again,—
And the sound died away on the blast.

Ages have roll'd, and one by one
Those watchers have pass'd away ;
They heard the call on their glad ear fall,
And they hasten'd to obey.

And in their place their children stand,
And still their vigils keep,
They watch and pray for the dawn of day,
For this is no time for sleep.

What of the night, watchman, what of the night ?
Though the wintry gales sweep by,
When the darkest hour begins to lower
We know that the dawn is nigh.

Courage, ye servants of the Lord,
The night is almost o'er ;
Your Master will come and call you home,
To weep and to watch no more.

63. ADVENT, THE SECOND. Waiting for

'It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight,
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy,
With thoughts of Me ;
While you hear the little children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *My* feet.

Therefore I tell you, watch

By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come !

'It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed :
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake, and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come !

'It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,¹
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun,
Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill :
Behold, I say unto you, watch !
Let the door be on the latch
In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come !

'It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the sweet, green lawn ;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And gay birds are singing sweetly
About the door ;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And your dear ones come to talk a little
Of all that must be done,
But remember, / may be the next
To come in at the door,

To call you from all your busy work
For evermore !
As you work, your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come !'

So I am watching, quietly,
Every day !
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say,
Surely it is the shining of His face !
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea ;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask,
If He is come ;
And an angel answers sweetly
In my home,
' Only a few more shadows,
And He will come !'

64. ADVERSITY. Aggravation of

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs on the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, '*I told you so,*'
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst '*bonos mores,*'
With a long memorandum of old stories.—*Byron.*

65. ADVERSITY. Application of

I ASK
What He would have this evil do for me ?
What is its mission ? What its misery ?
What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk ?
How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
Chasten my passions, purify my love,
And make me in some goodly sense like Him
Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
And now in glory wears the victor's crown.
J. G. Holland.

66. ADVERSITY : awakens Pity.

WHEN a great mind falls,
The nobler nature of man's gen'rous heart

Doth bear him up against the shame of ruin,
With gentle censure, using but his faults
As modest means to introduce his praise ;
For pity, like a dewy twilight, comes
To close th' oppressive splendour of his day,
And they who but admired him in his height,
His alter'd state lament, and love him fall'n.

Joanna Baillie.

67. ADVERSITY. Benefit of

'MID pleasure, plenty, and success,
Freely we take from Him who lends :
We boast the blessing we possess,
Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.
But let affliction pour its smart,
How soon we quail beneath the rod !
With shatter'd pride, and prostrate heart,
We seek the long-forgotten God.

Eliza Cook.

Winter brings blessings, so the chill
Of dark adversity ;—from its cold grasp
The soul revives re-animate,—more strong ;
And better arm'd.—*F. A. Mackay.*

68. ADVERSITY. Comfort in

THE man, perhaps,
Thou pitiest, draws his comfort from distress.
That mind so poised, and centred in the good
Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,
Might, with prosperity's enchanting cup
Inebriate, have forgot the All-giving hand ;
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
Wing'd a desire beyond.—*George Bally.*

69. ADVERSITY. Constant

NOT one care-wanting hour my life had tasted ;
But from the very instant of my birth,
Incessant woes my tired heart have wasted,
And my poor thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
Look how one wave another still pursueth,
When some great tempest holds their troops in chase,
Or as one hour another close reneweth,
Or posting day supplies another's place ;
So do the billows of affliction beat me,
And hand in hand the storms of mischief go ;
Successive cares with utter ruin threat me,
Grief is enchain'd with grief, and woe with woe.

Brandon.

70. ADVERSITY. Correction of

WHEN urged by strong temptation to the brink
Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind,

With scarce a step between ; all-pitying Heaven,
Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,
Ofttimes in dark and awful visitation,
Doth interpose, and leads the wanderer back
To the straight path, to be for ever after
A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,
Strong in humility, who swerves no more.

Joanna Baillie.

71. ADVERSITY. Cup of

MY God once mix'd a harsh cup, for me to drink
from it,
And it was full of acrid bitterness intensest ;
The black and nauseating draught did make me
shrink from it,
And cry, 'O Thou who every draught alike dis-
pensest,
This cup of anguish sore, bid me not quaff of it,
Or pour away the dregs and the deadliest half of it !'
But still the cup He held ; and seeing He ordain'd it,
One glance at Him—it turn'd to sweetness as I
drain'd it.—*Oriental Tr. by W. R. Alger.*

72. ADVERSITY. Diverse effects of

SOME souls we see
Grow hard and stiffen with adversity.

Dryden.

The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine ;
But plunged within the furnace flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same.

Byron.

73. ADVERSITY. Gain of

THE good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain :
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;
But, crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith.

He who hath never warr'd with misery
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness ;
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express,
And only men show their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

Daniel.

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Daniel.

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Addison.

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue.

Mallet and Thomson.

74. ADVERSITY. Resignation in

NAY then farewell !

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting ; I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.—*Shakespeare.*

75. ADVERSITY. Reviewing

WHEN we are young, this year we call the worst
That we can know ; this bitter day is cursed,
And no more such our hearts can bear, we say.
But yet, as time from us falls fast away,
There comes a day, son, when all this is fair
And sweet to what, still living, we must bear.
'Better'd is bale by bale that follows it,'
The saw saith.—*William Morris.*

76. ADVERSITY : transient.

AFTER the storm, a calm ;
After the bruise, a balm ;
For the ill brings good in the Lord's own time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.
After the drought, the dew ;
After the cloud, the blue ;
For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Mrs Crawford.

Ye good distress'd !

Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more ;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

Thomson.

77. AFFECTATION. Ministerial

IN man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;

Object of my implacable disgust.

What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avault all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much
admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

Cowper.

78. AFFECTION. Elevating

O! there is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken,—when two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste has fasten'd mind to mind.
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind
As love is unto baseness; its desire
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.

Percival.

79. AFFECTION. Instinctive

My sweet wee nursing! thou art sweet to me
As sun to flowers, or honey to the bee—
Music in summer bowers—the freshening stream
To bright wings dipping from the sultry beam—
Hope to the mourner, to the weary rest—
To the young dreamer, visions of the blest!
Yes! thou'rt a charm!—a most mysterious spell!
Birds, bees, and flowers, can just as ably tell
Why sunshine, scent, and streams their pleasures be,
As thy young mother why she dotes on thee
With such unmeasured, fond intensity!
Breathing and crying are thy only speech—
But, oh! for me, what eloquence hath each!
Sounds of my first-born!—how my heart they thrill,
Like the sweet babblings of a hidden rill;
A well of future blessedness art thou!
My morning star, my crown of gladness now!

Mrs Richardson.

80. AFFECTION. Maternal

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure!
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Then thou, my merry love,—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

At length THOU camest,—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed 'the Emperor' by thy laughing
brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others,
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

Caroline E. Norton.

81. AFFECTION. Paternal

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is open'd,
And voices soft and sweet

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

H. W. Longfellow.

82. AFFECTION. Sacrifices of

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvell'd, my Belovéd, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But . . . so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe on
me!

As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near, sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

83. AFFECTION. Sudden

THE first time that the sun rose on thine oath
To love me, I look'd forward to the moon
To slacken all those bonds which seem'd too soon
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;
And looking on myself, I seem'd not one
For such man's love!—more like an out of tune
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
To spoil his song with, and which, snatch'd in haste,
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.

I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,—
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and dote.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

84. AFFECTION. Tenacious

In my boy's loud laughter ringing,
In the sigh more soft than singing
Of my baby-girl that nestles up into this mortal
breast,
And every voice most dear
Comes a whisper—'Rest not here.'
And the rest Thou art preparing, is it best, Lord,
is it best?

'Lord, a little, little longer!'
Sobs the earth-love, growing stronger:
He will miss me, and go mourning through his
solitary days.
And heaven were scarcely heaven
If these lambs which Thou hast given
Were to slip out of our keeping and be lost in the
world's ways.

Lord, it is not fear of dying.
Nor an impious denying
Of Thy will, which for evermore on earth, in
heaven, be done:
But the love that desperate clings
Unto these my precious things
In the beauty of the daylight, and the glory of the
sun.

Ah, Thou still art calling, calling,
With a soft voice unappalling;
And it vibrates in far circles through the everlasting
years;
When Thou knockest, even so!
I will arise and go.—*D. M. Muloch Craik.*

85. AFFECTIONS. Strong

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that which strong affections do apply
Against the fort of reason, evermore
To bring the soul into captivity!—*Spenser.*

86. AFFLICTION. Comfort in

'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall find
Comfort and joy!' Though flesh and blood rebel
'Gainst heavenward thoughts, and the vex'd spirit
swell
With anxious tossings, still, the veil behind
Of earth-born mists, the faith-directed mind

Sees throned in cloudless light the Invisible,
 At whose right hand delights in fulness dwell,
 And bliss for ever lasting. Be resign'd,
 Thou child of sorrow, to His sovereign will ;
 Drink, as He bids, the bitter cup, and bear
 Thy cross in patience ! From the holy hill
 A gleam shall cheer thee, till, safe-harbour'd there,
 Thou feel how faintly earth's severest ill
 May with the weight of heavenly joys compare !

Mant.

87. AFFLICTION. Compensation for

DEEM not that they are blest alone
 Whose days a peaceful tenor keep,
 The Anointed Son of God makes known
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears,
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night,
 And Grief may bide an evening guest,
 But Joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
 Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny ;
 Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
 And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

For God hath mark'd each sorrowing day,
 And number'd every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all His children suffer here.—*Bryant.*

Now let us thank th' Eternal Power ; convinced
 That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction :
 That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
 Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Brown.

88. AFFLICTION : develops excellencies.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
 So little worth, doth hidden lie
 Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?
 Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
 Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
 Of shape or lustre, patient care
 Will find for thee a jewel rare ;

But first must skilful hands essay
 With file and flint to clear away
 The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart :
 It must be crush'd by pain and smart,
 It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
 Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
 To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

Wilberforce.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue ;
 Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
 Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.

Mallet.

89. AFFLICTION. Enduring

PAIN's furnace-heat within me quivers—
 God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
 And all my heart in anguish shivers,
 And trembles at the fiery glow ;
 And yet I whisper, 'As God will !'
 And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
 On the bare anvil, minded so
 Into His own fair shape to beat it
 With His great hammer, blow on blow ;
 And yet I whisper, 'As God will !'
 And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my soften'd heart and beats it—
 The sparks fly off at every blow ;
 He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
 And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
 And yet I whisper, 'As God will !'
 And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
 Thus only longer-lived would be ;
 Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
 When God has done His work in me ;
 So I say, trusting, 'As God will !'
 And, trusting, to the end hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
 Affliction's glowing, fiery brand ;
 And all His heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a Master-hand ;
 So I say, praying, 'As God will !'
 And hope in Him and suffer still.—*Sturm.*

90. AFFLICTION. Eucharist of

ABOVE the seas of gold and glass
The Christ, transfigured, stands to-day ;
Below, in troubled currents, pass
The tidal fates of man away.

Through that environ'd blessedness
Our sorrow cannot wholly rise,
Nor his swift sympathy redress
The anguish that in Nature lies.

Yet mindful from His banquet sends
The guest of God a cup of wine,
And shares a morsel with His friends,
Who, wondering, wait without the shrine.

Julia Ward Howe.

91. AFFLICTION. Furnace of

HE that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the *one* brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are His children tried ;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure !
But who the fiery trial may abide ?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the
whole,
May see His image perfect in the soul ?

Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,
But, stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there be
shown

Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace,—
And round that seal of love this motto be,
'Not for a moment, but eternity !'

James Montgomery.

92. AFFLICTION : God's messenger.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him : rise and bow ;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,

Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.—*Aubrey De Vere.*

93. AFFLICTION. Heroism under

LIKE a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas thrown,
So in affliction's violence, he that's wise,
The more he's cast down, will the higher rise.

Nabb.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into joy ;
And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

Lyte.

94. AFFLICTION : its results.

THE more the cross, the nearer heaven ;—
Where is no cross there God is not ;
The world's turmoil doth hide His face,
Hell, sense, and self, make Him forgot.
Oh ! where God draws a blessed lot,
His mercy some dark lines doth trace.

The more the cross, the better Christian ;—
God lays the touchstone to each soul ;
How many a garden must lie waste
Did not a tear-storm o'er it roll !
Refining grief, a living coal,
Upon the Christian's heart is placed.

The more the cross, the more believing ;—
In desert lands the palm trees grow ;
And when the grape is strongly press'd,
Then doth its sweetness overflow ;
And strength lies hid in every woe,
As pearls do in the salt wave rest.

The more the cross, the more the praying ;—
The bruised plant yields sweetest balm ;
Man doth not seek to find the pole
In quiet seas and steady calms ;
And how should we have David's psalms
Had he not had a troubled soul ?

The more the cross, the more the longing ;—
Out of the vale man upward goes ;

Whose pathway through the desert lies,
He craves the land where Jordan flows.
When here the dove finds no repose,
Straight to the ark with joy she flies.

The more the cross, the sweeter death ;—
For man rejoices then to die ;
When as his body is laid down
Much pain and sorrow are laid by ;
His cross there on his grave doth lie—
See man doth wear the victor's crown !

Schmolk.

95. AFFLICTION : necessary.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross to bear,
As air to breathe—as light to see—
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

96. AFFLICTION. Refuge in

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown,
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above !
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !—*Moore.*

In the dark winter of affliction's hour,
When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
And the wreck'd heart perceives how frail each power
It made a refuge, and believed a stay ;
When man all wild and weak is seen to be—
There's none like Thee, O Lord ! there's none like
Thee !

Thou in adversity canst be a sun ;
Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One,
Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower !
Gifts of a King ; gifts frequent and yet free—
There's none like Thee, O Lord ! none, none like
Thee !—*Jewsbury.*

97. AFFLICTION : should awaken compassion.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark,
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.
Smollett.

98. AFFLICTION : tests character.

PERFUMES, the more they're chafed the more
they render
Their pleasant scents ; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true
Or else adulterate.—*Webster.*

99. AFFLICTION. Welcoming

COME then, Affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend : a friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enrich'd, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.—*Swaine.*

100. AGE. The Dead

THE epoch ends, the world is still.
The age has talk'd and work'd its fill,
The famous orators have done,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
The famous painters fill'd their wall,
The famous critics judged it all.
The combatants are parted now,
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low !

And in the after-silence sweet,
 Now strife is hush'd, our ears doth meet,
 Ascending pure, the bell-like fame,
 Of this or that down-trodden name,
 Delicate spirits, push'd away
 In the hot-press of the noon-day.
 And o'er the plain, where the dead age
 Did its now silent warfare wage,—
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
 Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
 Many spent fames and fallen might,—
 The one or two immortal lights,
 Rise slowly up into the sky
 To shine there everlastingly,
 Like stars over the bounding hill.
 The epoch ends, the world is still.

Matthew Arnold.

101. AGE. The New

THUNDERING and bursting
 In torrents, in waves,—
 Carolling and shouting
 Over tombs, amid graves,—
 See on the cumber'd plain
 Clearing a stage,
 Scattering the past about,
 Comes the new age !
 Bards make new poems,
 Thinkers new schools,
 Statesmen new systems,
 Critics new rules !
 All things begin again ;
 Life is their prize ;
 Earth with their deeds they fill,
 Fill with their cries !—*Matthew Arnold.*

102. AGE. Accompaniments of

I HAVE lived long enough : my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf :
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have.—*Shakespeare.*

103. AGE. Approach of

SIX years had pass'd, and forty ere the six,
 When Time began to play his usual tricks ;
 The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
 Locks of pure brown, display'd the encroaching
 white ;
 The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
 And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
 I rode or walk'd as I was wont before,
 But now the bounding spirit was no more ;

A moderate pace would now my body heat,
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
 I show'd my stranger guest those hills sublime,
 But said, ' The view is poor, we need not climb.'
 At a friend's mansion I began to dread
 The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed ;
 At home I felt a more decided taste,
 And must have all things in my order placed.
 I ceased to hunt ; my horses pleased me less,
 My dinner more ; I learn'd to play at chess.
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
 Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
 My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
 And bless'd the shower that gave me not to choose.
 In fact, I felt a languor stealing on ;
 The active arm, the agile hand, were gone ;
 Small daily actions into habits grew,
 And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
 I loved my trees in order to dispose ;
 I number'd peaches, look'd how stocks arose ;
 Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.

Crabbe.

Age by degrees invisibly doth creep,
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

Denham.

Thus daily changing, by degrees I'd waste,
 Still quitting ground by unperceived decay,
 And steal myself from life, and melt away.

Dryden.

104. AGE : comes to all.

'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told,
 The melancholy news that we grow old.—*Young.*

105. AGE : its effects.

YET time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb :
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
 brim.—*Byron.*

106. AGE. Genial

OUR nature here is not unlike our wine ;
 Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine :
 So age's gravity may seem severe,
 But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.

Denham.

107. AGE : not to be regretted.

WHY grieve that time has brought so soon
 The sober age of manhood on ?
 As idly should I weep at noon
 To see the blush of morning gone.—*Bryant.*

108. AGE. Peaceful

So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap ; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd.—*Milton.*

So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays.—*Pope.*

The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast ;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.—*Prior.*

An age that melts in unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.

Johnson.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease !

Goldsmith.

But an old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

Wordsworth.

109. AGE. Proprieties of

YOUTH no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—*Shakespeare.*

I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers :
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

Shakespeare.

Now leave these joys, unsuited to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.—*Dryden.*

You season still with sports your serious hours,
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.

Dryden.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;
You've play'd, and loved, and ate, and drank your
fill :

Walk sober off before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage :
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.—*Pope.*

Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite ;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.

Denham.

110. AGE. Virtuous

AGE sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks ;

He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.

Rowe.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long ;
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more :
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Dryden.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures ;
That life is long which answers life's great end :
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name ;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.—*Young.*

111. AGE. Wisdom of

AND may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.—*Milton.*

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it is to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes :
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.—*Waller.*

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Campbell.

112. AGE. Youth and

WHEN I was young ! Ah, woeful *When* !
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along !
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Ere I was old ! Ah, woeful *Ere* !
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
Oh Youth ! For years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one :
I'll think it but a fond conceit ;
It cannot be that thou art gone !
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd ;
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size ;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought ; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve,
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old :

That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave ;
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismiss'd,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.—*Coleridge.*

113. AGED. Absurdities of the

O MY coevals ! remnants of ourselves !
Poor human ruins tottering o'er the grave !
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil !
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?
With avarice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?
Grasping at air ; for what has earth beside ?
Man wants but little ; nor that little long ;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !—*Young.*

Absurd longevity ! More, more, it cries ;
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object and appetite must club for joy—
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from without.
Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,
While Nature is relaxing every string ?
Ask thought for joy : grow rich, and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?
Contract the taste immortal ; learn e'en now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter.
Divine or none, henceforth, your joys for ever.

Of age, the glory is to wish to die :
That wish is praise and promise ; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires !
Grand-climacterical absurdities !
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking ! it makes folly thrice a fool ;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and esteem is all that age can hope :
Nothing but wisdom gives the first ; the last
Nothing but the repute of being wise.
Folly bars both : our age is quite undone.

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world before the knell
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil :
Enough to live in tempest, die in port.
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,
And put good works on board, and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown :
If unconsider'd, too, a dreadful scene !—*Young.*

114. AGED. Afflictions and Infirmities of the

THE sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.—*Shakespeare.*

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
Shakespeare.

Till length of years,
And sedentary numbness, craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.—*Milton.*

To what can I be useful, wherein serve,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone, to visitants a gaze ?—*Milton.*

Thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will
change
To wither'd, weak, and grey.—*Milton.*

Behold where age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-closed eyes,

Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves ;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Prior.

When once men reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At every little breath misfortune blows,
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.—*Young.*

Now then the ills of age, its pains, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare ;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart.

Crabbe.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

Johnson.

The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear.—*Johnson.*

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

Johnson.

Thus pleasures fade away ;
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey.—*Scott.*

What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd.

Byron.

115. AGED. Characteristics of the

THIRST of power and of riches now bear sway,
The passion and infirmity of age.—*Frowde.*

These are the effects of doting age,
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution.

Dryden.

Age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleased, and parsimonious.—*Denham.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts ;
Old age is slow in both.—*Addison.*

116. AGED. Death of the

AGE, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops ;
While force our youth, like fruits, untimely crops.
Denham.

117. AGED. Death Song for the

IN age and feebleness extreme
Who shall a sinful worm redeem ?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart ;
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity !—*Charles Wesley.*

118. AGED. Example of the

OUR green youth copies what grey sinners act,
When age commends the fact.—*Dryden.*

119. AGED. Flattery of the

HERE is one that wishes to live longer ;
Feels not his gout, nor palsy ; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years ; flatters his age
With confident belying, with hopes he may
With charms, like Eson, have his youth restored ;
And with those thoughts so batters, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he.—*Ben Jonson.*

120. AGED. Happiness of the

BEHOLD a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the
staff of religion ;
Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes, are
his delight ;
His abhorrence is to strip from life its charitable
garment of ideal.
The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty, the
vain world mouthed at him for honour,
The false world hated him for truth, the cold world
despised him for affection.
Still he kept his treasure, the warm and noble heart,
And in that happy old man survive the child and
lover.—*Tupper.*

121. AGED. Hope in the

OLD husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow ;
For never any man was yet so old,
But hoped his life one winter more would hold.
Denham.

Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows : To gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain :
We take fair days in winter for the spring ;
And turn our blessings into bane.—*Young.*

122. AGED. Love of Life in the

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
 That love of life increased with years,
 So much that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

Mrs Thrale.

123. AGED. The : should not delay.

LET's take the instant by the forward top :
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.—*Shakespeare.*

124. AGED. Usefulness possible to the

LET not old age disgrace my high desire,
 O heavenly soul, in human shape contain'd !
 Old wood inflamed doth yield the bravest fire,
 When younger doth in smoke his virtue spend.

Sir P. Sidney.

The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth pro-
 duce,

But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use :
 So age a mature mellowness doth set
 On the green promises of youthful heat.

Denham.

125. AGRICULTURE. Nobility of

IN ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind.
 And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
 Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seized
 The plough, and greatly independent lived.

Thomson.

126. AGRICULTURE. Prayerful

FIRST offer incense ; then thy field and meads
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads ;
 The spangling dew dreg'd o'er the grasse shall be
 Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee.
 Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
 Shall run, and rivers, all throughout thy soyl.
 Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold ?
 Pray once, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold.

Herrick.

127. AGRICULTURE. Treasure of

A VINTNER at the point of death,
 Spake to his sons with parting breath :
 'A treasure in our vineyard lies.
 Dig for it !'—'Say, where is the prize ?'
 Aloud they to their father cried.
 'Dig, dig !' he said, when lo ! he died.

Ere in his grave he long had lain,
 They search'd and dug with might and main.
 With spade, and mattock, and with hoe
 The vineyard o'er and o'er they throw.
 No clod escaped their zealous toil,
 E'en through a sieve they pass'd the soil,
 And drew the rakes across, around,
 For ev'ry stone upon the ground ;
 But of the treasure saw no trace ;
 Each thought 'twas but a wild-goose chase.

But scarce the sun its yearly round
 Had made, when they with wonder found
 Each vine-tree bore a three-fold prize.
 Then grew, at length, the children wise,
 And, year on year revolving round,
 Dug greater treasures from the ground.

Gottfried August Bürger.

128. AIM. The Christian's

AIM at the highest prize ; if there thou fail,
 Thou'lt haply reach to one not far below.
 Strive first the goal to compass : if too slow
 Thy speed, the attempt may ne'ertheless avail
 The next best post to conquer. Let not quail
 Eye, heart, or limb : but still right onward go ;
 The Judge shall heed thee, and a crown bestow,
 And bid thy name the loud-voiced herald hail.
 To the wish'd mark one racer only came
 Of old victorious : to intertwine his brow
 One only grasp'd the crown, and won the game,
 Isthmian or proud Olympian. Happier thou
 Pursu'st thy course with no uncertain aim,
 Secure to seize an amaranthine bough.—*Mant.*

129. ALLOTMENT. Diversities of

ANOTHER feature in the ways of God,
 That wondrous seem'd, and made some men com-
 plain,
 Was the unequal gift of worldly things.
 Great was the difference, indeed, of men
 Externally, from beggar to the prince.
 The highest take, and lowest—and conceive
 The scale between. A noble of the earth,
 One of its great, in splendid mansion dwelt ;

Was robed in silk and gold, and every day
Fared sumptuously; was titled, honour'd, served.
Thousands his nod awaited, and his will
For law received.

Turn now thine eye, and look on poverty!
Look on the lowest of her ragged sons:
We find him by the way, sitting in dust;
He has no bread to eat, no tongue to ask;
No limbs to walk; no home, no house, no friend.
See how his hand, if any hand he has,
Involuntarily opens, and trembles forth,
As comes the traveller's foot; and hear his groan.
On him hail, rain, and tempest rudely beat;
And all the winds of heaven, in jocular mood,
Sport with his wither'd rags, that, toss'd about,
Display his nakedness to passers by,
And grievously burlesque the human form.
Observe him yet more narrowly: his limbs,
With palsy shaken, about him blasted lie;
And all his flesh is full of putrid sores,
And noisome wounds, his bones of racking pains.
Strange vesture this for an immortal soul!
Strange retinue to wait a lord of earth!
It seems as Nature, in some surly mood,
After debate and musing long, had tried
How vile and miserable thing her hand
Could fabricate, then made this meagre man:
A sight so full of perfect misery,
That passengers their faces turn'd away,
And hasted to be gone; and delicate
And tender woman took another path.

This great disparity of outward things
Taught many lessons; but this taught in chief,
Though learn'd by few: that God no value set,
That man should none, on goods of worldly kind;
On transitory, frail, external things,
Of migratory, ever-changing sort;
And further taught, that in the soul alone,
The thinking, reasonable, willing soul,
God placed the total excellence of man;
And meant him evermore to seek it there.

Pollok.

130. ALLOTMENT. Thy

THOU cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent,
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task

So slight, that virtue never could grow strong:
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The imposer's—over-burden'd thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

R. C. Trench.

131. ALLUREMENTS. Earthly

O STREAMS of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well!

Ye lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths,
Won by your winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us!—We glide
Down your deceiving wave;
Like men by siren song beguiled
On to a siren grave.

O world, with all thy smiles and loves,
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery is thine!

Thou woundest, but thou canst not heal,
Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poison'd cup,
And he who drinks it dies.

O world, there's fever in thy touch,
And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
To win thee is to die!—*Bonar.*

132. ALLUREMENTS. Fatal

A FOUNT-O'ERSHADING tree stands near the high-
way-side,

And many a good fellow, pausing there, has died.
For in the fountain's depths a dragon lies asleep:
Sits on the tree a bird, his constant watch to keep.
The bird's sweet song allures the unwary wanderer
near:

Then sings he loud, so loud the dragon wakes to
hear.

The thirsty traveller drinks,—the dragon darts
aloft,—

And on the tree the fatal bird sings soft.—*Oriental.*

133. ALLUREMENTS. Looking on

TURN thou thine eyes from each seducing sight,
For looking whets the ready edge of appetite.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

134. ALLUREMENTS. Resisting

ULYSSES, sailing by the Siren's isle,
Seal'd first his comrades' ears, then bade them fast
Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
And to their ruin flatter them, the while
Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past ;
And thus the peril they behind them cast,
Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used :
No fetter he put on, nor stopp'd his ear,
But ever, as he pass'd, sang high and clear
The blisses of the gods, their holy joys,
And with diviner melody confused
And marr'd earth's sweetest music to a noise.

R. C. Trench.

135. ALMS. Law of

In alms regard thy means, and others' merits.

Think Heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it,

Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something ; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image ; but a poor man is

Christ's stamp to boot : both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour His :

Write, So much given to God ; thou shalt be
heard.

Let thine alms go before, and keep Heaven's gate
Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

George Herbert.

136. ALMSGIVING. A Reason for

I AM a humble pensioner
Myself for daily bread ;
Shall I forget my brothers
Who seem in greater need ?

I know not how it happen'd
That I had more than they,
Unless God meant that I should give
A part of it away.

The poorest highway beggar
And I have needs the same ;
Close side by side we waited,
While God call'd out the name.

So, brother, it but happen'd
The name he call'd was mine,
The food was given for us both.
Here ! Half of it is thine !

137. AMBITION. Baseness of ungoverned

DARE to be great without a guilty crown ;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down -
'Tis base to seize on all.—*Dryden.*

138. AMBITION. Cheat of

WHAT IS AMBITION ? 'Tis a glorious cheat !
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy
And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever, as he shuts his 'wildered eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth ! His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man.

And what is its reward ? At best, a name !
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear,
Gold—where the senses it should please are dead ;
Wreaths—where the hair they cover has grown grey,
Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd is
numb ;
All things but *love*—when love is all we want ;
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
That ev'n these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripp'd and naked, to the grave !
N. P. Willis.

139. AMBITION. Check to

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys and be a theme at school.
One world sufficed not Alexander's mind ;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confined ;
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide ;

'Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds.'
Juvenal tr. by John Dryden.

140. AMBITION. Choice of

HIS trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He reck'd not. —*Milton.*

Here may we reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
Milton.

141. AMBITION. Christian

'AMBITION is the vice of noble souls!'
If 'tis a vice, then let those souls beware,
Thrice noble though they be, and passing fair
In the world's eye, and high upon the scrolls,
Her favour'd minions where the world enrolls,
Lest it conduct to shame! Be thine the care,
Soldier of Christ, that nobler strife to dare,
Which the rash spirit of the world controls,
And makes ambition virtue! Be it thine
To win thy bright unfading diadem
By works of love! Around his brows shall shine
In heaven from glory's source the purest beam,
Whose aspect here, with beauty most divine,
Reflects the image of the GOOD SUPREME.

Mant.

142. AMBITION. Curse of

WOE to thee, wild Ambition! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell:
Born in high heaven, her peace thou could'st destroy;
And but for thee there had not been a hell.
Through the celestial domes thy clarion peal'd;
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged
And straight were fiends; hurl'd from the shrinking
field,
They waked in agony to wail the change.
Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;
To lot of higher beings learn'd to aspire,
Dared to attempt, and doom'd the world to death.

Maria A. Brooks.

143. AMBITION: destroys Peace.

ONE shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth.

Milton.

O dire Ambition! what infernal power
Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
Murder and lust! to waste domestic peace
And every heartfelt joy. —*Brown.*

144. AMBITION. Devil of

How, like a mounting devil in the heart,
Rules the unrein'd Ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace for ever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendour and forget
The thirst for which we perish! Yet hath life
Many a falsèr idol. —*N. P. Willis.*

145. AMBITION. Disappointments of

I AM as one
Who doth attempt some lofty mountain's height,
And having gain'd what to the upcast eye
The summit's point appear'd, astonish'd sees
Its cloudy top, majestic and enlarged,
Towering aloft, as distant as before.

Joanna Baillie.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust.

Pope.

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. —*Cowper.*

On the summit see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs,—he pants,—he grasps them. At his
heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

Cowper.

146. AMBITION. Dissuasive from

BOTH ways deceitful is the wine of power;
When new 'tis heady, and when old 'tis sour.

Walter Harte.

147. AMBITION. Effects of

SOME through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, and their country sold.

Dryden.

Those who to empire by dark paths aspire,
Still plead a call to what they most desire.—*Dryden.*

148. AMBITION. End of

HERE, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager Ambition's fiery chase I see ;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;
As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in ' Here he lies '—
And ' Dust to dust ' concludes her noblest song.

Young.

149. AMBITION. Example of

ON what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trumpet, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain ;
' Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, ' till nought re-
main,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day !
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did not subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.—*Johnson.*

150. AMBITION. Examples of

NAPOLEON, Frederic, Charles, and Cromwell—
these

Swept the earth with a besom dipp'd in fire.
They would have kings and nations bend their knees ;
Theirs was the untamed thirst of something
higher,
An energy of hope, that could not tire,
The love of self to deeds of might sublimed.
Ambition wrought to habitudes of ire,
Force, reckless force, uncheck'd, unbent, untimed,
An aim to gain a height where power had never
climb'd.

They sought they knew not what,—they set no
bound

To their wide-clenching grasp—their longing
grew,
As grew their empire,—keenly, as the hound
Catches the deer-track in the morning dew,
They snuff'd the scent of conquest,—victory threw
Her laurels at their feet—awhile they gave
Blood to the earth like water,—madly flew
Their gore-fed eagles. But the wildest wave
Breaks and subsides at last ; their end was in the
grave.

Now they are dust and ashes ; other swarms
People the ground they wasted, other men
Rise to be torn and toss'd by other storms.
Ambition sleeps a moment in her den
To gain new breath, and fire, and strength ; but
then

She blows the ember'd coals, and they are flame.
So it must be, for it hath ever been :—
Age rolls on age, and heroes are the same,—
The rest, the crowd, the mob, the warlike hunter's
game.—*J. G. Percival.*

151. AMBITION. Fever of

Hew Atlas for my monument ; upraise
A pyramid for my tomb, that, undestroy'd
By rank, oblivion, and the hungry void,
My name shall echo through prospective days.
O careless conqueror ! cold, abysmal grave !
Is it not sad—is it not sad, my heart—
To smother young Ambition, and depart
Unhonour'd and unwilling, like death's slave ?
No rare immortal remnant of my thought
Embalms my life ; no poem firmly rear'd
Against the shock of time, ignobly fear'd,
But all my life's progression come to nought.
Hew Atlas ! build a pyramid in a plain !
O, cool the fever burning in my brain !

David Gray.

152. AMBITION. Fling away

I CHARGE thee, fling away Ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still, in thy right hand, carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.—*Shakespeare.*

153. AMBITION : impatient.

AMBITION is like love, impatient
Both of delays and rivals.—*Denham.*

154. AMBITION. Ingratitude of

Brutus. The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.—*Shakespeare.*

155. AMBITION : insatiable.

AMBITION is a lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflamed and madder by enjoyment.
Otway.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back ;
It is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off. It is a rebel
Both to the soul and reason, and enforces
All laws, all conscience ; treads upon religion,
And offers violence to nature's self.—*Ben Jonson.*

The world sufficed not Alexander's mind ;
Coop'd up he seem'd, in earth and seas confined.
Dryden.

156. AMBITION : makes life a toil.

BLINDED greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.
Daniel.

157. AMBITION : may be an excellence.

MAN was mark'd
A friend, in his creation, to himself,
And may, with fit Ambition, conceive
The greatest blessings and the brightest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way.—*Massinger.*

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The same Ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot, as it makes a knave.
Pope.

158. AMBITION. Mi-ery of

AMBITION hath one heel nail'd in hell,
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens.
Lilly.

159. AMBITION. Mortification of

FOR when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes.
There the vile foot of every clown
Tramples the sons of honour down ;
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.—*Watts.*

160. AMBITION : natural to man.

NATURE, that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regimen,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of a heav'nly crown.—*Marlo.*

So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years won from the abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown.—*Cowper.*

161. AMBITION : often leads to disgrace.

WHERE ambition of place goes before fitness
Of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.—*Chapman.*

162. AMBITION. Penalties of

THEY that stand high have many blasts to shake
them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Shakespeare.

O false ambition !
Thou lying phantom ! whither hast thou lured me ?
Ev'n to this giddy height ; where now I stand
Forsaken, comfortless ; with not a friend
In whom my soul can trust.—*Brown.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath, the earth and ocean spread ;
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits
led.—*Byron*.

163. AMBITION. Power of

THIS sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
Even from the birth effects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.

Johnson.

164. AMBITION. Restlessness of

OF all the passions which possess the soul,
None so disturbs vain mortals' minds,
As vain Ambition, which so blinds
The light of them, that nothing can control,
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire ;
This raging, vehement desire
Of sovereignty no satisfaction finds,
But in the breasts of men doth ever roll
The restless stone of Sisyph' to torment them,
And as his heart, who stole the heav'nly fire,
The vulture gnaws, so doth that monster rent them :
Had they the world, the world would not content
them.—*Earl of Sterling*.

No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man inured to pain ;
The more confined, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.—*Dryden*.

To the expanded and aspiring soul,
To be but still the thing it long has been,
Is misery, e'en though enthroned it were
Under the cope of high imperial state.

Joanna Baillie.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane ; there is a fire
And motion in the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire,
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
And but once kindled, quenchless evermore
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears,—to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen, who have made men mad
By their contagion, conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add

Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool ;
Envi'd, yet not enviable ! what stings
Are theirs ! one breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine
or rule.—*Byron*.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

Byron.

165. AMBITION. True

FIRST, what is true Ambition ? The pursuit
Of glory nothing less than man can share.
Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests animals might boast,
And claim their laurel crowns as well as we ;
But not celestial. Here, we stand alone ;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent.
If prone in thought, our stature is our shame ;
And man should blush his forehead meets the skies.
The visible and present are for brutes ;
A slender portion ! and a narrow bound !
These, Reason, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps, and climbs the future and unseen,
The vast unseen ! the future fathomless !
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
And leaves gross Nature's sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition ; this is human fire.
Other ambition Nature interdicts ;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man
By pointing at his origin and end :
Milk and a swathe, at first, his whole demand—
His whole domain, at last, a turf, a stone ;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

Young.

166. AMBITION. Universal

NOT kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too ;
No sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave :
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
And cry—' Behold the wonders of my might !'

And why? because immortal as their lord;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter or the gold,
The praise of mortals or the praise of Heaven.

Young.

167. AMBITION. Works of

It open'd the niggard's purse; clothed nakedness;
Gave beggars food; and threw the Pharisee
Upon his knees, and kept him long in act
Of prayer. It spread the lace upon the fop,
His language trimm'd, and plann'd his curious gait;
It stuck the feather on the gay coquette,
And on her finger laid the heavy load
Of jewelry; it did—what did it not?
The gospel preach'd, the gospel paid, and sent
The gospel; conquer'd nations; cities built;
Measured the furrow of the field with nice
Directed share; shaped bulls, and cows, and rams:
And threw the ponderous stone; and pitiful,
Indeed, and much against the grain, it dragg'd
The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool,
Through learning's halls, and made him labour much
Abortively; though sometimes not unpraised.
He left the sage's chair, and home return'd,
Making his simple mother think that she
Had borne a man. In schools, design'd to root
Sin up, and plant the seeds of holiness
In youthful minds, it held a signal place.
The little infant man, by nature proud,
Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise,
And grew religious as he grew in fame.
And thus the principle, which out of heaven
The devil threw, and threw him down to hell,
And keeps him there, was made an instrument
To moralize and sanctify mankind,
And in their hearts beget humility.—*Pollok.*

168. AMUSEMENTS. Empty

BEHOLD the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Pope.

169. ANCESTRY. Boasting of

BOAST not the titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths; they're their possessions, none of
yours;
When your own virtues equal'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;

For they are strong supporters; but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds,
Which all men do that urge not their own deeds
Up to their ancestors'; the river's side,
By which you're planted, shows your fruit shall hide.
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree;
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility;
Which virtue from your father ripe will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.—*Ben Jonson.*

Long galleries of ancestors
Challenge nor wonder nor esteem from me:
'Virtue alone is true nobility.'—*Dryden.*

Do then as your progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.
Dryden.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Young.

But by your fathers' work if yours you rate,
Count me those only that were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Pope.

170. ANCESTRY. Pride of

NOR stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of
yours,
Except you make or hold it.—*Ben Jonson.*

Please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree,
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Dryden.

Put off your giant titles, then I can
Stand in your judgment's blank and equal man.
Though hills advanced are above the plain,
They are but higher earth, nor must disdain
Alliance with the vale: we see a spade
Can level them, and make a mount a glade.
Howe'er we differ in the herald's book,
He that mankind's extraction shall look
In Nature's rolls, must grant we all agree
In our best parts, immortal pedigree.—*King.*

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the *virtues*
Of noble races are hereditary :
And do derive themselves from th' imitation
Of virtuous ancestors.—*Nabb.*

How vain are all hereditary honours,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
Unless our own just virtues form our title
And give a sanction to our fond assumption !

Shirley.

Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase ;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Young.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it *wax'd*, at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation !
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation !

John G. Saxe.

171. ANGELS : are always in heaven.

THEN unbecome thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in heaven.—*Donne.*

172. ANGELS. Care of the

'Tis your office, spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day,
And before your heavenly might
Powers of darkness flee away.
Ever doth our unseen host
Camp around us, and avert
All that seek to do us hurt,
Curbing Satan's malice most.
And ye come on ready wing,
When we drift toward sheer despair,
Seeing nought where we might cling,
Suddenly, lo ! ye are there !
And the wearied heart grows strong,
As an angel strengthen'd Him,
Fainting in the garden dim,
'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.

Johann Rist.

173. ANGELS. Existence of

THESE stars, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want
praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing h'll or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Milton.

174. ANGELS : and men.

ANGELS are men of a superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight,
And men are angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade the miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent, but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles, Raphael sung
Our triumphs, Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign ; and are these, O man !
Thy friends and warm allies, and thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder !) rival to the brutes !—*Young.*

175. ANGELS. Ministry of

AND is there care in heaven ? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, oh, the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe !
How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The glittering skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such
regard !—*Spenser.*

176. ANGELS. Office of the

THEY are God's ministering spirits, and are sent
His messengers of mercy, to fulfil
Good for Salvation's heirs. For us they still

Grieve when we sin, rejoice when we repent ;
 And on the last dread day they shall present
 The sever'd righteous at His holy hill,
 With them God's face to see, to do His will,
 And bear with them His likeness. Was it meant
 That we this knowledge should in secret seal,
 Unthought of, unimproving? Rather say,
 God deign'd to man His angel hosts reveal,
 That man might learn like angels to obey ;
 And those who long their bliss in heaven to feel,
 Might strive on earth to serve Him even as they.

Mant.

177. ANGELS. Strife of

My dwelling had been situate beside
 The myriads of a vast metropolis :
 But now astonish'd I beheld, and lo !
 There were more spirits than men, more habitants
 Of the thin air than of the solid ground :
 The firmament was quick with life. As when
 The prophet's servant look'd from Dothan forth
 On Syria's thronging multitudes, and saw,
 His eyes being open'd at Elisha's prayer,
 Chariots of fire by fiery horses drawn,
 The squadrons of the sky around the seer
 Encamping. Thus in numbers numberless
 The hosts of darkness and of light appear'd
 Thronging the air. They were not ranged for fight,
 But mingled host with host, angels with men.
 Nor was it easy to discern the lost
 From the elect. There were no horned fiends
 As some have fabled, no gaunt skeletons
 Of naked horror ; but the fallen wore,
 Even as the holy angels, robes of light ;
 Nor did their ruin otherwise appear
 Than in dark passions, envy, and pride, and hate,
 Which like a brand upon their brow obscured
 The lustre of angelic loveliness.
 It was not open battle, might with might
 Contesting ; but uninterrupted war
 Of heavenly faithfulness and hellish craft.
 By every saint a holy watcher stood ;
 By some a company of blessed spirits ;
 Each had their ministry assign'd. And oft
 From some superior chief the watchword pass'd,
 Or warnings came of stratagems foreseen,
 Or tidings from the court of glory sped
 From lip to lip more quickly than the thoughts
 Which men decipher from electric signs.
 Far off their armour gleam'd. On the other hand
 The spirits of darkness freely intermix'd
 With all ; innumerable legions arm'd ;
 And, baffled oft, to their respective lords
 The thrones and principalities of hell
 Repairing, better learn'd their cursed lore

To win or storm the ramparts of the heart
 Except to treachery impregnable.—*E. H. Bickersteth.*

178. ANGELS : their fall.

IF a man would be invariable,
 He must be like a rock, or stone, or tree ;
 For ev'n the perfect angels were not stable,
 But had a fall more desperate than we.
Sir J. Davies.

179. ANGELS : their visits.

THE good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
 Not to return ; or, if it did, in visits
 Like those of angels, short and far between.
Blair.

180. ANGELS. Two

MAN hath two attendant angels,
 Ever waiting at his side,
 With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
 Wheresoe'er his feet abide.
 One to warn him when in danger,
 And rebuke him if he stray :
 One to leave him to his nature,
 And so let him go his way.
 Two recording spirits, reading
 All his life's minutest part,
 Looking in his soul and listening
 To the beatings of his heart.
 Each with pen of fire electric,
 Writes the good and evil wrought ;
 Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
 Purpose, action, word, and thought.

One, the Teacher and Reprover,
 Marks each heaven-deserving deed ;
 Graves it with the lightning's vigour ;
 Seals it with the lightning's speed ;
 For the good that man achieveth—
 Good beyond an angel's doubt—
 Such remains for aye and ever,
 And cannot be blotted out.

One (severe and silent Watcher)
 Noteth every crime and guile,
 Writes it with a holy duty,
 Seals it not, but waits awhile ;
 If the evil-doer cry not—
 'God, forgive me !' ere he sleeps,
 Then the sad stern spirit seals it,
 And the gentler spirit weeps.—*P. Prince.*

181. ANGELS : with us unawares.

IN this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till 'wilder'd eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

Gerald Massey.

182. ANGER.

FULL many mischiefs follow cruel wrath :

Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despite, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life ;
All these, and many evils more, haunt ire.

The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsy, and Saint Francis' fire :
Such one was wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

Spenser.

Anger is like

A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.—*Shakespeare.*

Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart.—*Shakespeare.*

Unknot that threat'ning unkind brow ;
It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads,
Confounds thy fame.—*Shakespeare.*

My rage is not malicious ; like a spark
Of fire by steel enforced out of a flint,
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.—*Goff.*

When anger rushes, unrestrain'd, to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way :
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes
safest.—*Savage.*

There is not in nature
A thing that makes a man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemp'rate anger.—*Webster.*

The elephant is never won with anger ;
Nor must that man, who would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth.—*Dryden.*

Madness and anger differ but in this,
This is short madness, that long anger is.—*Aleyn.*

Where there's
Power to punish, 'tis tyranny to rage ;
Anger is no attribute of justice ;
'Tis true she's painted with a sword, but looks
As if she held it not ; though war be in
Her hand, yet peace dwells in her face.

Killegrew.

Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms
At once discharged grow cool again and calm.
C. Johnson.

Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale
And silent, settles into full revenge.

Thomson.

Loud complaint, however angrily
It shakes its phrase, is little to be fear'd,
And less distrusted.—*Byron.*

183. ANIMALS.

THE heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

Cowper.

Verily, they are all thine : freely mayest thou serve
thee of them all :

They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all
gratitude and kindness ;

Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and
thy Father,

Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee
with their all :

For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying : for
burden, but with limits of humanity.

For luxury, but not through torture : for draught, but
according to the strength :

For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a
reason for exemption,

Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the
undeserved lash ;

The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a
moment's respite ;

The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth
out his spirit at the goal ;

Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant
toil,

If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring
them to remembrance :

Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth
in his eye ;

His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath
his burden ;

His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their
vigour,

And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth
unequally with toil :

Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the
crushing blow ;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings—the
generous brute is dead !
Liveth there no advocate for him? no judge to
avenge his wrongs?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence? no sen-
tence to be passed on his oppressor?
Yes, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically
for him ;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indigna-
tion at his woes ;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse
upon the cruel ;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own
exceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but
passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is
damned.—*Tupper.*

184. ANNIHILATION. Absurdity of

WHY life, a moment? infinite, desire?
Our wish, eternity? our home, the grave?
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope :
Who wishes life immortal proves it too.
Why happiness pursued, though never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
For nature never gravitates to nought :
That thirst, unquench'd, declares it is not here.
Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
Why past and future preying on our hearts,
And putting all our present joys to death?
Why labours reason?—instinct were as well !
Instinct far better—what can choose can err.
O, how infallible the thoughtless brute !
There were well his holiness were half as sure.
Reason with inclination, why at war?
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?
Conscience of guilt is prophecy of pain,
And bosom counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
These, a thousand pleas uncalled'd,
All promise, some insure, a second scene ;
Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain ; were it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue ;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope ;

The future of the present is the soul,
How this life groans, when sever'd from the next !
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves !
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both parts perishes : life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain !
Could'st thou persuade me the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep !
O, with what thoughts (thy hope, and my despair)
Abhor'd ANNIHILATION blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe !

Young.

185. ANNIHILATION. Advocates of

ARE there on earth (let me not call them men !)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts,
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these
Shall know their treasure—treasure, then, no more.
Are there (still more amazing !) who resist
The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with reversed ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through the opposing
powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night?—night, darker than the grave's !—
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise),
Blasphemers and rank atheists to themselves?

Young.

186. ANNIHILATION. License of

DUTY ! Religion !—These, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake.
Duty !—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats, away ! ye daughters of my pride,
Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies !
Ye towering hopes, abortive energies,
That toss and struggle in my lying breast
To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
As I were heir of an eternity—
Vain, vain ambitions ! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
As bounded as my being be my wish.
All is inverted ; wisdom is a fool.
Sense ! take the rein ; blind passion ! drive us on ;
And ignorance, befriend us on our way ;

Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace !
 Yes, give the pulse full empire ; live the brute,
 Since, as the brute, we die . . . the sum of man,
 Of Godlike man, to revel and to rot !— *Young.*

187. ANT. Lesson from the

TURN to the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
 Observe her labours, sluggish, and be wise :
 No stern command, no monitory voice
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice ;
 Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day ;
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
 She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.
 How long shall sloth usurp the useless hours,
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers ;
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose ?
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,
 Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

Johnson.

188. ANTIQUITY. Charms of

THERE is a power
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages
 Are its dower.— *Byron.*

189. ANXIETY : deprecated.

BE still, my soul, let nothing stir
 Thee from the sweet repose
 Of those who to their God refer
 Their joys, their cares, their woes.

Be quiet, why this anxious heed
 About thy tangled ways ?
 God knows them all, He giveth speed,
 And He allows delays.

What though He let thee not perform
 Some good and loved design ?
 Thou would'st not wish Him to conform
 His perfect will to thine !

My God ! the hearing ear impart,
 To hear Thee tell Thy will,
 And then bestow the ready heart
 All meekly to fulfil.

190. ANXIETY : how to get rid of it.

HAST Thou within a care so deep,
 It chases from thine eyelids sleep ?

To thy Redeemer take that care,
 And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
 Would almost feel it death to part ?
 Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
 Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear
 May prove an idol worshipp'd here ?
 Implore the Lord that nought may be
 A shadow between heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest—
 Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
 Spread before God that wish, that care,
 And change anxiety to prayer.

191. ANXIETY. Misery of

PERPETUAL anguish fills his anxious breast,
 Not stopt by business, nor composed by rest ;
 No music cheers him, nor no feast can please.

Dryden.

Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim
 of the world,
 But that which hath vexed thee most, hath been the
 looking for evil ;
 And though calamities have crossed thee and misery
 been heaped on thy head,
 Yet ills that never happened have chiefly made thee
 wretched.
 Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and
 won by distrust.
 Ask for good, and hope it ; for the ocean of good is
 fathomless ;
 Ask for good, and have it ; for thy Friend would see
 thee happy ;
 But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and
 dread,
 That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth in
 the sight of his eyes,
 The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready
 for the seed.
 Therefore look up, sad spirit ; be strong, thou
 coward heart,
 Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow
 not behind.
 Cease to anticipate misfortune,—there are still many
 chances of escape ;
 But if it come, be courageous, face it and conquer
 thy calamity.
 There is not an enemy so stout as to storm and take
 the fortress of the mind,
 Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and fear unbar the
 gates.

The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows
break upon him :
The timorous is a skiff unmoor'd, toss'd and mock'd
at by a ripple ;
The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it
from him ;
The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half
way :
Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh
and will not fight ;
Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his
thrust elsewhere ;
Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy
trust,
The precious smiting of a friend whose frowns are
all in love ;
Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other
climes,
And the weak hath quail'd in fear, while the firm
hath been glad in his confidence.

Tupper.

192. ANXIETY : needless.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful
Or too regretful,
Be still—
What God hath order'd must be right ;
Then find in it thine own delight,
His will.

Why should'st thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart ?

One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast ; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favour,
But rest ;

Thou knowest that God's will must be
For all His creatures, so for thee,
The best.—*Paul Flemming.*

Shall I o'er the future fret,
And the past for aye regret ?
Shall I ne'er at evening close
Smiling eyes in calm repose ?
Shall the thought be ne'er forgot,
What may be my future lot ?
Since these torturing cares are vain,
And their end can ne'er attain.

God hath kept me hitherto ;
Can He cease, then, to be true ?
Why should I just now despair,
Can He weary of His care ?

Hence, tormenting terrors, hence !
God shall be my confidence ;
Let Him lead me as He will,
O my soul, and be thou still.

From the German of P. J. Spener.

Why art thou full of anxious fear
How thou shalt be sustain'd and fed ?
He who hath made, and placed thee here,
Will give thee needful daily bread.

193. ANXIETY : unfilial.

CONSIDER, were it filial in a child
To speak in such wise : ' Father, though I know
How strong your love is, having proved it so
Since my first breath was drawn ; and though you've
piled

Your stores with anxious care, that has beguiled
You oft of rest, that thus you might bestow
Blessings upon me when your head lies low,
Yet in my heart are doubts unreconciled.

To-morrow, when I hunger, can I be
Sure that for bread you will not give a clod,
Letting me starve the while you hold in fee
(O'erlooking lesser needs) the acres broad
Won for me through your ceaseless toil ?' Yet
we,

In just such fashion, dare to doubt of God !

Margaret J. Preston.

194. ANXIETY : unwise.

BE not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?

Milton.

195. ANXIOUS. Counsel and Comfort for the

COMMIT thy way to God ;
The weight which makes thee faint—
Worlds are to Him no load !
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes or hostile crowds
Can make a way for thee.

Hope, then, though woes be doubled,
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
Let not thine heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.

This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart,
In His own blessed noon.

Up, up, the day is breaking,
 Say to thy cares, Good night !
 Thy troubles from thee shaking
 Like dreams in day's fresh light.
 Thou wearest not the crown,
 Nor the best course canst tell ;
 God sitteth on the throne,
 And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then :
 No king can rule like Him.
 How wilt thou wonder when
 Thine eyes no more see dim,
 To see those paths which vex thee,
 How wise they were and meet ;
 The works which now perplex thee,
 How beautiful, complete !

Faithful the love thou sharest ;
 All, all is well with thee ;
 The crown from hence thou bearest
 With shouts of victory.
 In thy right hand to-morrow
 Thy God shall place the palms.
 To Him who chased thy sorrow,
 How glad will be thy psalms !

Paul Gerhardt.

196. APPAREL. Costly

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
 Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men ;
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying
 then.—*Shakespeare.*

197. APPAREL. Poor

OUR purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest
 clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What ! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

O no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

Shakespeare.

198. APPAREL. Seemly

FROM little matters let us pass to less,
 And lightly touch the mysteries of dress ;
 The outward forms the inner man reveal.
 We guess the pulp before we eat the peel.
 One single precept might the whole condense—
 Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;
 But add a little care, or decent pride,
 And always err upon the sober side.
 Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor yet too
 light ;
 And least of all the pair that once was white.
 Have a good hat ; the secret of your looks
 Lies with the beaver in Canadian brooks.
 Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
 But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
 Be shy of breast-pins ; plain, well-iron'd, white,
 With small pearl buttons,—two of them in
 sight,—
 Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,
 Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

O. W. Holmes.

199. APPEARANCES. Care for

APPEARANCES to save, his only care ;
 So things seem right, no matter what they are.
Churchill.

200. APPEARANCES : deceptive.

APPEARANCES deceive,
 And this one maxim is a standing rule,—
 Men are not what they seem.—*Havard.*
 The deepest ice that ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close ;
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows, and cannot cease to flow.—*Byron.*
 'Tis not the fairest form that holds
 The mildest, purest soul within ;
 'Tis not the richest plant that folds
 The sweetest breath of fragrance in.—*Dawes.*
 Within the oyster's shell uncouth
 The purest pearl may hide :—
 Trust me you'll find a heart of truth
 Within that rough outside.—*Mrs Osgood.*
 Alas ! I am but woman, fond and weak,
 Without even power my proud, pure love to
 speak ;
 But oh, by all I fail in, love not me
 For what I am, but what I wish to be.
Mrs Osgood.

The wicked giant, Bali, had obtain'd
 Supreme control from heaven down to hell ;
 He all the humbler deities had chain'd ;
 Like rain his cruelties unmeasured fell.

The highest gods in fear a session call'd,
 And argued vengeful plans for many an hour :
 From far below he upward look'd, and brawl'd
 An arrogant defiance to their power.

At length divinest Vishnu forward stepp'd,
 While round the senate mighty plaudits ran,
 And vow'd himself—his consort Lakshmi wept—
 The foe to disenthroned, and ransom man.

The heavenly synod praised him, though they fear'd
 His failure through some one of million harms.
 On earth, a puny man, he soon appear'd,
 And, as a beggar, ask'd of Bali alms.

'What wouldst thou have?' the horrid despot said,
 And gave the shrinking dwarf a scornful glance.
 O fool ! premonish'd by no mystic dread,
 And reading nought beneath that countenance !

The little timid mendicant replies,
 'Give me so much of thy dominion's space—
 The boon is small, but will for me suffice—
 As I can only by three steps pace.'

The blinded Bali, mocking, gave assent,
 And look'd upon him with contemptuous eye.
 Swift grew the dwarf through such immense extent,
 That one step spann'd the earth, one more, the sky !

Then looking round, with haughty voice he said,
 'The third where shall I take ? O Bali, tell !'
 At Vishnu's feet the tyrant placed his head,
 And instantaneously was thrust to hell.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

A palace may unfold its gates,
 And show its gilded halls,
 While at the gates no gladness waits,
 No joyful footstep falls.

A prison may have iron bars,
 And walls of massive stone,
 Yet through the bars may shine the stars
 Of light and love alone.

A home may show to outward view
 A dome of crystal light,
 While to a few, who see things through,
 There reigns the gloom of night.

But many a home all dark to sight,
 Through poverty and cares,
 Is full of light in darkest night,
 For angels walk the stairs.

201. APPEARANCES. False

LIKE a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
 Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurl'd ;
 All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,
 Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs ! —
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears,
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
 know,
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;
 While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and
 o'er !—*Hervey.*

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
 While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks.
Longfellow.

202. ARCHITECTURE.

LET my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof ;
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.—*Milton.*

Whene'er we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 No single parts unequally surprise ;
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes.—*Pope.*

203. ARGUMENT.

BE calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
 Why should I feel another man's mistakes
 More than his sickness or his poverty ?
 In love I should : but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage : he that lets
 Another chafe, may warm him at his fire ;
 Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
 As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
 Truth dwells not in the clouds : the tower that's
 there
 Doth often aim at, never hit, the sphere.—*Herbert.*

Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
 Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
Ben Jonson.

In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.—*Milton.*

When men argue, th' greatest part
 O' the contest falls on terms of art,

Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.—*Butler.*

He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.

Butler.

He could on either side dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Butler.

It is in vain,
I see, to argue against the grain,
Or like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do ;
For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.
A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.—*Butler.*

Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,—
Whilst one says only 'Yes,' and t'other 'Nay'?

Denham.

In argument,
Similes are like songs in love :
They much describe, they nothing prove.—*Prior.*

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

Pope.

Like doctors too, when much dispute has pass'd
We find our tenets just the same at last.—*Pope.*

204. ARMOUR. Dying in

OH, is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian, with his armour on !—
What is the hero's clarion, though its blast
Ring with the mastery of a world, to this?—
What are the searching victories of mind—
The lore of vanish'd ages?—What are all
The trumpetings of proud humanity,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulchre beside the King of kings?

N. P. Willis.

205. ART. Impression of

ART may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—

So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever the Andante dived,—
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.

Robert Browning.

206. ART. Necessity of

THE whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness,
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd :
This does but roughen and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.—*Butler.*

207. ART. Votaries of

WHAT is thy worship but a vain pretence,
Spirit of beauty, and a servile trade,
A poor and an unworthy traffic made
With the most sacred gifts of soul and sense ;
If they who tend thine altars, gathering thence
No strength, no purity, may still remain
Selfish and dark, and from life's sordid stain
Find in their ministrations no defence?
—Thus many times I ask, when aught of mean
Or sensual has been brought unto mine ear,
Of them whose calling high is to insphere
Eternal beauty in forms of human art—
Vex'd that my soul should ever moved have been
By that which has such feigning at the heart.

Trench.

208. ARTIFICE.

SHALLOW artifice begets suspicion,
And like a cobweb veil but thinly shades
The face of thy design : alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen ; imperfect mis-
chief !

Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller, and, after, hear'st
Not his pursuing voice ; e'en when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.
O fate of fools ! officious in contriving ;
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.—*Congreve.*

A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.—*Young.*

209. ASCENSION. Christ's

It was a golden eventide. The sun
Was sinking through the roseate clouds to rest
Beneath the Western waves. But purer light
And vestments woven of more glorious hues,
Albeit invisible to mortal eyes,
Gladden'd the heavens. For there the hosts of God,

Ten thousand times ten thousand, tier on tier,
Marshall'd by Gabriel, fill'd the firmament.

Every eye was bent

Upon the Saviour, as He stood amongst
The apostolic group, and lifted up
His hands and bless'd them, and in blessing rose,
No wind, no car, no cherubim of fire
Ministrant, in His Father's might self-moved,
Into the glowing sky ; until a cloud
Far floating in the zenith, which had drunk
Of the last sunbeams, wrapt His radiant form,
And instantly became like light itself,
Then melted into viewless air.

'Lift up your heads, ye gates !

Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors !

Up, and the King of glory shall come in.'

Immediate, like an echo from those ranks

Guarding the heavenly citadel, the voice

Of myriads perfectly attuned as one,

Came back the peal of joyful challenge, 'Who,

Who is the King of glory?'—and from ours

The jubilant response, 'The Lord of hosts,

Mighty in battle against the powers of hell,

Jehovah, King of glory ! Lift your heads !

Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors !

Up, and the King of glory shall come in.'

'Who is the King of glory?' yet again

Peal'd from those opening gates. 'The Lord of
hosts ;

He is the King of glory,' broke once more

In waves of thunder on those jasper walls,

Which never shook till now. And, host with host

Commingle, through the portals on we swept.

E. H. Bickersteth.

210. ASCENSION. Christ's

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ! '
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits :
'Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of glory in !'

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin ;
Take the King of glory in !

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below !

Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee:

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Wesley.

211. ASCENSION. Christ's

Lo, God to heaven ascendeth !
Throughout its regions vast,
With shouts triumphant blendeth
The trumpet's thrilling blast :
Sing praise to Christ the Lord,
Sing praise with exultation,
King of each heathen nation,
The God of Hosts adored !

With joy is heaven resounding,
Christ's glad return to see ;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord who set them free :
Bright myriads thronging come ;
The cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

No more the way is hidden,
Since Christ our Head arose :
No more to man forbidden
The road to heaven that goes.
Our Lord is gone before,
But here He will not leave us ;
In heaven He'll soon receive us :
He opens wide the door.

Christ is our place preparing,
 To heaven we, too, shall rise,
 And, joys angelic sharing,
 Be where our treasure lies :
 There may each heart be found !
 Where Jesus Christ has enter'd,
 There let our hopes be centred,
 Our course still heavenward bound !

G. F. Sacer, tr. by Miss Cox.

212. ASCENSION. Christ's

HE is gone—we heard Him say,
 'Good that I should go away :'
 Gone is that dear form and face,
 But not gone His present grace ;
 Though Himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be—
 No ! His Spirit still is ours,
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal,
 World and church must onward roll ;
 Far behind we leave the past ;
 Forward are our glances cast :
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages, as they change :
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before,
 In the heaven of heavens the same
 As on earth He went and came.
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us He will prepare :
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
 Wait until He comes again :
 He is risen, He is not here ;
 Far above this earthly sphere :
 Evermore in heart and mind,
 Where our peace in Him we find,
 To our own Eternal Friend,
 Thitherward let us ascend.—*A. P. Stanley.*

213. ASPIRATION : and Attainment.

YET cease I not to struggle, and aspire
 Heavenward ; and chide the part of me that flags,
 Through sinful choice ; or dread necessity
 On human nature from above imposed.
 'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
 Earth to despise ; but to converse with heaven,—
 This is not easy :—to relinquish all
 We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,

And stand in freedom loosen'd from this world,
 I deem not arduous ; but must needs confess
 That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
 Conceptions equal to the soul's desire ;
 And the most difficult of tasks to keep
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
 Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,
 Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
 Want due consistence ; like a pillar of smoke,
 That with majestic energy from earth
 Rises ; but, having reach'd the thinner air,
 Melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen.

Wordsworth.

214. ASPIRATION. Heavenward

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam ;
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee !
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My Soul, as home she springs ;—
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy Freedom in her wings !—*Moore.*

215. ASPIRATION. Sympathy in

COUNTLESS chords of heavenly music,
 Struck ere earthly time began,
 Vibrate in immortal concord
 To the answering soul of man.

Countless rays of heavenly glory
 Shine through spirit pent in clay,
 On the wise men at their labours,
 On the children at their play.

Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
 Sunn'd himself in heavenly glow,
 Seen the glory, heard the music ;
 We are wiser than we know.

Charles Mackay.

216. ASPIRATION. Worth of

BEAUTY and Truth, though never found, are worthy
 to be sought,

The singer, upward-springing,
 Is grander than his singing,

And tranquil self-sufficing joy illumines the dark of
 thought.—*Robert Buchanan.*

217. ASSOCIATION. Adjustment of

WHO, think'st thou, in the courts of Heaven reside?
 They, who with malice burn, with envy pine,
 Ply the full feast and quaff the midnight wine,
 Loose pleasure's daughters, and the sons of pride?
 They who from meek affliction turn aside,
 Its plaints unheard; and bow at Mammon's shrine,
 Moloch's, or Bel's; and, blind to truth divine,
 Neglect God's mercy, and His power deride?
 If such Heaven's inmates, well thou runn'st thy race,
 Man of the world! But ah! let conscience tell,
 If holy hearts the holy city grace,
 What part hast thou therein; and ponder well,
 Yea, ponder well betimes that other place,
 And who its tenants, and with whom they dwell.

Mant.

218. ASSOCIATION. Influence of

A FRAGRANT piece of earth salutes
 Each passenger, and perfume shoots,
 Unlike the common earth or sod,
 Around through all the air abroad.
 A pilgrim near it once did rest,
 And took it up, and thus address'd:
 'Art thou a lump of musk? or art
 A ball of spice, this smell t' impart
 To all who chance to travel by
 The spot where thou, like earth, dost lie?
 Humbly the clod replied: 'I must
 Confess that I am only dust.
 But once a rose within me grew:
 Its rootlets shot, its flowerets blew,
 And all the rose's sweetness roll'd
 Throughout the texture of my mould;
 And so it is that I impart
 Perfume to thee, whoe'er thou art!'

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

219. ASSOCIATION. Lesson of

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours have pass'd away,
 And many a heart that then was gay
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
 That tuneful peal will still ring on;
 While other bards shall walk these dells
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Moore.

220. ASSOCIATION. Local

AND who, that walks where men of ancient days
 Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise,
 Feels not the spirit of the place control,
 Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul?
 Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lull'd by Alpine rills,
 On Zutphen's plain, or on that highland dell
 Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can
 tell

What high resolves rivet him to the spot,
 Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's hap-
 piest sigh,
 And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;
 Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
 And glad Dundee in 'faint huzzas' expired.

Wordsworth.

221. ASSOCIATION. Ties of

Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspired
 With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
 Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the
 main
 Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserved
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
 Which one possess'd, nor pause nor quiet knew
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found his path, and fix'd unerring there.
 Such is the secret union where we feel
 A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
 Those long-connected scenes where first they moved
 The attention.—*Akenside.*

222. ASSOCIATION. Wise

As the rose doth its fragrance impart
 To the basket in which it is laid,
 Whether wrought of pure gold or of braid;
 So, receiving wise men in thy heart,
 Thou shalt find, when their persons depart,
 That their wisdom behind them hath stay'd.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

223. ASTROLOGY.

MEN at some time are masters of their fates;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Shakespeare.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
 Render an honest and a perfect man,

Commands all light, all influence, all fate—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

224. ASTRONOMY. Devotional

ONE sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity. . . .
How boundless in magnificence and might !
O, what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries there. . . . I feel it at my heart,
My heart at once it humbles and exalts—
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted ? or unawed ?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?
Material offspring of Omnipotence !
Inanimate, all animating birth !
Work worthy Him who made it ! worthy praise !
All praise ! praise more than human ! nor denied
Thy praise divine ! But though man, drown'd in
sleep,

Withholds his homage, not alone I wake :
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing (unheard
By mortal ear) the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul—at once,
The temple, and the preacher ! O, how loud
It calls devotion ! genuine growth of night.

Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True, all things speak a GOD ; but in the small,
Men trace out Him—in great, He seizes man ;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.—*Young.*

225. ATHEISM. Blight of

THEY eat

Their daily bread and draw the breath of Heaven
Without or thought or thanks. Heaven's roof, to
them,

Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.
They wander loose about ; they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.
To their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh, like an armed man,
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride.—*Charles Lamb.*

226. ATHEISM. Causes of

VIRTUE in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind.—*Dryden.*

227. ATHEISM. Contradiction of

'No God ! no God !' the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

'No God !' astonish'd Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar :
And every wand'ring bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts his head,
The Almighty to proclaim ;
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave His name.

High swells the deep and vengeful sea
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.—*Sigourney.*

228. ATHEISM. Desolation of

O ! LIVES there, heaven ! beneath thy dread
expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'rest of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—
There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower !
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And, when th' gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore !—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame ?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing ?
Oh ! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?—

Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurell'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heavenward hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power !
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field :
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate !
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

Campbell.

229. ATHEISM : often falsely imputed.

WHEN prejudice and strong aversion work,
All whose opinions we dislike are atheists.
Now 'tis a term of art, a bugbear word,
The villain's engine, and the vulgar's terror.
The man who thinks and judges for himself,
Unsway'd by aged follies, reverend errors,
Grown holy by traditionary dulness
Of school authority, he is an atheist.
The man who, hating idle noise, preserves
A pure religion seated in his soul,
He is a silent dumb dissembling atheist !

Sewell.

230. ATHEISM. Wilful

THE owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings across the moon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids and shuts them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?'—*S. T. Coleridge.*

231. ATHEIST. Labour of the

THE unbeliever,
Despising reason, revelation, God,
And kicking 'gainst the pricks of conscience, rush'd
Deliriously upon the bossy shield
Of the Omnipotent ; and in his heart
Purposed to deify the idol Chance.
And labour'd hard—oh, labour worse than nought !
And toil'd with dark and crooked reasoning,
To make the fair and lovely Earth, which dwelt
In sight of Heaven, a cold and fatherless,
Forsaken thing, that wander'd on, forlorn,
Undestined, uncompassion'd, unupheld ;
A vapour eddying in the whirl of chance,
And soon to vanish everlastingly.
He travail'd sorely, and made many a tack,
His sails oft shifting, to arrive—dread thought—
Arrive at utter nothingness ; and have
Being no more—no feeling, memory,
No lingering consciousness that e'er he was.
Guilt's midnight wish ! last, most abhorred thought,
Most desperate effort of extremest sin.
Others, preoccupied, ne'er saw true hope ;
He, seeing, aim'd to stab her to the heart,
And with infernal chemistry to wring
The last sweet drop from sorrow's cup of gall ;
To quench the only ray that cheer'd the earth,
And leave mankind in night which had no star.
Others the streams of pleasure troubled ; he
Toil'd much to dry her very fountain-head.
Unpardonable man ! sold under sin !
He was the Devil's pioneer, who cut
The fences down of Virtue, sapp'd her walls,
And open'd a smooth and easy way to death.
Traitor to all existence ! to all life !
Soul-suicide ! determined foe of being !
Intended murderer of God, Most High !
Strange road, most strange ! to seek for happiness !

Pollok.

232. ATONEMENT. Completeness of the

LORD, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

John Wesley.

233. ATONEMENT. Demand for

WITH blood—but not his own—the awful sign
At once of sin's desert and guilt's remission.

The Jew besought the clemency divine,
 The hope of mercy blending with contrition.
 Sin must have death ! Its holy requisition
 The law may not relax. The opening tomb
 Expects its prey ; mere respite, life's condition ;
 Nor can the body shun its penal doom.
 Yet, there is mercy ; wherefore else delay
 To punish ? Why the victim and the rite ?
 But can the type and symbol take away
 The guilt, and for a broken law requite ?
 The cross unfolds the mystery,—Jesus died :
 The sinner lives : the Law is satisfied.

With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near
 The mercy-seat, and Heaven received his prayer.
 Yet still his hope was dimm'd with doubt and fear :
 ' If Thou shouldst mark transgression who might
 dare
 To stand before Thee ? ' Mercy loves to spare
 And pardon : but stern Justice has a voice,
 And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
 Uncleaness in the people of His choice.
 But now One Offering, ne'er to be renew'd,
 Hath made our peace for ever. This now gives
 Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace,—
 No more base fear and dark disquietude.
 He who was sla'v—the Accepted Victim—lives,
 And intercedes before the Father's face.

Josiah Conder.

234. ATONEMENT. Marvel of the

WHAT laws, my blessed Saviour, hast Thou broken,
 That so severe a sentence should be spoken ?
 How hast Thou 'gainst Thy Father's will contended,
 In what offended ?

With scourges, blows, and spitting, they reviled Thee ;
 They crown'd Thy brow with thorns, while King they
 styled Thee ;
 When, faint with pains, Thy tortured body suffer'd,
 Then gall they offer'd.

Say ! wherefore thus by woes wast Thou surrounded ?
 Ah ! Lord, for my transgressions Thou wast wounded :
 God took the guilt from me, who should have paid it ;
 On Thee He laid it.

How strange and marvellous was this correction !
 Falls the good Shepherd in His sheep's protection ;
 The servants' debt behold the Master paying,
 For them obeying.

The righteous dies, who walk'd with God true-
 hearted ;
 The sinner lives, who has from God departed :
 By man came death, yet man its fetters breaketh ;
 God it o'ertaketh.

Shame and iniquity hath whelm'd me over :
 From head to foot no good couldst thou discover ;
 For this in hell should I, with deep lamenting,
 Be aye repenting.

But oh ! the depth of love beyond comparing,
 That brought Thee down from heaven, our burden
 bearing !
 I taste all peace and joy that life can offer,
 Whilst Thou must suffer !

Eternal King ! in power and love excelling,
 Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise be
 telling ;
 But how can man's weak powers at all come nigh
 Thee,
 How magnify Thee ?

Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavour
 To find its equal, should I strive for ever :
 How should my works, could I in all obey Thee,
 Ever repay Thee ?

Yet this shall please Thee, if devoutly trying
 To keep Thy laws, mine own wrong will denying,
 I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare it
 And from Thee tear it.

Johann Heermann, tr. by F. E. Cox.

235. ATONEMENT. Substitution of the

LOOK humbly upward, see His will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose ;
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way
 And with celestial wealth supplied thy store ;
 His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
 See God descending in the human frame,
 The offended suffering in th' offender's name :
 All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
 And all His righteousness devolved on thee.

Dryden.

236. ATTAINMENT. Failure of

IF this mute earth
 Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
 Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
 Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
 We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,
 To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill
 That which is done accords with what is known
 To reason, and by conscience is enjoind ;
 How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,
 Of this the conclusion, deviates from the line,
 Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
 At her aspiring outset.—*Wordsworth.*

237. ATTAINMENT. Mockery of

THERE are hopes
Promising well ; and love-touch'd dreams for some ;
And passions, many a wild one ; and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
Balk not the soul—Ambition only gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full* !
Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken—
Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose,—
From all but keen Ambition—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffer—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more—
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If truth, and fervour, must return
And die of their own fulness—if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mock'd fools are we !*
N. P. Willis.

238. ATTRACTION : reversed.

CHAINS of my heart, avault, I say ;
I will arise, and in the strength of love
Pursue the bright track, ere it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to His home above.

Sure, when I reach the point where earth
Melts into nothing from the uncumbered sight,
Heaven will o'ercome the attraction of my birth,
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light.—*Keble.*

239. ATTRACTIONS. Earthly

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles :
Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold, pure clay ;
Honour, the darling but of one short day ;
Beauty, the idol, but a damask'd skin ;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds ; embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud-swelling veins ;

And blood applied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own :
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

Quarles.

240. AUTHOR. Fame of the

HEH hath built up, glorious architect, a monument
more durable than brass ;
His children's children shall talk of him in love, and
teach their sons his honour ;
His dignity hath set him among princes ; the
universe is debtor to his worth ;
His privilege is blessing for ever, his happiness
shineth now,
For he standeth of that grand Election, each man
one among a thousand,
Whose sound is gone out unto all the lands, and
their words to the end of the world.—*Tupper.*

241. AUTHORS. Rules for

To write what may securely stand the test
Of being well read over thrice at least,
Compare each phrase, examine ev'ry line,
Weigh ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought refine.
Pope.
Make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
Roscommon.

242. AUTHORS : their vanity.

EVERY busy little scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Braggs of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
Roscommon.

243. AUTHORSHIP. Benefit of

IT addeth immortality to dying facts, that are ready
to vanish away,
Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour ;
Shedding upon stocks and stones the tender light of
interest,
And illuming dark places of the earth with radiance
of classic lustre.
It hath power to make past things present, and
availeth for the present in the future,
Delivering thoughts, and words, and deeds, from the
outer darkness of oblivion.—*M. F. Tupper.*

244. AUTHORITY. A little brief

Isabel. OH ! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.
 Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder,—
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven !
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
 Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man !
 Drest in a little brief authority,—
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
 As make the angels weep : who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.—*Shakespeare.*

245. AUTHORITY : how it is acquired.

NOT from grey hairs authority doth flow,
 Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow ;
 But our past life, when virtuously spent,
 Must to our age those happy fruits present.

Denham.

246. AUTHORITY. Intoxication of

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
 And makes mere sots of magistrates ;
 The fumes of it invade the brain,
 And make men giddy, proud, and vain ;
 By this the fool commands the wise,
 The noble with the base complies,
 The sot assumes the rule of wit,
 And cowards make the base submit.

Samuel Butler.

247. AUTHORITY : its perils.

A MAN in authority is but as
 A candle in the wind, sooner wasted
 Or blown out than under a bushel.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

248. AUTUMN. Lesson of

THE Autumn is old ;
 The sere leaves are flying ;
 He hath gather'd up gold,
 And now he is dying :
 Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe ;
 The harvest is heaping ;
 But some that have sow'd
 Have no riches for reaping :—
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping !

The year's in the wane ;
 There is nothing adorning ;
 The night has no eve,
 And the day has no morning ;
 Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill ;
 The red sun is sinking ;
 And I am growing old,
 And life is fast shrinking ;
 Here's enough for sad thinking !

Thomas Hood.

249. AVARICE : of the Aged.

OF age's avarice I cannot see
 What colour, ground, or reason there should be ;
 Is it not folly, when the way we ride
 Is short, for a long voyage to provide ?
 To avarice some title youth may own,
 To reap in autumn, what a spring had sown ;
 And with the providence of bees or ants,
 Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.
 But age scarce sows, till death stands by to reap,
 And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap :
 Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
 And to avoid a mischief, makes it sure.
 Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
 As to be poor for fear of poverty.—*Denham.*

250. AVARICE. Disappointed

' I GIVE and I devise ' (old Euclid said,
 And sigh'd) ' my lands and tenements to Ned.'
 Your money, sir !—' My money, sir, what, all ?
 Why, if I must ' (then wept), ' I give it Paul.'
 The manor, sir ?—' The manor ! hold,' he cried,
 ' Not that—I cannot part with that,' and died.

Pope.

251. AVARICE : its Folly.

Go, miser ! go : for lucre sell thy soul ;
 Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole,
 That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
 See what a vast estate he left his son !—*Dryden.*

Why lose we life in anxious cares
 To lay in hoards for future years ?
 Can these, when tortured by disease,
 Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease ?
 Can these prolong one gasp of breath.
 Or calm the troubled hour of death ?—*Gay.*

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly ;
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;

This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Pope.

252. AVARICE : in the young.

YOUNG men to imitate all ills are prone,
But are compell'd to avarice alone ;
For then in virtue's shape they follow vice.

Dryden.

253. AVARICE : insatiable.

CANST thou tell me what is insatiable ?
The greedy eye of avarice !
Were all the universe a loaded table,
It never, never could fill this !—*Oriental.*

254. AVARICE : Man's last vice.

THE lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest :
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless !
The last corruption of degenerate man.
When all sins are old in us,
And go upon crutches, covetousness
Does but then lie in her cradle.—*Daech.*

The love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.—*Moore.*

255. AVARICE. Misery of

AND greedy avarice by him did ride
Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;
Two iron coffers hang on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told ;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And into hell himself for money sold ;
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall balance waide,
His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste ;
And thread-bare cote and cobbled shoes he ware,
He scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare :
Yet child nor kinsman living had he none,
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his own,
He led a wretched life unto himselfe unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him
poor,
Who had enough, yet wished evermore.—*Spenser.*

When I was blind, my son, I did miscall
My sordid vice of avarice, true thrift.
But now forget that lesson, I prithee do.
That cos'ning vice, although it seems to keep
Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,
And makes us more than poor.—*May.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor ;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.

Wolcott.

The more we have, the meaner is our store ;
The unenjoying craving wretch is poor.—*Creach.*

He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

Johnson.

256. AVARICE. Offerings of

THOU hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase ;—
Fool ! to expect them from a bullock's grease !
And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire !
Now, now my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain !
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
O souls in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground !
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods.

Persius, tr. by Dryden.

257. AVARICE. Peril of

YET in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil,
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil,
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it if a bag of stones, or gold,
About thy neck do drown thee ? raise thy head ;

Take stars for money ; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame :
She loseth three for one—her soul, rest, fame.
George Herbert.

58. AVARICE : praised.

THE base wretch who hoards up all he can
Is praised, and call'd a careful, thrifty man.
Dryden.

259. AVARICE. Slavery of

WHEN thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap,
Up, up, says Avarice ; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain :
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes ;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes :
What must I do ? he cries : What ? says his lord :
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard :
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight ;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands from the tired camel's back ;
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny : lie and swear ;
'Tis wholesome sin : but Jove, thou say'st, will hear ;
Swear, fool, or starve ; for the dilemma's even :
A tradesman thou ! and hope to go to heaven ?
Persius, tr. by Dryden.

• 260. AVERSION. Isolation of

IT needs not guards in front and rear to keep the
crowd away ;
Aversion to the vulgar throng will hold them all at
bay.—*Oriental.*

261. AWAKING AFTER DEATH. The

IN what a strange bewilderment do we
Awake each morn from out the brief night's sleep.
Our struggling consciousness doth grope and creep
Its slow way back, as if it could not free
Itself from bonds unseen. Then memory,
Like sudden light, outflashes from its deep
The joy or grief which it had last to keep
For us ; and by the joy or grief we see
The new day dawneth like the yesterday ;
We are unchanged ; our life the same we knew
Before. I wonder if this is the way
We wake from death's short sleep, to struggle
through
A brief bewilderment, and in dismay,
Behold our life unto our old life true.
Helen Hunt.

262. BABY. Burial of a

TO-DAY we cut the fragrant sod,
With trembling hands, asunder,
And lay this well-beloved of God,
Our dear, dead baby under.
O hearts that ache, and ache afresh !
O tears too blindly raining !
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
Too strong for our restraining !

Sleep, darling, sleep ! Cold rain shall steep
Thy little turf-made dwelling ;
Thou wilt not know, so far below,
What winds or storms are swelling ;
And birds shall sing in the warm spring,
And flowers bloom about thee :
Thou wilt not heed them, love ; but oh,
The loneliness without thee !

Father, we will be comforted !
Thou wast the gracious Giver ;
We yield her up, not dead, not dead,
To dwell with Thee for ever !
Take Thou our child, ours for a day,
Thine while the ages blossom !
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom !

263. BABE. Death of a

SHE had seen
All of earth's year except the winter's snows,
Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams, had
smiled
On her. Eva—or *living*—was her name ;
A bud of life folded in leaves and love ;
The dewy morning-star of summer days ;
The golden lamp of happy fire-side hours ;
The little ewe-lamb nestling by our side ;
The dove whose cooing echo'd in our hearts ;
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise ;
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy ;
The pearl among His gifts who gave us all ;
On whom not we alone, but all who look'd,
Gazing would breathe the involuntary words,
'God bless thee, Eva—God be bless'd for thee.'
Alas, clouds gather'd quickly, and the storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets ; and the star was drench'd
In tears ; the lamp burnt dimly ; unawares
The little lamb was faint ; the weary dove
Cower'd its young head beneath its drooping wing ;
The chord was loosen'd on our harp ; the fount
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry ;
And in our souls we heard our Father, saying,
'Will ye return the gift ?' The Voice was low—

The answer lower still—'Thy will be done.'
 And now, where we had often pictured her,
 I saw her one of the beatified,
 In Paradise; our treasure was with God;
 The gift in the great Giver's strong right hand;
 And none who look'd on her could choose but say,
 'Eva, sweet angel, God be bless'd for thee.'

E. H. Bickersteth.

264. BABE. Departure of a

It came upon us by degrees:
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,
 The knowledge that our God had sent
 His messenger for Babie Bell.
 We shudder'd with unlanguage'd pain,
 And all our hopes were changed to fears,
 And all our thoughts ran into tears,
 Like sunshine into rain.
 We cried aloud in our belief,
 'O smite us gently, gently, God!
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
 And perfect grow through grief.'
 Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
 Her heart was folded deep in ours.
 Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands:
 And what did dainty Babie Bell?
 She only cross'd her little hands,
 She only look'd more meek and fair!
 We parted back her silken hair,
 We wove the roses round her brow—
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
 And thus went dainty Babie Bell
 Out of this world of ours.—*T. B. Aldrich.*

265. BACKSLIDERS: how they are to be treated.

Look thou with pity on a brother's fall,
 And dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
 The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;
 Were that withdrawn, thou too would'st swerve
 and halt.

Lead back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold;
 That were an action worthy of a saint;
 But not in malice let the crime be told,
 Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when His children slide;
 Then is His holy name by men blasphemed,
 And He afresh is mock'd and crucified
 Even by those His bitter death redeem'd.

Rebuke the sin, but yet in love rebuke,
 Feel as one member in another's pain;

Win back the soul that His fair path forsook,
 And mighty and eternal is the gain.

266. BACKSLIDER'S RETURN. The

I COME, O Lord, to Thee;
 In sad and grievous thought I hear Thy call,
 And I must come, or else from Thee I fall
 Deeper in misery.

I have not kept Thy word,
 And yet Thou biddest me to taste Thy love;
 Shaming my faithless heart, that e'er could rove
 From Thee, O gracious Lord!

Shame wraps my heart around,
 Like morning gloom upon the mountains spread;
 Indignant memory, avenger dread,
 Deepens each restless wound.

Yet must I come to Thee!
 Thou hast the words of life, and Thou alone;
 Thou sitt'st upon the Mediator's throne:
 Where should a sinner flee?

Whom didst Thou turn away?
 From what distress was hid Thy pitying face?
 What cold rebuke e'er check'd the cry for grace?
 Can I unheeded pray?

Thomas W. Webb.

267. BAD TEMPERS.

OF all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
 Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

Cumberland.

268. BANISHMENT. An Epilogue.

ON a fair ship, borne swiftly o'er the deep,
 A man was lying, wrapp'd in dreamless sleep;
 When unawares upon a sunken rock
 That vessel struck, and shatter'd with the shock.
 But strange! the plank where lay the sleeper bore
 Him, wrapt in deep sleep ever, to the shore.
 Sweet tones first woke him from his sleep, when
 round

His couch observant multitudes he found:
 All hail'd him then, and did before him bow,
 And with one voice exclaim'd—'Our king art thou.'
 With jubilant applause they bore him on,
 And set him wondering on a royal throne.
 Much he rejoiced, and he had well-nigh now
 Forgotten whence he hither came, and how;
 Until at eve, of homage weary grown,
 He craved a season to be left alone.
 Alone in hall magnificent he sat,
 And mused upon the wonder of his fate;
 When lo! an aged counsellor, a seer,
 Before unnoticed, to the king drew near:

—‘And thee would I congratulate, my son,
 Who hast thy reign in happy hour begun ;
 Seen hast thou the beginning,—yet attend,
 While I shall also show to thee the end.
 That this new fortune doth not blind thee quite,
 Both sides regard, the darker with the bright ;
 Heed what so many who have ruled before,
 Failing to heed, now rue for evermore.
 Though sure thy state and strong thy throne appear,
 King only art thou for a season here ;
 A time is fix’d, albeit unknown to thee,
 Which, when it comes, thou banish’d hence shalt be.
 Round this fair spot, though hidden from the eye
 By mist and vapour, many islands lie :
 Bare are their coasts, and dreary and forlorn,
 And unto them the banish’d kings are borne ;
 On each of these an exiled king doth mourn,
 For when a new king comes, they bear away
 The old, whom now no vassals more obey.

‘Much, O my Prince, my words have thee distrest,
 Thy head has sunk in sorrow on thy breast ;
 Yet idle sorrow helps not—I will show
 A nobler way, which shall true help bestow.
 This counsel take—to others given in vain,
 While no belief from them my words might gain.
 Know then, whilst thou art monarch here, there
 stand

Helps for the future many at thy command ;
 Then, whilst thou canst, employ them to adorn
 That island whither thou must once be borne.
 Unbuilt and waste and barren now that strand,
 And gush no fountains from the thirsty sand.
 So when the world, which speaks thee now so fair,
 And flatters so, again shall strip thee bare,
 And drive thee naked forth in harshest wise,
 Thou joyfully wilt seek thy paradise.’

Then raised the Prince his head with courage new,
 And what the sage advised, prepared to do.
 He ruled his realm with meekness, and meanwhile
 He marvellously deck’d the chosen isle ;
 Bade there his servants build up royal towers,
 And change its barren sands to leafy bowers ;
 Bade fountains there be hewn, and caused to bloom
 Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume.
 And when he long enough had kept his throne,
 To him sweet odours from that isle were blown :
 Then knew he that its gardens blooming were,
 And all the yearnings of his soul were there.
 Grief was it not to him, but joy, when they
 His crown and sceptre bade him quit one day ;
 When him his servants rudely did dismiss,
 ’Twas not the sentence of his ended bliss,
 But pomp and power he cheerfully forsook,
 And to his isle a willing journey took,

And found diviner pleasure on that shore,
 Than all his proudest state had known before.

Oriental, tr. by R. C. Trench.

269. BATTLE OF LIFE. The

FIGHTING the battle of life,
 With a weary heart and head ;
 For in the midst of the strife,
 The banners of Joy are fled.
 Fled and gone out of sight,
 When I thought they were so near ;
 And the music of Hope this night
 Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting the whole day long,
 With a very tired hand,
 With only my armour strong,—
 The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left of *me* :
 If all *my* strength were shown,
 So small the amount would be,
 Its presence could scarce be known.

Fighting alone to-night,
 With not even a stander-by
 To cheer me on in the fight,
 Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear,
 Only the Lord can see
 The struggle within how dark and drear,
 Though quiet the outside be.

Fighting alone to-night,
 With what a sinking heart !
 Lord Jesus, in the fight,
 Oh stand not Thou apart !

Body and mind have tried
 To make the field mine own ;
 But when the Lord is on my side,
 He doeth the work alone.

And when He hideth His face,
 And the battle-clouds prevail,
 It is only through His grace
 If I do not utterly fail.

The word of old was true,—
 And its truth shall never cease,—
 ‘The Lord shall fight for you,
 And ye shall hold your peace.’

Lord, I would fain be still
 And quiet behind my shield ;
 But make me to love Thy will,
 For fear I should ever yield.

For when, to destroy my foes,
Thou lettest them strike at me,
And fillest my heart with woes,
That joy may the purer be,

Nothing but perfect trust,
And love of Thy perfect will,
Can raise me out of the dust,
And bid my fears lie still.

Even as now my hands,
So doth my folded will
Lie waiting Thy commands,
Without one anxious thrill.

But as, with sudden pain,
My hands unfold and clasp,
So doth my will start up again,
And taketh its old firm grasp.

Lord, fix mine eyes upon Thee,
And fill my heart with Thy love ;
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
And the light breaks from above.

F. W. Faber.

270. BATTLE. The Christian's

How goes the fight with thee?
The life-long battle with all evil things?
Thine no low strife, and thine no selfish aim ;
It is the war of giants and of kings.

Does it grow slacker now?
Then tremble ; for, be sure, thy hellish foe
Slacks not ; 'tis thou that slackest in the fight ;
Fainter and feebler falls each weary blow.

What though ten thousand faint,
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee !
Heed not the panic of the multitude ;
Thine be the Captain's watchword,—Victory !

Look to thine armour well !
Thine the one panoply no blow that fears ;
Ours is the day of rusted swords and shields,
Of loosen'd helmets and of broken spears.

Heed not the throng of foes !
To fight 'gainst hosts is still the Church's lot.
Side thou with God, and thou must win the day ;
Woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth not !

Say not the fight is long :—
'Tis but one battle and the fight is o'er ;
No second warfare mars thy victory,
And the one triumph is for evermore.—*Bonar.*

Stand up ! Stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;

This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song !
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.—*Duffield.*

271. BEAUTY : a poor foundation for love.

LOVE built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies :
Choose this face, changed by no deformities.
Donne.

Love raised on beauty will like that decay :
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day ;
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn.
Pope.

272. BEAUTY : allied with truth.

OH, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
' By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
Shakespeare.

273. BEAUTY : deceitful.

As rising on its purple wing
The insect queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere,
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye :
So beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright and wing as wild ;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.—*Byron.*

274. BEAUTY : easily impaired.

A NIGHT of fretful passion may consume
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom ;
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.
Sheridan.

275. BEAUTY : evanescent.

BEAUTY, my lord, 'tis the worst part of woman,
A weak poor thing, assaulted ev'ry hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time ;
A superficies, which each breath of care
Blasts off ; and ev'ry hum'rous stream of grief,
Which flows from forth those fountains of our eyes,
Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.
Goffe.

Beauty's a slippery good, which decreaseth
 Whilst it is increasing : resembling the
 Medlar, which, in the moment of his full
 Ripeness, is known to be in a rottenness.
 Whilst you look in the glass, it waxeth old
 With time ; if on the sun, parch'd with heat ; if
 On the wind, blasted with cold. A great care
 To keep it, a short space to enjoy it,
 A sudden time to lose it.—*Lilly.*

Trust not too much to that enchanting face ;
 Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass.
Dryden.

Do not idolatrize ; beauty's a flower,
 Which springs and withers almost in an hour.
William Smith.

Beauty, sweet love ! is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green
 Cheers for a time,—but till the sun doth show,—
 And straight is gone as it had never been.
Daniel.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything ! dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before !
 The grave discredits thee : thy charms expunged,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of ? will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage ?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head laid low ;
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution ?
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
 T' improve those charms and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not ? Foul
 feeder !

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.—*Blair.*

Beautiful, yes ! but the blush will fade,
 The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
 The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
 And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
 Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
 Treasures of loveliness still to last ;
 Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
 That the soul may be bright when youth is past.
Mrs Osgood.

276. BEAUTY : excelled.

BEAUTY is excell'd by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.—*Milton.*

Beauty gives

The features perfectness, and to the form
 Its delicate proportions : she may stain

The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
 With carmine of the sunset ; she may breathe
 Grace into every motion, like the play
 Of the least visible tissue of a cloud :
 She may give all that is within her own
 Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
 Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.—*Willis.*

277. BEAUTY : in what it consists.

WHAT is beauty ? Not the show
 Of shapely limbs and features. No :
 These are but flowers
 That have their dated hours,
 To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
 'Tis the stainless soul within
 That outshines the fairest skin.—*Hunt.*

What is true beauty but fair virtue's face,—
 Virtue made visible in outward grace ?—*Young.*

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
 Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine ?
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
 The body charms, because the soul is seen.
 Hence men are often captives of a face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace :
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear,
 Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.
Young.

278. BEAUTY : its decay inevitable.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 Where rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
 O fearful meditation ! Where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift book back ?
 Or who his spoil of Beauty can forbid ?
Shakespeare.

279. BEAUTY : its perils.

BEAUTY, like the fair Hesperian tree,
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
Milton.

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray ;
 Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry way ?

Pleased with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

Dryden.

O fatal beauty ! why art thou bestow'd
On hapless woman still to make her wretched ?
Betray'd by thee, how many are undone !

Patterson.

280. BEAUTY : its power.

NOTHING under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress ;
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, inured to blood and cruelty.

Spenser.

281. BEAUTY. Joy of

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Keats.

282. BEAUTY. Lost

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently :
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost is seldom or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

Shakespeare.

283. BEAUTY. Modest

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright ;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

Aaron Hill.

284. BEAUTY : not to be despised.

Is beauty vain because it will fade ?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light
vain ;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.—*Pierpont.*

285. BEAUTY. Realm of

FOR beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child
may seek her,
And having found the gem of price, may set it in
God's crown.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid
shingle beach,

In feathery snows and whistling winds, and dun
electric skies ;

There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with
heavy foliage,

In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and
its lake ;

There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs,
beauty in sun and shade,

In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is
drown'd in beauty.—*Tupper.*

286. BEAUTY. Truth and

THUS was Beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely mistress of Truth and Good
In this dark world ; for Truth and Good are one
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie ?
O wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly ! wanting these,
Lo ! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows.—*Akenside.*

287. BEAUTY : typical.

BEAUTY was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.

Mrs Hale.

288. BEAUTY : unadorned.

A NATIVE grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

Thomson.

289. BEAUTY. Youthful

Lo ! when the buds expand, the leaves are green,
Then the first opening of the flower is seen ;

Then come the honey'd breath and rosy smile,
That with their sweets the willing sense beguile;
But as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,
And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays;
Till all is gather'd, and the wintry blast
Means o'er the place of love and pleasure past.
So 'tis with Beauty,—such the opening grace
And dawn of glory in the youthful face;
Then there are charms unfolded to the sight,
Then all is loveliness and all delight;

The nuptial tie succeeds, the genial hour,
And, lo! the falling off of Beauty's flower;
So through all Nature is the progress made—
The bud, the bloom, the fruit—and then we fade.

Crabbe.

290. BENEFICENCE. Example of

THE pilgrim and stranger, who, through the day,
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save the camel's moan,
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,
From his tent-door, at evening, the Bedouin's call:
'Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!'

For gifts, in His name, of food and rest,
The tents of Islam of God are blest.
Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love?
O Christian!—open thy heart and door,—
Cry, east and west, to the wandering poor—
'Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!'

Whittier.

291. BENEFICENCE. Monument of

BUT all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross;
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross!' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;

He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
His portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been.—*Pope.*

292. BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gather'd multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd,—
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which heal'd him by a word alone!

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower

Which with its healing waters went:
But He, whose word surpass'd its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

Saviour, Thy love is still the same

As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in Thine all-redeeming name

Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!
Oh, be that power, that love, display'd;
Help those whom Thou alone canst aid!

Bernard Barton

293. BEREAVED. Comfort for the

WHO weeps when love, a cradled babe, is born ?
 Rather we bring frankincense, myrrh, and gold,
 While softest welcomes from our lips are roll'd
 To meet the dawning fragrance of a morn
 Of checker'd being. Even while the thorn
 Keeps pace with rosy graces that unfold,
 Do we with rapture cry, 'Behold, behold,
 A heaven-dropp'd flower, our garden to adorn !'
 And yet, when from our darling fall the years,
 As from the rose the shrivell'd petals rain,
 And into newer life the soul again
 Springs thornless to the air of purer spheres,
 So blinded are we by our bitter pain
 We greet the sweeter birth with selfish tears.

Catholic World.

294. BEREAVED. Comfort for the

'DEAD !' are the tidings on this side ;
 'BORN !' is the joyful word they speak,
 Who press around with eager looks,
 To welcome the dear ones that we seek.

Is the corn dead, that lies awhile
 In summer sun and summer storm ?
 Nay, rather it is gathering life
 For larger use and lovelier form.

Oh, watch not with your tearful eyes
 The green mounds where your darlings sleep ;
 If you could pierce through death's disguise,
 Believe me, you would never weep.

Mrs M. F. Butts.

295. BEREAVED. Counsel for the

THE voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key,
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day,—
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;
 But what I once enjoy'd in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
 So little hold of them have we,
 That we from them, or they from us,
 May in a moment ravish'd be.
 Yet we are neither just nor wise
 If present mercies we despise ;
 Or mind not how there may be made
 A thankful use of what we had.

George Wither.

296. BEREAVEMENT. Benefit of

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
 That glare of light which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
 Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way ; and thus to make
 Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us is a plume
 Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity.—*Young.*

297. BEREAVEMENT. God's purpose in

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
 Up to the Father took its way,
 And on our home the shade of death,
 Like a long, misty twilight, lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
 Her little spirit's swift remove,
 This story of the Alpine sheep
 Was told to us by one we love :

'They, in the valley's sheltering care,
 Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
 And, when the sod grows brown and bare,
 The shepherd strives to make them climb

'To airy shelves of pastures green
 That hang along the mountain's side,
 Where grass and flowers together lean,
 And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

'But nought can tempt the timid things
 That steep and rugged path to try,
 Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
 And sear'd below the pastures lie,

'Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
 Along the dizzy verge to go ;
 Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
 They follow on o'er rocks and snow ;

'And in those pastures lifted fair,
 More dewy soft than lowland mead,
 The shepherd drops his tender care,
 And sheep and lambs together feed.'

This parable, by Nature breathed,
 Blew on me as the south-wind free
 O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
 From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
 Would all my happy senses sway,—
 Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
 Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep ;
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, ' Arise, and follow me.'

Maria Lowell.

298. BEREAVEMENT. God's purpose in

THE faithful Alpine shepherd tends his flocks,
By night as well as day,
Lest from the fold should stray,
The lambs, that only live
By care his loving hand alone can give.

From field to field, where greenest turf is found,
Below the glacial snow
Where coolest waters flow,
He leads them gently on,
To crop the herbage that his zeal has won.

From cliff to cliff they scale the giddy height,—
The watchful shepherd near,—
And know no care or fear,
Content, if they can trace
Safety and plenty in his rugged face.

Should any timorous grow, in heart or limb,
The summit fail to dare,—
The shepherd's tender care
O'ercomes their anxious dread ;
He takes the *lambs*, and thus the sheep are led.

So when the Shepherd saw *us* weary grow,
And by the wayside faint,
And make our timorous plaint,—
Quick, to *His* loving breast,
He took *our lamb* to everlasting rest.

But *our* great loss may prove eternal gain :
The stairs that heavenward go,
With children's feet aglow,
Are easier of ascent—
The Shepherd leads in love : we rest content.

L. S. Upham.

299. BEREAVEMENT. Lessons of

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition :
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And, though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.—*Longfellow.*

300. BEREAVEMENT. Parable of

WE clutch our joys as children do their flowers ;
We look at them, but scarce believe them ours,
Till our hot palms have smirch'd their colours rare,
And crush'd their dewy beauty unaware.
But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by,
At hours when we expect not, and with eye
Mournful yet sweet, compassionate though stern,
Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern
By loss, what was possession, and half-wild
With misery, cry out like an angry child :
'Oh, cruel! thus to snatch my posy fine !'
He answers tenderly, 'Not thine, but mine,'
And points to those stain'd fingers which do prove
Our fatal cherishing, our dangerous love ;
At which we, chidden, a pale silence keep ;
Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.
So on through gloomy ways and thorny brakes,
Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet He takes,
Led by the soiled hand, which, laved in tears,
More and more clean beneath His sight appears.
At length the heavy eyes with patience shine :
'I am content. Thou took'st but what was Thine.'

And when He us His beauteous garden shows,
Where bountiful the Rose of Sharon grows ;
Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell,
And the pomegranate yields a pleasant smell ;
While to and fro peace-sandall'd angels move
In the pure air that they—not we—call Love :
An air so rare and fine, our grosser breath
Cannot inhale till purified by death.
And thus we, struck with longing joy, adore,
And satisfied, wait mute without the door,
Until the gracious Gardener maketh sign,
'Enter in peace. All this is mine—and thine.'

D. M. Mulock Craik.

301. BEREAVEMENT : should not inspire bitter grief.

SHALL the seasons bring no end to your sorrow, O
my friend,
As you journey on your way ?
And your bitterness of grief find no comfort, no relief,
But grow deeper day by day ?

Shall it thus confuse your mind, till no outlet you
can find
From a labyrinth of woe ;
That your daughter sleeps in peace, where earthly
trials cease,
And where we all must go ?

If, in answer to your prayer, she had gone with
snowy hair,
And bent with age, above,
Would the angels come to meet her with welcome
any sweeter
Than their present tones of love ?

It is nature's law, I know, that when our darlings go
Such tears should blind our eyes ;
But because their life has gone, to cast away our own
Is neither well nor wise.

Your grief may smite the sky ; no echo shall reply !
Your stormy grief is vain !
To will what God doth will, is for us the only skill
To cure this bitter pain.—*From 'Exotics.'*

302. BEREAVEMENT. Silent worship in
WHEN some beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay
The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
And I astonied fell, and could not pray ;
A thought within me to myself did say,
'Is God less God, that thou art mortal sad ?
Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth clad,
As in that purple !' But I answer, nay !
What child his filial heart in words conveys,
If him for very good his father choose
To smite ? What can he, but with sobbing breath
Embrace the unwilling hand which chasteneth ?
And my dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in silent tears both prayer and praise.
E. B. Browning.

'303. BEREAVEMENT. Solace in
BUT God gives patience, Love learns strength,
And Faith remembers promise,
And Hope itself can smile at length
On other hopes gone from us.
Love, strong as Death, shall conquer Death,
Through struggle made more glorious ;
This mother stills her sobbing breath,
Renouncing, yet victorious.
Arms, empty of her child, she lifts
With spirit unbereaved,—
'God will not all take back His gifts,
My Lily's mine in heaven !'—*E. B. Browning.*

304. BEREAVEMENT. Submission in
I MURMUR not, Father, my will is with Thee :
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine :
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father ! but see,
Thou hadst left him so long that I dream'd he was
mine.—*Faber.*

305. BEREAVEMENTS ; not to be forgotten.
THEY are poor
That have lost nothing ; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten ; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they MIGHT forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colours.—*Jean Ingelow.*

306. BESETTING SIN. Power of

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears,
 Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

George Herbert.

307. BIBLE. Contents of the

IF thou art merry, here are airs ;
 If melancholy, here are prayers ;
 If studious, here are those things writ
 Which may deserve thy ablest wit ;
 If hungry, here is food divine ;
 If thirsty, nectar, heavenly wine.

Read, then ; but, first, thyself prepare
 To read with zeal and mark with care ;
 And when thou read'st what here is writ,
 Let thy best practice second it :
 So twice each precept read shall be,—
 First in the book, and next in thee.

Peter Heylyn.

308. BIBLE. Esteeming the

THIS holy book I'd rather own
 Than all the gold and gems
 That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
 Than all their diadems.

For here a blessed balm appears
 To heal the deepest woe,
 And those who read this book in tears,
 Their tears shall cease to flow.

309. BIBLE. Excellence of the

THY thoughts are here, my God,
 Express'd in words divine,
 The utterance of heav'nly lips,
 In ev'ry sacred line.

Each word of Thine a gem
 From the celestial mines,
 A sunbeam from that holy heaven
 Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, thine, this book, though given
 In man's poor human speech,
 Telling of things unseen, unheard,
 Beyond all human reach.

Against this sea-swept rock
 Ten thousand storms their will
 Of foam and rage have wildly spent ;
 It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
 Without or change or age,
 The word of majesty and light,
 The Church's heritage.—*Bonar.*

310. BIBLE. Family

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their
 shrine,

Cling reverently !—Of anxious looks beguiled,
 My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
 Were daily bent ; her accents, gravely mild,
 Breathed out thy love ;—whilst I, a dreamy child,
 On breeze-like fancies wander'd oft away,
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
 Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
 Some secret nest ; yet would the solemn word,
 At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
 Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost ; for which, in darker years,
 O Book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful tears,
 Heart blessings on the holy dead, and thee !

Mrs Hemans.

311. BIBLE. Inspiration of the

WHENCE, but from Heav'n, could men unskill'd in
 arts,

In several ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true :
 The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
 For Heaven in them appeals to human sense :
 And though they prove not they confirm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Therefore, the style majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every line :
 Commanding words ; whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produced our frame
 All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend ;
 Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend :

This only doctrine does our lusts oppose :
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows ;
 Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin ;
 Oppress'd without, and undermined within,
 It thrives through pain ; its own tormentors tires,
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.

Dryden.

312. BIBLE. My Mother's

THIS book is all that's left me now,—
 Tears will unbidden start,—
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd,
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear :
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said
 In tones my heart would thrill !
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who loved God's word to hear !
 Her angel face,—I see it yet !
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 When all were false, I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy ;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.—*G. P. Morris.*

313. BIBLE. Philosophy of the

THE lamp of revelation only shows
 What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
 That man, in nature's richest mantle clad
 And graced with all philosophy can add,
 Though fair without, and luminous within,
 Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
 Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride,
 He feels the need of an unerring guide,
 And knows that, falling, he shall rise no more,
 Unless the power that bade him stand, restore.

This is indeed philosophy : this known,
 Makes wisdom worthy of the name, his own ;
 And, without this, whatever he discuss,—
 Whether the space betwixt the stars and us ;
 Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,—
 The solemn trifler, with his boasted skill,
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still ;
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.

Cowper.

314. BIBLE. Reading the

WITHIN this ample volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries :
 Happiest they of human race
 To whom their God has given grace,
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, to force the way ;
 And better had they ne'er been born
 That read to doubt, or read to scorn.—*Scott.*

315. BIBLE. Search the

YES, 'tis a mine of precious jewelry,
 The Book of God ; a well of streams divine !
 But who would wish the riches of that mine
 To make his own ; his thirst to satisfy
 From that pure well ; must ear, eye, soul, apply ;
 On precept precept scan, and line on line ;
 Search, ponder, sift, compare, divide, combine,
 For truths that oft beneath the surface lie.
 Yes ; there are things which he who runs may read,
 Nor few there are, which yield a harder part,
 To mark, discern, and know. With cautious heed,
 'Tis God's command, survey thy safety's chart ;
 Lest arduous things, distorted, death-ward lead
 The mind unlearn'd, and the unstable heart.

Mant.

316. BIGOTS : slaves to custom.

THE slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
 With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
 Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
 True to the jingling of our leader's bells.—*Cowper.*

317. BIGOTRY : cursed.

O LOVE-destroying, curs'd Bigotry ;
 Curs'd in heaven, but curs'd more in hell !
 The infidel who turn'd his impious war
 Against the walls of Zion, on the Rock
 Of Ages built, and higher than the clouds,
 Sinn'd and received his due reward : but she
 Within her walls sinn'd more ; of Ignorance
 Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walk'd
 The earth from age to age, and drank the blood
 Of saints.—*Pollok.*

318. BIGOTRY. Fate of

THE bigot theologian—in minute
 Distinctions skill'd, and doctrines unreduced
 To practice; in debate how loud! how long!
 How dexterous! in Christian love, how cold!
 His vain conceits were orthodox alone.
 The immutable and heavenly truth, reveal'd
 By God, was nought to him: he had an art,
 A kind of hellish charm, that made the lips
 Of truth speak falsehood; to his liking turn'd
 The meaning of the text; made trifles seem
 The marrow of salvation; to a word,
 A name, a sect, that sounded in the ear,
 And to the eye so many letters show'd,
 But did no more—gave value infinite;
 Proved still his reasoning best, and his belief,
 Though propp'd on fancies, wild as madmen's dreams,
 Most rational, most scriptural, most sound;
 With mortal heresy denouncing all
 Who in his arguments could see no force.
 On points of faith too fine for human sight,
 And never understood in heaven, he placed
 His everlasting hope, undoubting plac'd,
 And died: and when he open'd his ear, prepared
 To hear, beyond the grave, the minstrelsy
 Of bliss—he heard, alas! the wail of woe.
 He proved all creeds false but his own, and found
 At last, his own most false—most false, because
 He spent his time to prove all others so.—*Pollok.*

319. BIRTH. High

VERILY,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.—*Shakespeare.*

Thus, born alike, from virtue first began
 The difference that distinguish'd man from man:
 He claim'd no title from descent of blood;
 But that which made him noble, made him good.
Dryden.

Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth
 Of which I stand compacted: and because
 I cannot add a splendour to my name,
 Reflective from a royal pedigree,
 You interdict my language; but be pleas'd
 To know, the ashes of my ancestors,
 If intermingled in the tomb with kings,
 Could hardly be distinguish'd. The stars shoot
 An equal influence on the open cottage,
 Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
 As on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
 With care and whisper.—*Habington.*

The honours of a name 'tis just to guard;
 They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
 And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,
 With care transmit them down to other hands.

Shirley.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall man, like figures, pass for high, or base,
 Slight, or important, only by their place?
 Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.—*Young.*

320. BIRTH. The New: its joys.

YES, all is plain! I see,
 I live, I am made free!
 Oh! Love, my new-found guest!
 Sweet peace, and sweetest rest!
 What shall I do, what say,
 In this rare morn which is true life's first day?
 All round are odours blown,
 And with soft undertone
 Faint music pants in all the glowing air.
 The waters call in many a flower-fringed stream;
 The earth is very fair,
 And through the depths of tender sky
 Floats many a cloud-bright argosy;
 But I have tasted something more divine,
 I see a glory brighter than the May;
 I hear what angels to each other say;
 A heavenly heart is throbbing against mine.
 These earthly blossoms cannot make my crown,
 Celestial strains this earthly music drown,
 I look, as through an open door,
 On landscapes that shall fade no more.

Oh! Saviour, Jesus, it is all of Thee—
 This sacred sense of what I'm made to be,
 Thy perfect self and my infirmity—
 All, all of Thee—the veil removed,
 The joy that springs in being loved,
 The faith that asks no higher place
 Than sights of Thy forgiving face.

Nearer and nearer, Lord, and nearer still;
 Thy work begun, fulfil,
 Shape all my life according to Thy will.
 Thou know'st how I aspire;
 Accept my strong desire,
 Hope, heart, and mind—my spirit's deepest deep—
 Take all, to feed and keep,
 Till my whole soul to Love's full flower is blown,
 And Love's full flower to perfect fruit is grown.

H. N. Powers.

321. BIRTHDAY. Noting a

WHY should we count our life by years,
 Since years are short, and pass away !
 Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears,
 Since tears are vain and smiles decay !
 Oh ! count by virtues—these shall last
 When life's lame-footed race is o'er ;
 And these, when earthly joys are past,
 May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Mrs Hale.

322. BIRTHDAY. Thought for a

It is my natal day ! Another year
 Is register'd against me in the account
 Of time to me entrusted, and the amount
 Of that rich talent for my trial here
 By one more year diminish'd. As more near
 My reckoning draws, does evil's inborn fount
 Within me more subside, and, paramount
 To the world's love, the love of God sincere
 Reign arbiter ?—Oh, may each year, each day,
 By Him vouchsafed, to Him its tribute pour,
 And His free love with answering love repay :
 Worthless, alas ! Yet such as may for store
 Of blessings given meet gratitude display,
 Till the night come, and I can work no more.

Mant.

323. BIRTH OF CHRIST. Heathenism at the

THE oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue :
 In vain with cymbals' ring,
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems' dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky cyne ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide.—*Milton.*

324. BIRTH OF CHRIST. Peace at the

No war or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around,
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
 wave.—*Milton.*

325. BIRTH OF CHRIST. Welcoming the

ALL hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
 Whose love did not the sinner scorn !
 In my distress Thou cam'st to me :
 What thanks shall I return to thee ?

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
 Beset with gold and jewels rare,
 She yet were far too poor to be
 A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child !
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.—*Luther.*

326. BLESSED? Who are the

WHO are the bless'd ?
 They who have kept their sympathies awake,
 And scatter'd joy for more than custom's sake—

Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
 Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed ;
 Whose looks have power to make dissensions cease—
 Whose smile is pleasant and whose words are peace ;
 They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
 Teachers of truth and ministers of love ;
 Love for all moral power—all mental grace—
 Love for the humblest of the human race—
 Love for that tranquil joy that virtue brings—
 Love for the Giver of all goodly things ;
 True followers of that soul-exalting plan
 Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man ;
 They who can calmly linger to the last,
 Survey the future and recall the past ;
 And with that hope which triumphs over pain,
 Feel well assured they have not lived in vain ;
 Then wait in peace their hour of final rest—
 These are the only bless'd !—*Prince.*

327. BLESSEDNESS. True

IN the nine heavens are eight Paradises ;
 Where is the ninth one ? In the human breast.
 Only the blessed dwell in th' Paradises,
 But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
 Created creatures are in th' Paradises,
 The uncreated Maker in the breast.
 Given to thee are those eight Paradises,
 When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.*

Oriental.

328. BLIND. The : how much they are to be pitied.

THOU walk'st the world in daily night :
 In vain they gleam, in vain for thee,
 The morn upon the mountain height,
 The golden sunset on the sea.

Mrs Osgood.

Ye have a world of light,
 Where love in the loved rejoices ;
 But the blind man's home is the house of night,
 And its beings are empty voices.—*Butler.*

329. BLINDNESS. Compensation of

O HAPPINESS of blindness ! now no beauty
 Inflames my lust ; no other's good my envy ;
 Or misery, my pity ; no man's wealth
 Draws my respect, nor poverty my scorn.
 Yet still I see enough ! man to himself
 Is a large prospect, raised above the level
 Of his low creeping thoughts : if then I have
 A world within myself, that world shall be
 My empire, there I'll reign, commanding freely,
 And willingly obey'd, secure from fear
 Of foreign forces, or domestic treasons,

And hold a monarchy more free, more absolute,
 Than in my father's seat, and looking down
 With scorn or pity on the slipp'ry state
 Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.

Denham.

I ken the night and day,
 For all ye may believe,
 And often in my spirit lies
 A clear light as of mid-day skies ;
 And splendours on my vision rise,
 Like gorgeous hues of eve.

Mary Howitt.

330. BLINDNESS. Complaint of

O LOSS of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have ceased.
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me :
 They creep, yet see ; I dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors or without still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
 Without all hope of day !

Milton's 'Samson Agonistes.'

For oh ! while others gaze on Nature's face,
 The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
 Or with delight ineffable survey
 The sun,—bright image of his parent God ;—
 Whilst others view heaven's all-involving arch,
 Bright with unnumber'd worlds, and lost in joy,
 Fair order and utility behold ;—
 To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
 And grace and beauty blotted from my view.

Blacklock.

331. BLINDNESS : cured.

BLIND, poor, and helpless, Bartimeus sat,
 List'ning the foot of the wayfaring man,
 Still hoping that the next, and still the next,
 Would put an alms into his trembling hand.
 He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle
 Among the sycamores ; it is the tread
 Of thousand steps, it is the hum of tongues
 Innumerable ; but when the sightless man
 Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,
 He cried and said, 'Jesus, thou Son of David,

Have mercy upon me !' and when rebuked
He cried the more, 'Have mercy upon me !'
'Thy faith hath made thee whole ;' so Jesus spake,
And straight the blind beheld the face of God !

Graham.

332. BLINDNESS. Duty in

WHEN I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?'
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

Milton.

333. BLINDNESS. Milton's

THESE eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This might lead me throughout the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

Milton.

334. BLINDNESS. Prayer in

WITH the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
Ere cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather Thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs
Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.—*Milton.*

335. BLISS. Earthly and Heavenly

TWO magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliss,
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this.

Dryden.

336. BLISS : independent of circumstances.

CONDITION, circumstance, is not the thing :
Bliss is the same in subject or in king ;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.

Pope.

337. BLISS : its uncertainty.

OFT when blind mortals think themselves secure,
In height of bliss, they touch the brink of ruin.

Thomson.

338. BLISS. Sublunary

THE spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bless'd scenes of permanent delight !
Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end ;
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words and vain ;
Implicit treason to Divine decree !
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
Oh had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !—*Young.*

339. BLISS : the object of human search.

POOR humankind, all dazed in open day,
Err after bliss, and blindly miss their way.

Dryden

340. BLISS : though transient not to be despised.

THOUGH duller thoughts succeed,
The bliss e'en of a moment still is bliss.
Thou would'st not of her dew-drops spoil the thorn
Because her glory will not last till noon.

Joanna Baillie.

341. BLISS : where it is to be found.

SOME place the bliss in action, some in ease ;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.

Pope.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.

Goldsmith.

342. BODY. The glorified

'Tis night : behold, as if by death oppress,
 The sun his rays in gloom sepulchral hide !
 'Tis day : behold, with renovated pride,
 In the magnificence of morning drest,
 The sun, rejoicing, lifts his orient crest ;
 A bridegroom issuing forth to meet his bride !
 Thus, like the sun beneath the ocean tide,
 The Christian seeks the chamber of his rest ;
 Thus, like the sun, to rise !—But not the same
 Shall rise, as when his mortal course was run :
 To that unearthly, pure, ethereal flame,
 That robe of amaranthine radiance spun,
 No nearer likeness this vile form may claim,
 Than glimmering starlight to yon glorious sun.

Mant.

343. BOLDNESS.

WRITE on your doors the saying wise and old,
 'Be bold ! be bold ! and everywhere be bold ;
 But not too bold !' Yet better the excess
 Than the defect ; better the more than less ;
 Better like HECTOR in the field to die,
 Than like the perfumed PARIS turn and fly.

344. BOOK. Dedication of a

Go, little Book ! from this my solitude
 I cast thee on the waters,—go thy ways ;
 And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
 The World will find thee after many days.
 Be it with thee according to thy worth :
 Go, little Book ! in faith I send thee forth.

Southey.

345. BOOKS : cannot always please.

BOOKS cannot always please, however good ;
 Minds are not ever craving for their food.

Crabbe.

346. BOOKS : embodied thoughts.

BOOKS are part of man's prerogative ;
 In formal ink they thought and voices hold,
 That we to them our solitude may give,
 And make time present travel that of old.
 Our life, fame pieceth longer at the end,
 And books it farther backward doth extend.

Overbury.

347. BOOKS. Enduring

COMPOSED of many thoughts, possessing, each,
 Innate and underived vitality :
 Which having fitly shaped, and well arranged,
 In brotherly accord they builded up
 A stately superstructure, that, nor wind,
 Nor wave, nor shock of falling years could move ;

Majestic and indissolubly firm,
 As ranks of veteran warriors in the field ;
 Each by himself alone, and singly seen—
 A sea of valour, dread ! invincible !

Books of this sort, or sacred, or profane,
 Which virtue help'd, were titled not amiss,
 The medicine of the mind : who read them, read
 Wisdom, and was refresh'd ; and on his path
 Of pilgrimage with healthier step advanced.—*Pollok.*

348. BOOKS. Good

LEARNING is more profound
 When in few solid authors 't may be found.
 A few good books, digested well, do feed
 The mind ; much cloy, or doth ill humours breed.

Heath.

349. BOOKS. Immortal

THE Wise

(Minstrel or Sage), *out* of their books are clay ;
 But *in* their books, as from their graves, they rise,
 Angels, that side by side, upon our way,
 Walk with and warn us !

We call some books immortal ! *Do they live ?*

If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.

In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—

God wills that nothing evil should endure ;

The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,

As the dust leaves the disembodied soul !

Bulwer Lytton.

350. BOOKS : men of higher stature.

BOOKS are men of higher stature,
 And the only men that speak aloud for future times
 to hear !—*Mrs Browning.*

351. BOOKS. Multiplicity of

PRODUCTIVE was the world

In many things, but most in books : like swarms
 Of locusts which God sent to vex a land
 Rebellious long, admonish'd long in vain,
 Their numbers they pour'd annually on man,
 From heads conceiving still ; perpetual birth !
 Thou wonderest how the world contain'd them all !
 Thy wonder stay : like men, this was their doom :
 That dust they were, and should to dust return.
 And oft their fathers, childless and bereaved,
 Wept o'er their graves, when they themselves were
 green,

And on them fell, as fell on every age,
 As on their authors fell, oblivious Night.—*Pollok.*

352. BOOKS : never-failing friends.

My days among the dead are pass'd ;
 Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.
Southey.

353. BOOKS. Pleasure of

GIVE me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers ;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels ;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account ; and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities ? No : be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth : it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.—*Fletcher.*

354. BOOKS : recall the past.

IN them, we
Who, but for them, upon that inch of ground
We call 'THE PRESENT,' from the cell could see
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar ;
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
Traverse all space, and number every star,
And feel the Near less household than the Far !
There is no Past, so long as Books shall live !
A disint'rd Pompeii wakes again
For him who seeks you well ; lost cities give
Up their untarnish'd wonders, and the reign
Of Jove revives and Saturn : at our will
Rise dome and tower on Delphi's sacred hill ;
Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe ; along
Leucadia's headland sighs the Lesbian's song ;
With Egypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile,
And learn how worlds are barter'd for a smile ;
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er,
Up but that page—lo, Babylon once more !
Bulwer Lytton.

The past but lives in words : a thousand ages
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

355. BOOKS : their chief perfections.

'Tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.
Butler.

356. BOOKS : their ends.

BOOKS should to one of these four ends conduce :
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—*Denham.*

357. BOOKS : their influence.

BOOKS are not seldom talismans and spells.
Cowper.

358. BOOKS : their ministry.

DREAMS, books, are each a world ; and books, we
know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Wordsworth.

We never speak our deepest feelings ;
Our holiest hopes have no revealings,
Save in the gleams that light the face,
Or fancies that the pen may trace.
And hence to books the heart must turn
When with unspoken thoughts we yearn,
And gather from the silent page
The just reproof, the counsel sage,
The consolation kind and true
That soothes and heals the wounded heart.

Mrs Hale.

359. BOOKS : treasure-houses.

BOOKS are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age ; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.
Wordsworth.

360. BOOKWORM. The

UNCERTAIN and unsettled he remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
Milton.

361. BLUNTNESS.

THIS is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature ; he can't flatter, he !—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth ;
An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duty nicely.—*Shakespeare.*

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.—*Shakespeare.*

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Nor actions, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.

Shakespeare.

362. BOUNTY.

WHAT you desire of him, he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.—*Shakespeare.*

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.—*Shakespeare.*

He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine;
That liberality is but cast away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.

Denham.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;—
He gain'd from heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a
friend!—*Gray.*

363. BRAVE MEN.

No, there is a necessity in fate
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right:
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice;
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing
miss.—*Dryden.*

But while hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis late before
The brave despair.—*Thomson.*

364. BREVITY.

SINCE brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.—*Shakespeare.*

365. BROODING OVER TROUBLE: forbid-

den.

IMPRISON not
Within thy breast

Needless germs of sorrow;

The storm to-day,
With fury blent,
Precedes sunshine to-morrow.

Then fly away,
Each sombre thought,
To realms of fabled things;
Nor let one hope
Unheeded pass,
Or lose one joy it brings.

Emma Thompson.

366. BROTHERHOOD. Bond of

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the
broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sub-
lime
Of a century bursts full-blossom'd on the thorny
stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the in-
stantaneous throe,
Where the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems
to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing
start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute
lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps be-
neath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a
chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming
ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympa-
thies with God
In hot teardrops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up
by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the
nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of
right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's
vast frame
Through its ocean-sunder'd fibres feels the gush of
joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim.—*Lowell.*

367. BROTHERHOOD. Disbelief of man's

EARLY from heaven it was reveal'd, and oft
 Repeated in the world, from pulpits preach'd,
 And penn'd and read in holy books, that God
 Respected not the persons of mankind.
 Had this been truly credited and felt,
 The king, in purple robe, had own'd, indeed,
 The beggar for his brother ; pride of rank
 And office thaw'd into paternal love ;
 Oppression fear'd the day of equal rights
 Predicted ; covetous extortion kept
 In mind the hour of reck'ning, soon to come ;
 And bribed injustice thought of being judged,
 When he should stand on equal foot beside
 The man he wrong'd. And surely—nay, 'tis true,
 Most true, beyond all whispering of doubt,
 That he, who lifted up the reeking scourge,
 Dripping with gore from the slave's back, before
 He struck again, had paused, and seriously
 Of that tribunal thought, where God Himself
 Should look him in the face, and ask in wrath,
 'Why didst thou this? Man! was he not thy brother?
 Bone of thy bone, and flesh and blood of thine?'
 But ah! this truth, by heaven and reason taught,
 Was never fully credited on earth.
 The titled, flatter'd, lofty men of power,
 Whose wealth bought verdicts of applause for deeds
 Of wickedness, could ne'er believe the time
 Should truly come, when judgment should proceed
 Impartially against them, and they, too,
 Have no good speaker at the Judge's ear,
 No witnesses to bring them off for gold,
 No power to turn the sentence from its course ;
 And they of low estate, who saw themselves
 Day after day, despised, and wrong'd, and mock'd,
 Without redress, could scarcely think the day
 Should e'er arrive, when they in truth should stand
 On perfect level with the potentates
 And princes of the earth, and have their cause
 Examined fairly, and their rights allow'd.
 But now this truth was felt, believed and felt,
 That men were really of a common stock ;
 That no man ever had been more than man.

Pollok.

368. BROTHERHOOD. Grounds of

ARE we not creatures of one hand Divine,
 Form'd in one mould, to one redemption born,
 Kindred alike, where'er our skies may shine,
 Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn?
 Brothers—one bond around our souls should twine ;
 And woe to him by whom that bond is torn,
 Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to earth,
 Who bows down spirits of immortal birth!

Mansoni.

369. BROTHERHOOD. Poet of

WHO feels that God and Heaven's great deeps are
 nearer

Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,
 Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer
 Than that of all his brethren, low or high ;
 Who to the Right can feel himself the truer
 For being gently patient with the wrong,
 Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,
 And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song—
 This, this is he for whom the world is waiting
 To sing the beatings of its mighty heart ;
 Too long hath it been patient with the grating
 Of scannel-pipes, and heard it mis-named Art.
 To him the smiling soul of man shall listen,
 Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
 And once again in every eye shall glisten
 The glory of a nature satisfied.—*Lowell.*

370. BUILDING. Cautious

ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time ;
 Some with massive deeds and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
 Each thing in its place is best ;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials fill'd ;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
 Leave no yawning gaps between ;
 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part ;
 For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean ;

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Longfellow.

371. BUILDING. Gradual

By trifles, in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled;
We lose not all our yesterdays;
The man hath something of the child;
Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves,
As the rose-odours linger in fading leaves.

In ceaseless toil, from year to year,
Working with loath or willing hands,
Stone upon stone we shape and rear,
Till the completed fabric stands;
And when the last hush hath all labour still'd,
The searching fire will try what we have striven to
build.—*W. Morley Punshon.*

372. BUILDING. Instinctive

THE hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew those holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.
These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass;
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him plann'd.

R. W. Emerson.

373. BUILDING. Neglect of

WHATE'ER thou purposest to do,
With an unwearied zeal pursue;
To-day is thine—improve to-day,
Nor trust to-morrow's distant day.

A certain man a house would build;
The place is with materials fill'd;
And everything is ready there—
Is it a difficult affair?
Yes! till you fix the corner-stone;
It won't erect itself alone.
Day rolls on day, and year on year,
And nothing yet is done—
There's always something to delay
The business to another day.

And thus in silent waiting stood
The piles of stone and piles of wood,
Till Death, who in his vast affairs
Ne'er puts things off, as men do theirs—
And thus, if I the truth must tell,
Does his work *finally* and *well*—
Wink'd at our hero as he pass'd,
'Your house is finish'd, sir, at last;
A narrower house—a house of clay—
Your palace for *another day*!'

Tr. from the Russian by Bowring.

374. BURDEN. Help with the

CHILD of my love, 'LEAN HARD,'
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child: I shaped it,
Poised it in my own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on I said,
I shall be near, and while she leans on me,
This burden shall be mine, not hers:
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of '*mine own love*.' Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace thy care
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me, I know it, doubt not, then;
But loving me—LEAN HARD!

375. BURIAL. Hymn for a Christian's

YE principalities and powers
That never tasted death,
Witness from off your heavenly towers
Our act of Christian faith.

Though tears will fall and hearts are stirr'd,
We know in whom we trust;

And confident in His sure word
We bear the 'dust to dust.'

We sow this seed in earth to die,
In the great Master's name,
Type of decay and vanity,
In weakness and in shame.

It shall arise a holy shrine
Of glory, beauty, might,
Fit for a spirit made divine ;
All purity, all light.

Thanks be to God, there is no death
For all that trust His word :
Thanks be to God, for victory
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Rawson.*

376. BURIAL. Sequence of

GATHER up, O earth ! thy dead ;
Grass ! thy peaceful pillow spread,
Add another mortal's bed
To the bed where mortals sleep :
Where they sleep—but not to rise
When morn's sunlight clears the skies,
But to rest—while centuries
Their long-during watches keep.

Centuries shall pass away ;
Earth shall hasten to decay ;
Days will bring of days the day
When the exhausted cycles end ;
Then, earth's every fugitive
Shall appear ; the grave shall give
Up its dead, the dead shall live,—
And the Eternal Judge descend.

Day of wonders ! day of woe !
Day of evil's overthrow ;
Day of joy ! when all shall know—
Know and see the Lord of heaven !
Then, O then, may hope appear,
Faith our fainting spirits cheer,
Love dry up the trembling tear,
Whispering sweetly, 'Sins forgiven !'

Bouring.

377. BURIAL. The Christian's

CEASE, ye tearful mourners,
Thus your hearts to rend :
Death is life's beginning
Rather than its end.

All the grave's adornments,
What do they declare,
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there ?

What though now to darkness
We this body give ;
Soon shall all its senses
Re-awake and live.

E'en as duly scatter'd
By the sower's hand
In the fading autumn
O'er the fallow land,

Nature's seed, decaying,
First in darkness dies,
Ere it can in glory
Renovated rise.

Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust ;
Oh ! we pray, be careful
Of the precious dust.

This was once the mansion
Of a soul endow'd
With sublimest powers,
By the breath of God.

Here eternal Wisdom
Lately made His home ;
And again will claim it
In the days to come.

O divinest period !
Speed upon thy way ;
O eternal Justice !
Make no more delay.

When shall love in glory
Its fruition see ?
When shall hope be lost in
Immortality ?

Prudentius Clemens, tr. by E. Caswall.

378. BURIAL. The Sinner's

WRAPT in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep ;
Above him, the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

O Christless shroud, how cold !
How dark, O Christless tomb !
O grief that never can grow old !
O endless, hopeless doom !

O Christless sleep, how sad !
What waking shalt thou know ?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe !

To rocks and hills in vain
 Shall be the sinner's call ;
 O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
 The lost soul's funeral !
 O Christless soul, awake
 Ere thy last sleep begin !
 O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
 Burst Thou the bands of sin !—*Bonar.*

379. BURIAL-GROUND. Sacredness of the

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
 The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
 The seed that they had garner'd in their hearts,
 Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth !
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers which never bloom'd on
 earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow !
Longfellow.

380. BUSINESS. Vain

THE business of the world is child's play mere ;
 Too many, ah ! the children playing here :
 Their pleasure and their woe, their loss and gain,
 Alike mean nothing, and alike are vain.
 As children who, to pass the time away,
 Build up their booths, to buy and sell in play ;
 But homeward hungering must at eve repair,
 And standing leave their booths with all their ware :
 So the world's children, when their night is come,
 With empty satchels turn them sadly home.

R. C. Trench.

381. CALAMITY.

Do not insult calamity :
 It is a barb'rous grossness, to lay on
 The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
 Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.
Daniel.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.—*Fletcher.*

How wisely fate ordain'd for humankind
 Calamity ! which is the perfect glass
 Wherein we truly see and know ourselves.
 How justly it created life too short !
 For being incident to many griefs,
 Had it been destined to continue long,
 Fate, to please fools, had done the wise great wrong.
Davenant.

Know, he that

Foretells his own calamity, and makes
 Events before they come, twice over doth
 Endure the pains of evil destiny.—*Davenant.*

Methinks, if ye would know
 How visitations of calamity
 Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you here.
 Look yonder at the cloud, which, through the sky
 Sailing along doth cross in her career
 The rolling moon : I watch'd it as it came,
 And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams ;
 But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
 In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
 The orb with richer beauties than her own ;
 Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.
Southey.

382. CALMNESS. Prayer for

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 While these hot breezes blow ;
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fever'd brow !

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Soft resting on Thy breast ;
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
 And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ;
 Let thine outstretch'd wing
 Be like the shade of Elim's palm
 Beside her desert spring.

383. CALUMNY.

VIRTUE itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
Shakespeare.

384. CANDOUR.

MAKE my breast
 Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart does hold.—*Ruckingham.*

The brave do never shun the light ;
 Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers ;
 Truly without disguise they love or hate ;
 Still are they found in the fair face of day,
 And heaven and men are judges of their actions.

Rowe.

You talk to me in parables :

You may have known that I'm no wordy man ;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them when they want good sense ;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament : be plain.—*Otway.*

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise ;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

Young.

385. CAPTIVES. Jewish

We sat by Babel's waters ; and our tears
Mingled, in silence, with the silent stream ;
For, oh ! our hearts went back to happier years,
And brighter scenes, that faded like a dream.

Our harps, neglected, hung upon the trees,
That threw their shadows o'er the waves' dark
crest,

And sigh'd, responsive to each passing breeze,
That stirr'd a ripple on its slumbering breast.

But they who led us captive touch'd the string,
And waked its music with unhallow'd hand,
And—mocking all our sadness—bade us sing
The song of Zion in a foreign land.

Oh ! never, never !—hush'd be now its strains !
Far, far away her exiled children roam,
And never will they sound, on other plains,
The holy music of their native home.

Jerusalem ! all ruin'd as thou art,
Thy temple by profaning footsteps trod,
Still art thou fondly cherish'd in each heart,
Land of our sires, our childhood, and our God !

And, while we wander from thy sheltering wing,
To lay on distant shores the weary head,
Like houseless doves—alas ! how can we sing ?
Our harps are tuneless, and our souls are sad !

T. K. Hervey.

386. CARE (Anxiety) : attends prosperity.

WHAT bliss, what wealth, did e'er the world bestow
On man, but cares and fears attended it ?—*May.*

387. CARE (Anxiety) : destroys peace.

CARE that is enter'd once into the breast
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

Ben Jonson.

388. CARE (Anxiety) : haunts the aged.

CARE keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth sleep will never lie.

Shakespeare.

389. CARE (Anxiety) : its cure.

FOR every care I have the swiftest cure,
Nor do I fear the roughest road to pass ;
For why ? 'My bread and water are most sure,'
'My feet as brass.'
'His presence doth go with me all the road.'
Nor are my hopes His promises beyond ;
I only sue the good and faithful God
Upon His bond.

'Unto old age,' and through the silent vale
Shadow'd by death, I shall walk cheerfully ;
It is impossible His Word should fail
Even to me.

So then by anxious cares I am not stirr'd ;
His promise stretches every care beyond,
And I can plead His covenanted Word,
His Word—His bond.

Lillie E. Barr.

390. CARE (Anxiety). Needless

BUT human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak' enow themselves to vex them.

Burns.

391. CARE (Anxiety). Rest from

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burden'd head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now :
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past ;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart ;

And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim ;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after Him.

*Found under the head of a dead soldier in Port
Royal Hospital.*

392. CARE (Anxiety). Sermon on

ALL nature a sermon may preach thee;
The birds sing thy murmurs away,—
The birds which, nor sowing nor reaping,
God fails not to feed day by day;
And He, who the creature doth cherish,
Will He fail thee, and leave thee to perish?
Or art thou not better than they?

The lilies, nor toiling nor spinning
Their clothing, how gorgeous and fair!
What tints in their tiny robes woven,
What wondrous devices are there!
All Solomon's stores could not render
One festival robe of such splendour
As the flowers have for every-day wear.

God gives to each flower its rich raiment,
And o'er them His treasures flings free,
Which to-day finds so fragrant in beauty,
And to-morrow all faded shall see.
Thus the lilies smile shame on thy care,
And the happy birds sing it to air:
Will their God be forgetful of thee?
Spegel, tr. by Mrs Charles.

393. CARE (Anxiety). Succession of

WHEN one is past, another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
Herrick.

394. CARE (Anxiety). The Christian's freedom from

CAREFUL without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's Name,
Supported by His smile.
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward:
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear;
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.

To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly:
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted I.

Here I find a house of prayer
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

Charles Wesley.

395. CARE (Anxiety): useless.

CARE is no cure, but rather a corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.

Shakespeare.

396. CARE. God's.

THERE are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None love them best. O vain and selfish sigh;
Out of the bosom of His love He spares—
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die:
For thee He died—for thee He lives again;
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care as if beside
Nor man nor angel lived in heaven or earth:
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth;
They shine, and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

Kble.

397. CARE (Heedfulness): its reward.

THINGS done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.—*Shakespeare.*

398. CAUSE. Finding the

THE wall said to the nail, 'What have I done,
That through me thy sharp tooth thou thus dost run?'
The nail replied, 'Poor fool! what do I know?
Ask him who beats my head with many a blow!'
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

399. CAUSE. Judging a

HE that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown
When judges have been babes. Great floods have
flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumptuous in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.

Shakespeare.

400. CAUSE. Unseen

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
 Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
 And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
 Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
 All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
 From one stage of our being to the next
 We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,
 The momentary work of unseen hands,
 Which crumbles down behind us ; looking back,
 We see the other shore, the gulf between,
 And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,
 Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.
 We trace the wisdom to the apple's fall,
 Not to the birth-throes of a mighty Truth
 Which, for long ages in blank Chaos dumb,
 Yet yearn'd to be incarnate, and had found
 At last a spirit meet to be the womb
 From which it might be born to bless mankind,—
 Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with all
 The boarded thoughtfulness of earnest years,
 And waiting but one ray of sunlight more
 To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray ?

We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
 Rather to name our high successes so.
 Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,
 And have predestined sway : all other things,
 Except by leave of us, could never be.
 For Destiny is but the breath of God
 Still moving us, the last fragment left
 Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
 Within our thought, to beckon us beyond
 The narrow circle of the seen and known,
 And always tending to a noble end,
 As all things must that overrule the soul,
 And for a space unseat the helmsman, Will.

Lowell.

401. CAUTION.

WHEN clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks ;
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :
 All may be well ; but if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Shakespeare.

Who 'scapes the snare

Once, has a certain caution to beware.

Chapman.

They that fear the adder's sting, will not come
 Near his hissing.—*Chapman.*

None pities him that's in the snare,
 And, warn'd before, would not beware.

Herrick.

Fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears ;
 For this the wise are ever on their guard :
 For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepared.

Dryden.

All's to be fear'd where all is to be lost.

Byron.

Let no man know thy business save some friend,
 A man of mind.—*Bailey.*

402. CENSURE. Lenient

AH, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
 For the possible beauty that underlies
 The passing phase of the meanest thing !

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
 From the holy height of their heaven above,
 Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should
 grow ?

403. CENSURE. Mitigation of

THEN gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman ;
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human.
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us ;
 He knows each chord,—its various tone,
 Each spring,—its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.—*Burns.*

404. CEREMONY : its purpose.

CEREMONY was but devised at first,
 To set a gloss on faint deeds,—hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Shakespeare.

405. CEREMONY. Mockery of

AND what art thou, thou idol, ceremony ?
 What kind of good art thou ? that sufferest more
 Of mortal grief than do thy worshippers.
 What are thy rents ? What are thy comings in ?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth :
 What is thy toll, O adoration ?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What think'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Shakespeare.

406. CEREMONY. Religious

THEN ceremony leads her bigots forth,
 Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
 While truths, on which eternal things depend,
 Find not, or hardly find, a single friend;
 As soldiers watch the signal of command,
 They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand,
 Happy to fill religion's vacant place
 With hollow form, and gesture and grimace.

Corrifer.

407. CHANCE.

As th' untaught accident is guilty
 Of what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.—*Shakespeare.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see.

Pope.

408. CHANGE. Law of

THE lopped tree in time may grow again;
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
 Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
 Her tides have equal time to come and go;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
 No endless night, yet no eternal day;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 That net that holds no great, takes little fish,
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
 Unmuddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

Southwell.

409. CHANGE. Tragic

My hair was black, but white my life;
 The colours in exchange are cast!
 The white upon my hair is rise,
 The black upon my life has pass'd.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

410. CHARACTER: a web woven in secret.

THERE is a little spider
 Who weaves a web so fine
 It might be lying at your feet,
 With every thread in it complete,
 And you not see a line.

But early morning shows it,
 Agleam with pearly dew;
 And in the rising sun it lies,
 Bright as the walls of Paradise,
 With gems of every hue.

So you and I are weavers,
 And only God can see
 The woof and warp of deed and thought
 By which the wondrous robe is wrought
 That covers you and me.

God keep our hands from evil,
 And cleanse our hearts from sin,
 That when the final morn shall break,
 Enough be done for Jesus' sake
 Eternal praise to win.—*Helen A. Goodwin.*

411. CHARACTER. Building up

So build we up the being that we are,
 Thus drinking in the soul of things,
 We shall be wise perforce; and while inspired
 By choice, and conscious that the will is free,
 Unswerving shall we move, as if impell'd
 By strict necessity along the path
 Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
 Whate'er we feel by agency direct
 Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse
 Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
 Of love divine, our intellectual soul.—*Wordsworth.*

412. CHARACTER. Grades of

THE scale
 Of being is a graduated thing;
 And deeper than the vanities of power,
 Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
 Gradation, in its hidden characters.
 The pathway to the grave may be the same,
 And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,

With his bow'd head, shall bear him company.
Decay will make no difference, and death,
With his cold hand, shall make no difference ;
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God ;
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The godlike and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance !
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters ; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God
Will measure the capacities of mind ;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power ;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

Willis.

413. CHARACTER. Thought from

THE rascal, thinking from his point of view, ,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

414. CHARACTER. Vacillation of

It's my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction ;
Religious—deistic—now loyal and warm ;
Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform :
This moment a fop, that sententious as Titus ;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus ;
Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle ;
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle ;
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

Henry Kirke White.

415. CHARITIES. Trifling

THE blessings which the poor and weak can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juices
Renew the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again.—*Talfourd.*

416. CHARITY : its impulses to be obeyed.

WHEN poverty, with mien of shame,
The sense of pity seeks to touch,—
Or, bolder, makes the simple claim
That, I have nothing, you have much,—

Believe not either man or book
That bids you close the opening hand,
And with reproving speech and look,
Your first and free intent withstand.

Why not believe the homely letter
That all you give will God restore ?
The poor man *may* deserve it better,
And surely, surely wants it more.

R. M. Milnes.

417. CHARITY : its rewards.

CHARITY ever

Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver.—*Baumont and Fletcher.*

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return.—*Rousse.*

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all : the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to Heaven, and pull a blessing on thee.

Rousse.

Nothing truly can be term'd mine own
But what I make mine own by using well.
Those deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay for ever with us : and that wealth
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep ;
The other is not ours.—*Middleton.*

The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.—*Dryden.*

The liberal are secure alone ;
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.
Granville.

418. CHARITY : must not be confined to gifts of money.

WERE we as rich in charity of deed
As gold, what rock would bloom not with the seed ?
We give our alms and cry, ' What can we more ?'
One hour of time were worth a load of ore !
Give to the ignorant our own wisdom ! give
Sorrow our comfort ! lend to those who live
In crime the counsels of our virtue ! share
With souls our souls, and Satan shall despair !

Bulwer Lytton.

419. CHARITY : our duty.

WISE Plato said the world with men was stored
That succour each to other might afford.

Denham.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scatter'd at the feet of man, like flowers.

Wordsworth.

420. CHARITY : the noblest employment.

THE drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

Byron.

——Amid all life's quests
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.

Bailey.

421. CHARITY : the soul of virtue.

ONLY add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,
By name to come call'd charity,—the soul
Of all the rest.—*Milton.*

'Mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call
The first-born of religion ; and I wonder,
I cannot see it in yours. Believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,
Or later welcomed ; it begins the rest,
And sets them all in order.—*Middleton.*

422. CHARITY. Unbounded

SELF-LOVE thus push'd to social,—to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it—let thy enemies have part,
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree
And height of bliss but height of charity.—*Pope.*

423. CHARITY. Unostentatious

LET humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Pope.

424. CHASTISEMENT. Views of

RABIA, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise,—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan says, ' Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure.'

Malik from a deeper sense
Utter'd his experience :

' He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice.'

Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,

And replied, ' O men of grace !
He who sees his Master's face

Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all.'—*Oriental.*

425. CHASTITY. Defence of

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

Milton.

426. CHASTITY. Maxim of

WHILE thirst of praise and vain desire of fame
In ev'ry age is ev'ry woman's aim ;
With courtship pleased, of silly trifles proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd ;
On each proud fop bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;
While vain coquettes affect to be pursued,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd ;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide :
In part she is to blame who has been tried,
He comes too near who comes to be denied.

Lady Montagu.

427. CHEERFULNESS : encouraged.

LIFE, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say ;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all ;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh why lament its fall ?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly !

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our best away ?

What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway ?

Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquer'd, though she fell ;

Still buoyant are her golden wings,
 Still strong to bear us well.
 Manfully, fearlessly,
 The day of trial bear,
 For gloriously, victoriously,
 Can courage quell despair !

Charlotte Brontë.

Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes
 Unto the azure sky and golden light,
 Because the tempest cloud doth sometimes rise,
 And glorious day must darken into night ?

Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

428. CHEERFULNESS : its value.

CHEERFUL looks make every dish a feast,
 And 'tis that crowns a welcome.—*Massinger.*

THERE'S many a trouble
 Would break like a bubble,
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,
 Did not we rehearse it,
 And tenderly nurse it,
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
 Would vanish to-morrow,
 Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings ;
 So sadly intruding
 And quietly brooding,
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
 Of looks that are beaming,
 Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor ;
 Eyes bright as a berry,
 Cheeks red as a cherry,
 The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
 All worry to ferry
 Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
 And no longer fearful,
 But happy and cheerful,
 We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.
Georgiana C. Clark.

429. CHEERFULNESS : its wisdom.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
 If we would only stop to take it ;
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would wake it.
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted ;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are rifted ;
 There was never a night without a day,
 Nor an evening without a morning ;
 And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than a jewell'd crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure ;
 It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do God's will with a ready heart,
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate silver threads
 Of curious lives asunder ;
 And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

430. CHEERFULNESS. Power of

THE stoutest armour of defence is that which is
 within the bosom,
 And the weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold
 and cheerful spirit :
 Catapults in old war worked liked Titans, crushing
 foes with rocks ;
 So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every
 load on its assailants.—*Tupper.*

431. CHEERFULNESS. Psalm of

I MOURN no more my vanish'd years :
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low
 I hear the glad streams run ;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
 I look in hope and fear :
 But grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now, and here.

I plough no more a desert land
 For harvest, weed and tare ;
 The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
 Aside the toiling oar,
 The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
 And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
 The south winds softly sigh,
 And sweet calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
 Rebuke an age of wrong :
 The graven flowers that wreath the sword
 Make not the blade less strong.

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have mark'd my erring track,
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chast'ning turn'd me back ;

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a cover'd way,
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
 Through memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain ranges overpast
 In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play :
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to this day.—*Whittier*.

432. CHILD. Burying a

%. Amy died—
 Dear little Amy ! when you talk of her,
 Say, she is gone to heaven.

2nd Child. They planted her—
 Will she come up next year ?

1st Child. No, not so soon ;
 But some day God will call her to come up,
 And then she will. Papa knows everything ;
 He said she would, before they planted her.

Jean Ingelow.

433. CHILD. Death of a

WHEN the morning, half in shadow,
 Ran along the hill and meadow,
 And, with milk-white fingers, parted
 Crimson roses, golden-hearted ;
 Opening over ruins hoary
 Every purple morning-glory,
 And outshaking from the bushes
 Singing larks and pleasant thrushes :
 That's the time our little baby—
 Stray'd from paradise it may be—
 Came with eyes like heaven above her ;
 Oh, we could not choose but love her !

Not enough of earth for sinning,
 Always gentle, always winning,
 Never needing our reproving,
 Ever lovely, ever loving ;
 Starry eyes, and sunset tresses,
 White arms, made for light caresses,
 Lips, that knew no word of doubting,
 Often kissing, never pouting ;
 Beauty, even in completeness,
 Over-full of childish sweetness :
 That's the way our little baby,
 Far too pure for earth, it may be,
 Seem'd to us, who, while about her,
 Deem'd we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow,
 Ran along the hill and meadow,
 And, with milk-white fingers, parted
 Crimson roses, golden-hearted ;
 Opening over ruins hoary
 Every purple morning-glory,
 And outshaking from the bushes,
 Singing larks and pleasant thrushes :
 That's the time our little baby,
 Pining here for heaven, it may be,
 Turning from our bitter weeping,
 Closed her eyes as when in sleeping,
 And her white hands on her bosom
 Folded, like a summer blossom.

Now, the litter she doth lie on,
 Strew'd with roses, bear to Zion ;
 Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
 Through the valley of the shadow.

Take her softly, holy angels,
 Past the ranks of God's evangels,
 Past the saints and martyrs holy,
 To the Earth-Born meek and lowly :
 We would have our precious blossom
 Softly laid in Jesus' bosom !

434. CHILD. Lesson for a

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
 And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
 One grand, sweet song !

Charles Kingsley.

435. CHILD. My Lost

I CANNOT make him dead !
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
 Yet when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes,—he is not there !

I walk my parlour floor,
 And, through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair !
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call ;
 And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
 A satchell'd lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair ;
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin lid ;
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
 My hand that marble felt ;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—he is not there !

He lives ! In all the past
 He lives ; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair ;

In dreams I see him now ;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, 'Thou shalt see me *there* !'

Yes, we all live to God !
 Father, Thy chastening rod
 So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at Thy right hand,
 'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there.

Pierpont.

436. CHILDHOOD. Beauty of

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful childhood ! with a joy
 That like a robe is palpable, and flung
 Out by your ev'ry motion ! delicate bud
 Of the immortal flower that will unfold
 And come to its maturity in heaven !
 I weep your earthly glory. 'Tis a light
 Lent to the new-born spirit, that goes out
 With the first idle wind. It is the leaf
 Fresh flung upon the river, that will dance
 Upon the wave that stealth out its life,
 Then sink of its own heaviness. The face
 Of the delightful earth will to your eye
 Grow dim ; the fragrance of the many flowers
 Be noticed not, and the beguiling voice
 Of nature in her gentleness will be
 To manhood's senseless ear inaudible.—*Willis.*

437. CHILDHOOD. Mystery of

'Tis aye a solemn thing to me
 To look upon a babe that sleeps—
 Wearing in its spirit-deeps
 The unrevealed mystery
 Of its Adam's taint and woe,
 Which, when they revealed lie,
 Will not let it slumber so.—*E. B. Browning.*

438. CHILDREN. Benefit of

A DREARY place would be this earth
 Were there no little people in it ;
 The song of life would lose its mirth
 Were there no children to begin it.
 No little forms, like buds, to grow,
 And make the admiring heart surrender ;
 No little hands on breast and brow,
 To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.
 No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
 With satchels to the school-house hasting ;
 No merry shouts as home they rush,
 No precious morsel for their tasting.
 Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
 Tall, grave, grown people at the table ;

The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able ;

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it ;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

439. CHILDREN. Death and the

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

'Shall I have nought that is fair?' saith he ;
'Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

'They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care ;
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.—*Longfellow.*

440. CHILDREN : how they are to be trained.

WHEN the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.

Dryden.

I had a garden and a little child,
And in them both there grew so many weeds,
So very rank and tall they grew, and wild,
I saw no place to plant the goodly seeds.

And many hours I spent in weary toil,
Mid burning suns and storms of childish tears,
To root the weed from out my garden's soil,
Which to the tiller's eye so vile appears.

Yet day by day my care seem'd all for nought ;
In despite of my toil still grew the weeds ;
And the free soil for which my hand had sought
Nowhere I found to plant the goodly seeds.

A kindly neighbour saw me o'er the wall,
And ask'd me why I toil'd so long for nought ;
'For thus,' he said, 'thou wilt not work their fall,
Nor gain the end for which thou long hast wrought.

'Put in thy plough, then plant the clover seeds,
And mark me if I speak thee not the truth :
The seeds will grow and choke the hateful weeds
To which thy tireless hand hath shown no ruth.'

Ah, kindly neighbour, o'er the garden wall,
Thou'st taught me what I had much need to
know,

To fret not at the weeds which grow so tall,
But haste with liberal hand my seed to sow.

I sought the heart-soil of my little child,
No longer now to rudely pull the weeds ;
With God's own truth I plough'd the fruitless wild,
In faith and love I thickly sow'd the seeds.

And now my garden yields me fragrance sweet ;
From laden boughs I pluck the golden fruit ;
My sickle now may find a harvest meet,
There scattering weeds find scarcely space for root.

441. CHILDREN : *not* 'lent to us.'

'God lent him and takes him,' you sigh ;
Nay, there let me break with your pain :
God's gen'rous in giving, say I,
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.

He is ours and for ever ! Believe,
O father ! O mother ! look back
To the first love's assurance ! To give
Means with God, not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what He gives. Be content !
He resumes nothing given, be sure !
God lend ? Where the usurers lent •
In His temple, indignant He went
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end ! If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, amend,
And finish it up to your dream,

Or keep, as a mother will toys
 Too costly, though given by herself,—
 Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
 And the children more fit for such joys,
 Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! You, who indeed
 Have possess'd in your house a sweet piece
 Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
 Be more earnest than others are: speed
 Where they loiter, persist when they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there:
 Then weep not. 'Tis easy for you
 To be drawn by a single gold hair
 Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair,
 To the safe place above us. Adieu!
E. B. Browning.

442. CHILDREN. Pleasure of

AH! what would the world be to us
 If the children were no more?
 We should dread the desert behind us
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
 With light and air for food,
 Ere their sweet and tender juices
 Have been harden'd into wood,—

That to the world are children;
 Through them it feels the glow
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
 And whisper in my ear
 What the birds and the winds are singing
 In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
 And the wisdom of our books,
 When compared with your caresses,
 And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead.—*Longfellow.*

443. CHILDREN. Teaching

DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Thomson.

444. CHILDREN. Thankless

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child.—*Shakespeare.*

445. CHILDREN: their death not to be deplored.

A BUTTERFLY bask'd on an infant's grave
 Where a lily had chanced to grow;
 'Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
 Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
 Must sleep in the church-yard low.'

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
 And spoke from its shining track:
 'I was a worm till I won my wings,
 And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings;
 Wouldst thou call the blest one back?'
Mrs Sigourney.

446. CHILDREN: their griefs.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
 When next the summer breeze comes by,
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.—*Scott.*

447. CHILDREN: their hopes.

SELF-FLATTER'D, unexperienced, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay.
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend.
Young.

448. CHILDREN. Trust of

'Now I lay me'—say it, darling;
 'Lay me,' lisp'd the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O'er her folded finger-tips.
 'Down to sleep'—'to sleep,' she murmur'd,
 And the curly head droop'd low;
 'I pray the Lord,' I gently added,
 'You can say it all, I know.'
 'Pray the Lord'—the words came faintly,
 Fainter still—'My soul to keep,'
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half open'd
 When I clasp'd her to my breast,
 And the dear voice softly whisper'd,
 'Mamma, God knows all the rest.'

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
 Of the child-heart! Would that I
 Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
 He who hears my feeblest cry.

449. CHILDREN : why Christ takes them.

THE flock stood waiting by the rapid river,
 And would not cross,
 Although the shepherd kindly call'd them thither,
 And banks of moss,
 And fields of green, and verdant hills surrounded
 The further shore ;
 The danger still their narrow vision bounded
 Of crossing o'er.

He stretch'd his kindly arms, and gently call'd them—
 They would not heed ;
 The deep, broad river's rapid stream appall'd them,
 Though pleasant mead

And mountain fair beyond the darkling river
 Rose to their view,
 And in the distance, bright, unfading ever,
 Were pastures new

The shepherd took a lamb, and safely bore it,
 Within his arms
 To where the pastures brightly gleam'd before it,
 And all alarms

Were hush'd. The mother heard its voice of pleading,
 And, crossing o'er,
 The flock behind her follow'd in her leading,
 Unto the shore.

O stricken hearts, all torn with grief and bleeding,
 A Saviour's voice
 Ye would not hear, nor follow in His leading
 Of your own choice.

So He takes your lambs into His safe keeping,
 That eyes all dim
 And dark with sorrow's clouds, and sad with weeping,
 May look to Him,

And see beyond the darkly rolling river,
 Those gone before,
 And to the fields with verdure green for ever
 Cross safely o'er.—*E. N. Gunniron.*

450. CHILDREN'S OFFERING. The

THE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health.
 We, too, would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King ;
 We have no wealth or learning—
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him ;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,

And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways.
 And the e shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King ;
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please Him
 At home, at school, at play.
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them ;
 Yet these a child may bring.

Now glory to the Father,
 And glory ever be
 To Christ, the loving Saviour,
 Who lived, a child, like me ;
 And glory to the Spirit :
 O Three in One—our King—
 Accept, 'mid angels' praises,
 The praise a child may bring.—*C. A.*

451. CHIVALRY.

'Tis said 'The age of chivalry is past,
 That man's nobility is waning fast,
 That hearts have colder grown, and much more tame,
 That they regard not love, nor noble fame.'
 But these are puny critics ! vain and weak !
 Who think not, care not, only that they speak
 And the world hear them, and that shallow men
 Shall echo their weak sentiments again.

For 'tis not so ! with each revolving age
 Man's custom changes, and on history's page
 'Tis so recorded, and if man not now
 Go cased in steel with helmet on his brow,
 And wear a ribbon from his lady fair,
 And joust in tournament at court and fair,
 'Tis not that he is weaker, or less brave,
 Less of the courtier, or more of the knave,
 Less true in love, less noble in his mind,
 Less strong of will, less of the man, mankind,
 Less warlike when aroused by taunt or wrong.

Still the same creature ; noble, true, and strong ;
 Temper'd by wisdom he has milder grown—
 Learn'd of control what was to them unknown.
 They strove with others on the bloody field,
 Bravely and well—at death alone would yield ;
 We with ourselves must struggle, and the strife
 Long is and bitter, ending but with life ;
 But if we win, ours is the nobler fame,
 Better than earthly titles, land, or name—
 Rest, peace, and happiness with God above,
 In that fair land where all is light and love.

452. CHOICE.

A WISE man likes that best, that is itself ;
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.

Middleton.

So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel that I fear to choose.—*Miss Landon.*

Think not too meanly of thy low estate ;
Thou hast a choice ; to choose is to create !
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee, when thy choice is well ;
Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,
Swore to spare Sodom, if she held but ten !
Use well the freedom which thy Master gave,
(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a slave ?)
And He who made thee to be just and true
Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect thee too !

Holmes.

453. CHRIST. Alone with

Alone with Thee ! alone with Thee !
O Friend Divine !

Thou Friend of friends, to me most dear,
Though all unseen, I feel Thee near ;
And, with the love that knows no fear,
I call Thee mine.

Alone with Thee ! alone with Thee !
Now through my breast
There steals a breath like breath of balm
That healing brings and holy calm,
That soothes like chanted song or psalm,
And makes me blest.

Alone with Thee ! alone with thee !
Thy grace more sweet
Than music in the twilight still,
Than airs that groves of spices fill,
More fresh than dew on Hermon's hill,
My soul doth greet.

Alone with Thee ! alone with Thee !
In Thy pure light
The splendid pomps and shows of time,
The tempting steepes that pride would climb,
The peaks where glory rests sublime,
Pale on my sight.

Alone with Thee ! alone with Thee !
My soften'd heart
Floats on the flood of love Divine,
Feels all its wishes drown'd in Thine,
Content that every good is mine
Thou canst impart.

Alone with Thee ! alone with Thee !
I want no more

To make my earthly bliss complete,
Than oft my Lord unseen to meet ;
For sight I wait till tread my feet
Von glistening shore.

Alone with Thee ! alone with Thee !
There not alone,
But with all saints, the mighty throng,
My soul unfetter'd, pure, and strong,
Her high communings shall prolong
Before Thy throne.—*Ray Palmer.*

454. CHRIST. Clinging to

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine ;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
Here she has found her place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest'd,
While she can cling to Thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

What though the world unfaithful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With sure and certain hope of love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentle tone,
Whispers ' Still cling to Me.'

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee !

They fear not Satan, nor the grave,—
They feel Thee near and strong to save ;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Bless'd is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee.—*Elliott.*

455. CHRIST. Confessing

To tell the Saviour all my wants,
 How pleasing is the task !
 Nor less to praise Him when He grants
 Beyond what I can ask.
 My labouring spirit vainly seeks
 To tell but half the joy ;
 With how much tenderness He speaks,
 And helps me to reply.
 Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
 Such secrets to declare :
 Like precious wines, their tastes they lose,
 Exposed to open air.
 But this with boldness I proclaim,
 Nor care if thousands hear,—
 Sweet is the ointment of His name ;
 Nor life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
 Who knew what once I was,
 And blame the song that thus commends
 The Man who bore the cross ?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
 And not as fancy paints ;
 Such honour may He give to you !
 For such have all His saints.—*Cowper.*

456. CHRIST : for whom He suffered.

WHEREFORE weep we over Jesus,
 O'er His death and bitter smart ?
 Weep we rather that He sees us
 Unconvinced and hard of heart ;
 For His soul was never tainted
 With the smallest spot or stain :
 'Twas for us He was acquainted
 With such depths of grief and pain.

Oh ! what profits it with groaning
 Underneath His cross to stand ?
 Oh ! what profits our bemoaning
 His pale brow and bleeding hand ?
 Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,
 Rail'd at, pierced, and crucified,
 Whilst we think not of inquiring,
 Wherefore, and for whom He died ?

If no sin could be discover'd
 In the pure and spotless Lord,
 If the cruel death He suffer'd
 Is sin's just and meet reward :
 Then it must have been for others
 That the Lord on Calvary bled,
 And the guilt have been a brother's,
 Which was laid upon His head.

And for whom hath He contended
 In a strife so strange and new ?
 And for whom to hell descended ?
 Brothers ! 'twas for me and you !
 Now you see that He was reaping
 Punishment for us alone ;
 And we have great cause for weeping,
 Not for His guilt, but our own.

If we then make full confession
 Join'd with penitence and prayer,
 If we see our own transgression
 In the punishment He bare,
 If we mourn with true repentance,
 We shall hear the Saviour say,
 ' Fear not : I have borne your sentence ;
 Wipe your bitter tears away.'

Spitta, tr. by Massie.

457. CHRIST : for whom He suffered.

O HEAD, so full of bruises !
 Brow, that its life-blood loses !
 O great humility !
 Across His face are flying
 The shadows of the dying :
 'Twas suffer'd all for me !

O back, by scourges plough'd !
 O soul, by sorrow bow'd
 Upon the accursed tree !
 He hears the bitter scorning ;
 'Tis night, without a dawning :
 'Twas suffer'd all for me !

Eye, that in darkness sinketh ?
 Lip, that the red cup drinketh !
 Hands, bound to misery !
 See, from His feet forth streameth
 The fountain that redeemeth !
 'Twas suffer'd all for me !

And now He speaks : oh hearken,
 While clouds all nature darken !
 ' Lama Sabacthani !'
 His head is bent, and droopeth,
 To such a death He stoopeth !
 'Twas suffer'd all for me !—*Stammers.*

458. CHRIST : His death.

O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,
 Upon the tree of scorn,
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.

See ! how the nails those hands
 And feet so tender rend !
 See ! down His face, and neck, and breast,
 His sacred blood descend.

Hark ! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight ;
That cry,—it pierced His Mother's heart,
And whelm'd her soul in night.
Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro ;
Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains quake :
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light ;
The midday heavens grow pale ;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute ?
Come, youth and hoary hairs !
Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind !
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come ! fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us His blood ;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest !
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

Tr. from the Latin by E. Caswall.

459. CHRIST : His death.

O WORLD ! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee,
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath ;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Alas ! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus ?
For Thou art good, hast wrong'd none,
As we and ours too oft have done :
Thou hast not sinn'd, dear Lord, like us.

I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony.
Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,
That weigh'd my spirit to the ground.
Yes : Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee :
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would seek to make it Thine,
Since all myself to Thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmost powers can do,
To Thee to render service true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.
Gerhardt, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

460. CHRIST : His faithfulness.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;
Not seldom, evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue ;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightnings down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die :
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee ;
And peace was given, nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy !—*Wordsworth.*

461. CHRIST : His incarnation.

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord !
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood ;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

Once did the skies before Thee bow :
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now ;
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest ;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done ;
By this to Thee our love is won :
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.
Schaff.

462. CHRIST : His knowledge of our necessities.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confess'd ;
 I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
 And lay them at Thy feet ; Thou knowest, Lord.
 Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost sheep had stray'd ;
 How the Good Shepherd follow'd, and how kindly
 He bore it home upon His shoulders laid,
 And heal'd the bleeding wounds, and soothed the
 pain,
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.
 Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to myself assign'd of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as I journey on,
 Longings for vanish'd smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future gleams of gladness,
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be cross'd at last ;
 Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;
 As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
 On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
 O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved !
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
 On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete ;
 Then rising and refresh'd, I leave Thy throne,
 And follow on to know as I am known.

463. CHRIST : His knowledge of the heart.

THERE is no need of words of mine to tell
 My heart to Thee ; Thou needest not to spell,
 As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears,
 From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears ;
 Thou knowest all, knowest far more than I,
 The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

464. CHRIST : His love for children.

THERE is no sweeter story told
 In all the blessed Book,
 Than how the Lord within His arms
 The little children took.

We love Him for the tender touch
 That made the leper whole,
 And for the wondrous words that heal'd
 The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to His loving self
 Our human hearts are brought,
 When for the little children's sake
 Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes His sorrowing face
 A smile of gladness wore—
 A smile that for His little ones
 It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,
 For them grew low and sweet ;
 And still for them His gentle lips
 The loving words repeat :

'Forbid them not !' O blessed Christ !
 We bring them unto Thee,
 And pray that on their heads may rest
 Thy benedicite !—E. D.

465. CHRIST : His love for children.

'THE Master has come over Jordan,'
 Said Hannah, the mother, one day :
 'He is healing the people who throng Him
 With a touch of His finger, they say.
 And now I shall carry the children,
 Little Rachel and Samuel and John ;
 I shall carry the baby, Esther,
 For the Lord to look upon.'

The father look'd at her kindly ;
 But he shook his head and smiled :
 'Now, who but a doting mother
 Would think of a thing so wild ?
 If the children were tortured by demons,
 Or dying of fever, 'twere well ;
 Or had they the taint of the leper,
 Like many in Israel'—

'Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan ;
 I feel such a burden of care :
 If I carry it to the Master,
 Perhaps I shall leave it there.
 If He lay His hands on the children,
 My heart will be lighter, I know ;
 For a blessing for ever and ever
 Will follow them as they go.'

So, over the hills of Judah,
 Along the vine-rows green,
 With Esther asleep on her bosom,
 And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She press'd to the feet of the Lord.

'Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,'
Said Peter, 'with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?'

Then Christ said, 'Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me:'
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee.—*Julia Gill.*

466. CHRIST : His love our solace.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows every step,
And will not turn away;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.

Of in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hasten'd breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in Thy hand
From every kind of death.

Oh, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will;
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the glorious morning dawns
I find Thee with me still.

No other comforter I need,
If Thou, dear Lord, be mine;—
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,
Thy fire my heart refine,
And cause me pain that none can heal
By other love than Thine.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.—*A. L. Waring.*

467. CHRIST : His plea with the sinner.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared:
Give thou me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost:
Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth;
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on my shoulders, and rejoiced:
Men only mark'd upon my shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagg'd their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon my hands; thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between mine eyes:
I, Holy ONE, put on thy guilt and shame;
I, GOD, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon my right hand and my left;
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery:
At length, in death, one smote my heart, and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nail'd to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep:
So did I win a kingdom,—share my crown;
A harvest,—come and reap.

Christina Rossetti.

468. CHRIST : His presence longed for.

MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve Thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free

When that happy era begins,
When array'd in Thy glories I shine,

Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline,
 Oh, then shall the vail be removed,
 And round me Thy brightness be pour'd !
 I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
 I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then nevermore shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose :
 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 Oh ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne !—*Cotuper.*

469. CHRIST : His power to cleanse.

A LEPER once to Jesus came,
 Believing only in His name,
 And trusting in His love :
 'Thou seest, Lord, my direst need,
 Unclean and dying ! Yet I plead,
 Thou canst my curse remove !'

'I will ! Be clean !' the Lord replied,
 And straightway thrill'd the healthful tide
 Of life along his veins ;
 His leprosy was cleansed away,
 His heart was fill'd with joy that day,
 Departed all his pains.

Lord, I a suppliant also bow,
 For I Thy power have need of now,
 To cleanse away my guilt ;
 The leprosy of sin I feel,
 Its woe, its curse ; but Thou canst heal—
 Thou canst, if but Thou wilt.

Oh, let Thy power again be seen !
 Speak Thou the word : 'I will ! Be clean !'
 On me let mercy shine,
 My guilt be pardon'd—heart be heal'd—
 My soul for Thy salvation seal'd—
 The glory shall be Thine.

470. CHRIST : His resurrection.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again !
 Christ hath broken every chain !
 Hark ! the angels shout for joy,
 Singing evermore on high :
 Hallelujah !

He who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day !
 We, too, sing for joy, and say :
 Hallelujah !

He who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry :
 Hallelujah !

He whose path no records tell,
 Who descended into hell,
 Who the strong man arm'd hath bound,
 Now in highest heaven is crown'd :
 Hallelujah !

He who slumber'd in the grave,
 Is exalted now to save ;
 Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings :
 Hallelujah !

Now He bids us tell abroad,
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we, too, may enter heaven :
 Hallelujah !

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, to-day Thy people feed :
 Take our sins and guilt away ;
 Let us sing by night and day :
 Hallelujah !

Tr. from the German by Miss Winkworth.

471. CHRIST : His resurrection.

ERE yet the dawn has fill'd the skies,
 Behold my Saviour Christ arise,
 He chaseth from us sin and night,
 And brings us joy and life and light :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

O stronger Thou than Death and Hell !
 Where is the foe Thou canst not quell ?
 What heavy stone Thou canst not roll
 From off the prison'd anguish'd soul ?
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

If Jesus lives, can I be sad ?
 I know He loves me, and am glad ;
 Though all the world were dead to me,
 Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

He feeds me, comforts and defends,
 And when I die His angel sends
 To bear me whither He is gone,
 For of His own He loseth none :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

No more to fear or grief I bow,
 God and the angels love me now ;

The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive fear and mourning far away :
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!—*Haerman.*

472. CHRIST : His resurrection.

THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings;
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory!

While He, the King, all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day;
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory!

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison,
Fast fetter'd He has lain;
But He has master'd Death, is risen,
And Death wears now the chain.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory!

The shining angels cry, 'Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!'
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory!

That Thou our Paschal Lamb mayst be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory!
Roman Breviary, tr. by A. R. Thompson.

473. CHRIST : His sympathy with us.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,

Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast pass'd from earth, pass'd to Thy home on high;

Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in
Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where Thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread!
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bow'd;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee!
Sarah A. Miles.

474. CHRIST : His treatment of the weak.

WHEN evening choirs the praises hymn'd
In Zion's courts of old,
The high priest walk'd his rounds, and trimm'd
The shining lamps of gold;
And if, perchance, some flame burn'd low,
With fresh oil vainly drench'd,
He cleansed it from its socket, so
The smoking flax was quench'd.

But Thou who walkest, Priest Most High!
Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
Thou makest fresh and strong;—
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
That else must soon expire,
And swift it shoots up through the dark,
A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd that to stream and shade
Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop soft music made,
In many a pastoral tune;

And if, perchance, the reed were crush'd,
It could not more be used,—
Its mellow music marr'd and hush'd,
He brake it, when so bruised.

But Thou, good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pastures green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crush'd hath been ;—
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost retune to harmonies
More rich than angels know !

Lord, once my love was all a-blaze,
But now it burns so dim !
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor broken hymn ;
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
But help'd in deepest need,—
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
Nor break'st the bruised reed.

W. B. Robertson.

475. CHRIST. Kingdom of

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green !
O South, with all thy palms !
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East ! the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son.
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father ! haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky ;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul ;

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs :
And He who conquer'd Death shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.—*Bryant.*

476. CHRIST. Ode to

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above :
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
The mists of earth away ;
Shine out, O Light divine ! and show
How wide and far we stray.

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear :
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down :
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a King to reign ;
The world's long hope is dim :
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes ; life goes ; the asking eye
And ear are answerless ;
The grave is dumb ; the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes :
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains,

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence :
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years ;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He :
And faith has still its Olivet ;
And love, its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain :

We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.
 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame ;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burden'd with His name.
 O Lord and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.
 Thou judgest us ; Thy purity
 Doth all our lusts condemn ;
 The love that draws us nearer Thee
 Is hot with wrath to them.
 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;
 And, naked to Thy glance,
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of Thy pure countenance.
 Thy healing pains ; a keen distress
 Thy tender light shines in ;
 Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
 Thy grace the pang, of sin.
 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
 Thou dost our service own :
 We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
 And Thou rejectest none.
 To Thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains, belong :
 The wrong of man to man on Thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.
 Who hates, hates Thee ; who loves, becomes
 Therein to Thee allied :
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In Thee are multiplied.
 Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine !
 Within our earthly sod,
 Most human and yet most Divine,
 The flower of man and God.
 O Love ! O Life !—our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one ;
 As through transfigured clouds of white
 We trace the noonday sun.
 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
 Flesh-veil'd, but not conceal'd,
 We know in Thee the fatherhood
 And heart of God reveal'd.
 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray ;
 But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
 The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render Thee
 Is still our Father's own :
 Nor jealous claim or rivalry
 Divides the Cross and Throne.
 To do Thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds ;
 And simple trust can find Thy ways
 We miss with chart of creeds.
 No pride of self Thy service hath,
 No place for me and mine :
 Our human strength is weakness, death
 Our life, apart from Thine.
 Apart from Thee, all gain is loss,
 All labour vainly done :
 The solemn shadow of Thy cross
 Is better than the sun.
 Alone, O Love ineffable !
 Thy saving name is given :
 To turn aside from Thee is hell,
 To walk with Thee is heaven.
 How vain, secure in all Thou art,
 Our noisy championship !
 The sighing of the contrite heart
 Is more than flattering lip.
 Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
 Nor Thine the zealot's ban :
 Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
 Which ends in hate of man.
 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may Thy service be ?
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following Thee.
 We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone :
 He serves Thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and Thy own.
 Thy litanies, sweet offices
 Of love and gratitude ;
 Thy sacramental liturgies,
 The joy of doing good.
 In vain shall waves of incense drift
 The vaulted nave around,
 In vain the minster turret lift
 Its brazen weights of sound.
 The heart must ring Thy Christmas-bells,
 Thy inward altars raise :
 Its faith and hope Thy canticles ;
 And its obedience, praise.—*Whittier.*

477. CHRIST : our Example.

MOST holy Jesus, Fount of light !
 As crystal clear, for ever bright,
 Thou Stream o'erflowing, pure and free ;
 The brightness of the cherubim,
 The glow of burning seraphim,
 Are darkness when compared with Thee.
 Be Thou my pattern bright,
 My study and delight,
 My all in all.
 Oh, teach Thou me, that I may be
 All pure and holy, like to Thee !—*Crassellius*.

478. CHRIST : our Life.

O GLORIOUS Head, Thou livest now !
 Let us, Thy members, share Thy life ;
 Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow
 To raise Thy children from the strife
 With self and sin, with death and dark distress,
 That they may live to Thee in holiness ?
 Earth knows Thee not, but evermore
 Thou liv'st in Paradise, in peace ;
 Thither my soul would also soar,
 Let me from all the creatures cease :
 Dead to the world, but to Thy Spirit known,
 I live to Thee, O Prince of Life ! alone.
 Break through my bonds whate'er it cost ;
 What is not Thine within me slay ;
 Give me the lot I covet most,
 To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.
 Nought can I do, a slave to death I pine :
 Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine !
 Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide
 My thoughts and wishes, that my heart
 Waver no more nor turn aside,
 But fix for ever where Thou art.
 Thou art not far from us : who love Thee well
 While yet on earth, in heaven with Thee may dwell.

479. CHRIST : the Bread of Life.

THE ages show their garner'd sheaves of thought,
 By all the gleaning generations brought,
 Some secret mildew on them all hath wrought,
 No food is there.
 But in an upper room in Palestine,
 Is one that giveth mystic bread and wine,
 I reach out for that nourishment divine,
 And faint no more.

480. CHRIST : the Good Shepherd.

'IN pastures green'—not always—sometimes He
 Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
 In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
 Out of the sunshine into darkest night ;
 I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
 So whether led in green or desert land,
 I trust, although I may not understand.

And by 'still waters'—no, not always so ;
 Oftimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
 And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
 Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
 And whispers to my soul, 'Lo, it is I.'

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say :
 'Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day,
 In every path of thine I lead the way.'

481. CHRIST. Questions about

ART thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore
 distress ?
 'Come to me,' saith One,—and 'coming, be at rest !'
 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,—if He be my
 Guide ?
 In His feet and hands are wound-prints, and His
 side !
 Is there diadem, as monarch, that His brow adorns ?
 Yea : a crown, in very surety,—but of thorns !
 If I find Him, if I follow, what His guerdon here ?
 Many a sorrow, many a labour, many a tear !
 If I still hold closely to Him, what hath He at last ?
 Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended, Jordan past !
 If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay ?
 Not till earth and not till heaven pass away !
 Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to
 bless ?
 Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims, answer, Yes !
Stephen, tr. by J. M. Neale.

482. CHRIST. Selling

IF to-day thou turn'st aside
 In thy luxury and pride,
 Wrapp'd within thyself, and blind
 To the sorrows of thy kind,
 Thou a faithless watch dost keep—
 Thou art one of them that sleep :
 Or if, waking, thou dost see
 Nothing of divinity
 In our fallen, struggling race—
 If in them thou see'st no trace
 Of a glory dimm'd, not gone,
 Of a future to be won,
 Of a future, hopeful, high,
 Thou, like Peter, dost deny :

But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet, if thou art bound to sin,
False to the ideal within,
Slave of ease, or slave of gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

A. C. Lynch.

483. CHRIST : a Sin-bearer.

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart ;
They tell me all is done ;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee !

Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.

Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away ;
And turn'd this night of mine
Into a blessed day.

Thy bonds, not mine, O Christ,
Unbind me of my chain,
And break my prison-doors,
Ne'er to be barr'd again.

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul ;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear, but God.

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due :
Ten thousand deaths like mine,
Would have been all too few.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me ;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.

Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify :

I wrap it round my soul ;
In this I'll live and die.—*Bonar.*

484. CHRIST. Sufficiency of

HE is a path, if any be misled ;
He is a robe, if any naked be ;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
If any be a bondman, He, He is free ;
If any be but weak, how strong is He !
To dead men, life He is ; to sick men, health ;
To blind men, sight ; and, to the needy, wealth ;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

485. CHRIST : suggested.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesu's light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think : Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,
What must their Creator be !

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest fount.

Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute, with quivering strings ;
Far more sweet than every tone
Are the words 'Maria's Son.'

Sweetness fills the air around,
At the echo's answering sound ;
But more sweet than echo's fall
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see !
Come, reveal Thyself to me ;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveil'd glories bright.

Angelus Silesius, tr. by F. E. Cox.

486. CHRIST. Star of

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and wildly blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. White.

487. CHRIST: the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life! the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.—*Doane.*

488. CHRIST: unseen, yet loved.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.—*Ray Palmer.*

489. CHRISTIAN. The: his future glory.

(To a Butterfly.)

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingle with her thou lovest in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
There shall your wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy.
Yet wert thou once a worm; a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept!
And such is man; soon from the cell of clay
To burst a seraph, in the blaze of day.—*Rogers.*

490. CHRISTIAN. The: his peace.

LET not your heart be faint:
My peace I give to you,—
Such peace as reason never plann'd,
As worldlings never knew.

'Tis not the noiseless calm
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

'Tis not fallen nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul
That knows not God, nor owns His hand,
Though wide His thunders roll.

'Tis not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch, and feeds,—
No hand put forth to save.

It speaks a ransom'd world,
A Father reconciled,
A sinner to a saint transform'd,
A rebel to a child.

It tells of joys to come ;
It soothes the troubled breast ;
It shines, a star amid the storm,—
The harbinger of rest.

Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few :
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you.

John A. Latrobe.

491. CHRISTIAN. The: must in all things
bear witness for Christ.

I HEARD of a quaint old story
In a far-away Eastern land,
Of a mosque of Mahomet that rises
Not far from the sloping strand.

There bow'd in his chains a captive
Who had come from a Northern town,
Where the sun that runs low in the winter
Shines cold on the frozen ground.

Rare powers he had at building,
For the forest, so grand and wild,
He could shape it again in the marble,
Trunk, foliage, arches, and aisle.

They offer'd the slave his ransom
With a pass to the Northern land,
If a mosque to Mahomet he builded
To tower above the strand.

He plann'd in the stone so grandly,
And he wrought for his life, that man ;
But they saw in the beautiful outlines
The cross he had dared to plan.

They mockingly gave the ransom,
Out of fetters his soul was sent,
From the land of the fiery summer,
But *death*—was the way he went.

He left for us all a lesson :
To whatever you put your hand,
Be it deeds that you dare or may cherish,
The cross—let it mark the plan.

In patient endeavour be Christ-like,
In your trials and pains and loss,
That all who look at your living
May see in your life the cross.—*E. A. Rand.*

492. 'CHRISTIAN:' origin of the name.

O ANTIOCH, thou teacher of the world !
From out thy portals pass'd the feet of those,
Who, banish'd and despised, have made thy name
The next in rank to proud Jerusalem.

Within thy gates the persecuted few
Who dared to rally round the holy cross
And worship Him whose sacred form it bore,
Were first called Christians. In thy sad conceit,
Thou mad'st a stigma of reproach and shame,
This noblest title of the sons of earth ;
While, save for this, thy name were scarcely known,
Except among the mouldering vestiges
Of dim antiquity.—*J. L. Chester.*

493. CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

WE, who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And to Thy feet divinely brought,
Bring weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee ?

Celestial seeker ! send us forth !
Almighty lover ! teach us love !
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearn'd the Holy One above ?

494. CHRISTIANS : the lights of the world.

STARS are of mighty use : the night
Is dark and long ;
The road foul ; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much away,
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long, must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass ;
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go ;
They are that city's shining spires
We travel to.
A sword-like gleam
Kept man from sin
First out ; this beam
Will guide him in.—*Henry Vaughan.*

495. CHRISTIANITY : its mysteries.

THE Christian's faith had many mysteries too.
The uncreated Holy Three in One ;
Divine Incarnate, Human in Divine ;
The inward call ; the Sanctifying Dew ;

Coming unseen, unseen departing thence ;
 Anew creating all, and yet not heard ;
 Compelling, yet not felt : mysterious these ;
 Not that Jehovah to conceal them wish'd ;
 Not that Religion wish'd. The Christian faith,
 Unlike the timorous creeds of Pagan priest,
 Was frank, stood forth to view, invited all
 To prove, examine, search, investigate,
 And gave herself a light to see her by.
 Mysterious these—because too large for eye
 Of man, too long for human arm to mete.—*Pollok.*

496. CHRISTMAS. A Christmas Carol.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices :
 'Christ is born,' their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.
 Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat :
 'Flee from woe and danger ;
 Brethren, come : from all that grieves you
 You are freed ;
 All you need
 I will surely give you.'
 Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder ;
 Love Him who with love is yearning ;
 Hail the Star
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning !
 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
 Weep no more,
 For the door
 Now is found of gladness.
 Cling to Him, for He will guide you
 Where no cross,
 Pain or loss,
 Can again betide you.
 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
 Who for sin,
 Deep within,
 Long and sore have smarted :
 For the poison'd wounds you're feeling
 Help is near ;
 One is here
 Mighty for their healing.

Hither come, ye poor and wretched ;
 Know His will
 Is to fill

Every hand outstretch'd :
 Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget
 All regret,
 Fill your hearts with treasure.

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee !
 Keep Thou me
 Close to Thee,

Cast me not behind Thee !
 Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
 Calm I rest
 On Thy breast,
 All this void Thou fillest.

Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
 Live to Thee,
 And with Thee
 Dying shall not perish ;
 But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
 Far on high,
 In the joy
 That can alter never.

Gerhardt, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

497. CHRISTMAS. A Christmas Carol.

TO-DAY in Bethlehem hear I
 Sweet angel voices singing :
 All glory be to God on high,
 Who peace to earth is bringing.
 The Virgin Mary holdeth more
 Than highest heaven most holy :
 Light shines on what was dark before,
 And lifteth up the lowly.

God wills that peace should be in earth,
 And holy exultation :
 Sweet Babe, I greet Thy spotless birth
 And wondrous Incarnation.
 To-day in Bethlehem hear I
 Even the lowly singing :
 With angel-words they pierce the sky ;
 All earth with joy is ringing.

John of Damascus, tr. by Schaff.

498. CHRISTMAS. A Christmas Carol.

LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
 The stars are sparkling clear and bright ;
 The bells of the city of God ring out,
 For the Son of Mary was born to-night ;
 The gloom is past, and the morn at last
 Is coming with orient light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet

As those which are filling the skies ;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger-bed where our Saviour lies ;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleam'd on this wonderful night ;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height ;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Veil'd in the flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there ;
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And angels of God are crowding the air ;
And heaven and earth through the spotless birth
Are at peace on this night so fair.—*W. C. Dix.*

499. CHRISTMAS. Glory of

A DAY, a Day of Glory !
A Day that ends our woe !
A Day that tells of triumph
Against the vanquish'd foe !
Yield, summer's brightest sunrise,
To this December morn :
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born !

With 'Glory in the Highest,'
Archangels tell their mirth :
With 'Lord, have mercy on us,'
Men answer upon earth :
And Angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the horn,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born !

He comes, His throne the manger,
He comes, His shrine the stall ;
The ox and ass His courtiers,
Who made and governs all ;
The 'House of Bread' His birthplace,
The Prince of Wine and Corn ;
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born !

Tr. by J. M. Neale.

500. CHRISTMAS : how to keep it.

He came, heaven's glories to unfold,
To bring the captive a release,
For age of iron, an age of gold,—
Emmanuel, the Prince of Peace.
So chime the bells for weald and wold,
Hang the bright holly up on high ;

Aye fresh and green His love untold,
He died, but ne'er again shall die.

Then bear a joy where joys are not,
Go speak a kindly word in love ;
Less bitter make some loveless lot,
Now earth is link'd to heaven above ;
And day by day, in common round,
Or dark or light, in joy or ill,
Let faith and love and peace be found,
So ever work a Father's will.—*W. S. Lee.*

501. CHRISTMAS. Hymn for

COME hither, ye faithful ;
Triumphantly sing ;
Come, see in the manger
Our Saviour and King !
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord !
Oh, come ye, come hither,
To worship the Lord !

True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies ;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

Hark, hark to the angels !
All singing in heaven :
'To God in the highest
All glory be given !'
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

To Thee, then, O Jesus !
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth !
True Godhead Incarnate !
Omnipotent Word !
Oh, come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord !—*From the Latin.*

502. CHRISTMAS. Return of

THE happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door :
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings : Peace, good-will !

Oh wake our hearts, in gladness sing !
And keep our Christmas with our King,
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.

O holy Child ! Thy manger streams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight noon's broad light has won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

Thou Patriarchs' joy, Thou Prophets' song,
Thou heavenly Day-spring, look'd for long,
Thou Son of Man, Incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord !

Come, Jesus, glorious, heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast !
Then David's harp-strings, hush'd so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

Tr. from the Danish by Chas. P. Krauth.

503. CHRISTMAS. Song of

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
'Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffer'd long :
Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring :
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low ;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

504. CHRISTMAS. The Christmas Angels.

THE Christmas angels, is their mission ended ?

They are not seen by mortal eyes, as when
O'er Bethlehem's plain their shining troops de-
scended,

And chanted, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

The voices that once join'd the heavenly chorus—

That mighty 'Gloria,' echoing far and wide—
Are floating in the wintry starlight o'er us,
And singing sweetly every Christmas-tide.

Far over snow-clad hills and moorlands dreary
Is heard the rushing of each silver wing ;
Wherever homes are sad or hearts are weary
The blessed Christmas angels come and sing.

In the dim alleys of the crowded city
They enter, where the sunbeams never came ;
Unbidden guests, yet full of tender pity
For all earth's bitter misery and shame.

And then despairing hearts look up and wonder
Whence came that sudden hope they feel within,
Bidding them rise and break their bonds asunder—
Those heavy fetters forged by want and sin.

The angels sing of holy aspirations,
Of pure and happy things, of better times ;
Until the soul is stirr'd by strange vibrations,
That seem as if they came from Christmas chimes.

And new desires, to resolutions growing,
Are slowly shaped and fashion'd into form ;
Till frozen hearts become all warm and glowing,
And gain fresh strength to battle with the storm.

In the vast minster, where the anthems olden
In glorious waves of music ebb and flow—
Those voices from 'Jerusalem the Golden,'
Are singing ever with the Church below.

And in the rustic church that rises lowly
Amid encircling hills or woodlands dim,
The simple song of gratitude is holy,
For angels join the poor man's Christmas hymn.

Those humble walls can boast no sculptured splen-
dour,

Yet is the hallelujah just as sweet ;
For angels and archangels sing, and render
The feeble notes all perfect and complete.

And we of them their gentle tones may borrow,
While this old world is full of grief and wrong ;
The word of sympathy in time of sorrow
Is pure and precious as an angel's song.

And loving lips, which faithfully endeavour
To speak their Lord's glad tidings far and near—
The old, old story, that is new for ever—
Oh these are breathing heaven's own music here !

505. CHURCH. Conduct in

WHEN once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou : for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stockings : quit thy
state,—

All equal are within the church's gate.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His temple, so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well :
For churches either are our Heaven or Hell !

George Herbert.

506. CHURCH. Death in the

MANY there are and dry,
Spread through the open vale,
Millions of lifeless souls they lie
Within the Christian pale.
I pass the churches through,
The scatter'd bones I see,
And Christendom appears in view
A hideous Calvary !

507. CHURCH : the devil's chapel.

GOD never had a house of prayer
But Satan had a chapel there.—*De Foe.*

508. CHURCH. A fashionable

LOOK on this edifice of marble made—
How fair it swells, too beautiful to fade.
See what fine people in its portals crowd,
Smiling and greeting, talking, laughing loud !
What is it ? Surely not a gay Exchange,
Where Wit and Beauty social joys arrange ;
Not a grand shop, where late Parisian styles
Attract rich buyers from a thousand miles ?
But step within : no need of further search ;
Behold, admire a fashionable church !
Look how its oriel window glits and gleams,
Where tinted light magnificently streams
On the proud pulpit, carved with quaint device,
Where velvet cushions, exquisitely nice,
Press'd by the polish'd preacher's dainty hands,
Hold a large volume clasp'd by golden bands.

Park.

509. CHURCH. The first

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first Temple—built by God—
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.—*Willis.*

510. CHURCH : is to be found everywhere.

WHY should we crave a hallow'd spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.—*Wordsworth.*

511. CHURCH. How God is building the

WHENCE came of old those goodly stones 'twas
Israel's pride to raise,
The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient
days ;
In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendour
bright,
Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver
smiles of night ?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab
was brought,
In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its moun-
tains wrought ;
There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the
echoing rocks,
There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge, the rude,
unshapen blocks.

Thence polish'd, perfected, complete, each fitted to
its place,
For lofty coping, massive 'wall, or deep imbedded
base,
They bore them o'er the waves that roll'd their
billowy swell between
The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's
hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on, through days
and months and years,
Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's
frozen tears ;
And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it
rose,
Fit dwelling for the God of Peace ! a temple of
repose !

Brethren in Christ ! to holier things the simple type
apply ;
Our God Himself a temple builds, eternal and on
high,
Of souls elect ; their Zion there—that world of light
and bliss ;
Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous
moulding—*this*.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious
aim He hews
The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth Him to
choose :

Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined
each to shine,
Moulded beneath His patient hand in purity Divine.
Oh, glorious process! see the proud grow lowly,
gentle, meek;
See floods of unaccustom'd tears gush down the
harden'd cheek:
Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew
some idol fond;
Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious,
tender bond.
Behold he prays whose lips were seal'd in silent
scorn before;
Sighs for the closet's holy calm, and hails the wel-
come door;
Behold he works for Jesus now, whose days went
idly past:
Oh! for more mouldings of the hand that works a
change so vast!
Ye look'd on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint
of God matured,—
What chisellings that heart had felt, what chasten-
ing strokes endured!
But mark'd ye not that last soft touch, what perfect
grace it gave,
Ere Jesus bore His servant home, across the dark-
some wave?
Home to the place His grace design'd that chosen
soul to fill,
In the bright temple of the saved, 'upon His holy
hill;
Home to the noiselessness, the peace of those sweet
shrines above,
Whose stones shall never be displaced—set in re-
deeming love.
Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work
away,
Cleanse us with purifying blood, in spotless robes
array;
And thus, Thine image on us stamp'd, transport us
to the shore,
Where not a stroke was ever felt, for none is needed
more.

512. CHURCH. The: a Lighthouse.

THE light-house founded on a rock,
Casts o'er the flood its radiant eye,
Firm amidst ocean's heaviest shock,
Serene beneath the stormiest sky.

Though winds and waters rage and foam,
Though darkness lowers like Egypt's night,
Here peace and safety find a home;
In this small Goshen there is light.

Nor for itself it stands alone;
The seaman's friend, it shines from far,
As though an angel from the throne
Came down to be his leading star.

It warns to shun the breakers near,
Smooth into port the vessel guides,
Points where a wider course to steer,
Shows how to 'scape conflicting tides.

Thus built upon eternal truth,
High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,
Christ's Church holds forth to age and youth
A beacon and a sanctuary.—*James Montgomery.*

513. CHURCH: neglected.

SELDOM at church, 'twas such a busy life:
But duly sent his family and wife.—*Pope.*

514. CHURCH. Peril of the

WATCH! watch! the subtle peril threatens
The freedom of the bride;
The foe, unwearied, ne'er forgets
His spirit-snares to hide.

The watchman on the walls can guard
While marshall'd armies wait;
But vain are sleepless watch and ward,
If treason opens the gate.

To arms! the martial shout prolong,
Unfurl the flag again;
Give battle to the false and wrong;
God needeth earnest men.

W. Morley Punshon.

515. CHURCH. Pride at

SOME go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And then come back more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Young.

516. CHURCH. Redemption of the

A LITTLE flock! Yes, even so;
A handful among men:
Such is the purpose of thy God;
So willet He; Amen!

Not many rich or noble call'd,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes His kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

A little flock ! 'Tis well, 'tis well ;
Such be her lot and name ;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

But the chief Shepherd comes at length,
Her feeble days are o'er ;
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

No more a lily among thorns ;
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing ;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King !—*Bonar.*

517. CHURCH. Spread of the

THE Banyan of the Indian isle
Strikes deeply down its massive root,
And spreads its branching life abroad,
And bends to earth with scarlet fruit ;
But when the branches reach the ground,
They firmly plant themselves again :
They rise and spread and droop and root,
An ever-green and endless chain.

And so the Church of Jesus Christ,
The blessed Banyan of our God,
Fast-rooted upon Zion's mount,
Has sent its sheltering arms abroad ;
And every branch that from it springs,
In sacred beauty spreading wide,
As low it bends to bless the earth,
Still plants another by its side.

Long as the world itself shall last,
The sacred Banyan still shall spread ;
From clime to clime, from age to age,
Its sheltering shadow shall be shed.
Nations shall seek its pillar'd shade,
Its leaves shall for their healing be :
The circling flood that feeds its life,
The blood that crimson'd Calvary.

518. CHURCH. Stability of the

OH where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came ?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God !
Though earthquake shocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad ;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.—*A. C. Cox.*

519. CHURCH OF ROME: her claims.

THEY would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole who are but part
Of that vast frame the Church ; yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret ? Or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own ?

Dryden.

520. CHURCH-YARD : the place where all men are equal.

THE solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Casars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie
Blended in dust together ; where the slave
Rests from his labours ; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power, the miser drops his hoard ;
Where human folly sleeps.—*Dyer.*

521. CHURCH-YARD. The village

BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre ;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. — *Gray*.

522. CIRCUMVENTION.

THEY must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery : let it work —
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard ; and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. — *Shakespeare*.

Bear your wrongs conceal'd,
And patient as the tortoise ; let this camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruised : sleep with the lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For the bloody audit, and the fatal gripe :
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy. — *Webster*.

523. CITIZENS.

THESE base mechanics never keep their words
In anything they promise. 'Tis their trade
To swear and break ; they all grow rich by breaking
More than their words ; their honesties and credits
Are still the first commodities they put off. — *Johnson*.

The fawning citizen, whose love's bought dearest,
Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in and stops out light,
And lives a knave, to leave his son a knight.

Brown.

The cit—a common councilman by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state ;
Proves and disproves, affirms and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies :
Wielding aloft the politician's rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god :
Maintains ev'n to the very teeth of power,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour ;
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves whatever is—is not :

Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread ;
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Churchill.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July's sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.

Cowper.

524. CIVILIZATION. Triumph of

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win the battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given ;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger ;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake :
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp :
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
Let us aid it all we can—
Every woman, every man—
The good time coming.

Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger ;
'Twill be strong enough one day ;
Wait a little longer.—*Machay.*

525. CLERGYMEN.

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient ?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this ?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise
To study souls, their cures, and their diseases ?
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.—*Dryden.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

Goldsmith.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

Goldsmith.

526. CLOSET. Waiting in the

LORD, I have shut my door,—
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise :
Here in this silence they intrude no more.
Speak Thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm,
A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door
Even on all the beauty of Thine earth,—
To its blue ceiling from its emerald floor,
Fill'd with spring's bloom and mirth :
From these Thy works I turn, Thyself I seek,
To Thee I speak.

And I have shut my door
On earthly passion,—all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store
Of human ties. Above
All these my heart aspires, O Heart Divine !
Stoop Thou to mine.

Lord, I have shut my door !
 Come Thou and visit me : I am alone !
 Come, as when doors were shut Thou cam'st of yore,
 And visitedst Thine own.
 My Lord ! I kneel with reverent love and fear ;
 For Thou art here !—*Mary E. Atkinson.*

527. COMET.

LONE traveller through the fields of air,
 What may thy presence here portend ?
 Art come to greet the planets fair,
 As friend greets friend ?
 Whate'er thy purpose, thou dost teach
 Some lessons to the humble soul ;
 Though far and dim thy pathway reach,
 Yet still thy goal
 Tends to the fountain of that light
 From whence thy golden beams are won :
 So should we turn from earth's dark night,
 To God our sun.—*Mrs Hale.*

528. COMFORT. Common

THERE is a heaven yet to rest my soul on
 In the midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
 With the same comfort as a distressed seaman
 Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
 When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark
 'Twixt hope and danger.—*Shirley.*

529. COMFORT. Experience of

I've found a joy in sorrow,
 A secret balm for pain,
 A beautiful to-morrow
 Of sunshine after rain.
 I've found a branch of healing
 Near every bitter spring ;
 A whisper'd promise stealing
 O'er every broken string.
 I've found a glad hosanna
 For every woe and wail,
 A handful of sweet manna
 When grapes from Eshcol fail.
 I've found a Rock of Ages
 When desert wells were dry ;
 And, after weary stages,
 I've found an Elim high,—
 An Elim, with its coolness,
 Its fountains, and its shade !
 A blessing in its fulness,
 When buds of promise fade !
 O'er tears of soft contrition,
 I've seen a rainbow light ;
 A glory and fruition,
 So near !—yet out of sight.

My Saviour ! Thee possessing,
 I have the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing,
 The sunshine and the psalm !
 The promise for the fearful,
 The Elim for the faint,
 The rainbow for the tearful,
 The glory for the saint.—*Jane Crowdsen.*

530. COMFORT : how it is to be obtained.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing ? rise and share it
 with another,
 And through all the years of famine it shall serve
 thee and thy brother.
 Love Divine will fill the storehouse, or thy handful
 still renew ;
 Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for
 two.
 For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth is
 living gain ;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scatter'd, fill
 with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy ? do thy steps drag
 wearily ?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden ; God will bear
 both it and thee.
 Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou
 sleep amidst the snow ?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together
 both shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle ? many wounded
 round thee moan ;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm
 shall heal thine own.
 Is the heart a well left empty ? None but God its
 void can fill ;
 Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless
 longings fill ;
 Is the heart a living power ? Self-entwined, its
 strength sinks low ;
 It can only live in loving, and by serving love will
 grow.—*Mrs Charles.*

531. COMFORT. Prayer for

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
 From out the hallelujahs sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
 Who art not miss'd by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet,—
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of Thy Divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection,—thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing ! As a child,

Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth ;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

E. B. Browning.

532. COMFORT. Source of

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth ?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn ?

Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on yon open grave,
And to and fro the tidings run,
'Who died to heal, is risen to save ?'
Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very Comforter in light and love descends ?

Yet so it is : for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till temper'd by the Saviour's prayer
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprison'd martyr's death-bed calm.

Ktbl.

533. COMFORT. Vain

So dying men receive vain comforts
From those visitants they love, when they
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,
With saying they are mortal too, and mean
T' endure the like calamity ; as if
To die were from good fellowship, from free
Intent t' accompany departing friends,
When such last courtesy proceeds not from
Their will, but nature's obstinate decree.

Davenant.

534. COMING TO CHRIST: what does it
secure for us ?

SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me, and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes He speaks a parting word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all He meant, when thus He spoke,
'Come unto me ?'
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee ?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him ?
O, come and see !

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love.

Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove ;

Take Him for what He is ; oh, take Him all,
And look above !

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage
And steadfast peace ;

Thy love shall rest on His, thy doubts
For ever cease.

Thy heart shall find in Him and in His grace
Its rest and bliss !

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
For evermore !

Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
For evermore !

Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
For evermore !

535. COMMENDATION.

PRAISE a fool, and slay him ; for the canvas of his
vanity is spread ;

His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust
shall sink it :

Praise a wise man and speed him on his way ; for
he carrieth the ballast of humility,

And is glad when his course is cheered by the
sympathy of brethren ashore.

The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth
up the mirror of Truth,

That Virtue may see her own beauty, and delight
in her own fair face :

The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the
deformity of Vice,

Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of
a leper.

Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience allow-
eth it not :

And where Conscience feeleth it her due, no praise
is better than a little.

He that despiseth the outward appearance, de-
spiseth the esteem of his fellows ;

And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only
their contempt :

The honest commendation of an equal no one can
scorn and be blameless,

Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for and be
honoured :

If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou
humble in accepting ;

If it tarry, be not thou cast down : the bee can
gather honey out of rue.

With a friend, praise him when thou canst ; for
many a friendship hath decayed,

Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine on its leaves :

With another praise him not often,—otherwise he shall despise thee ;

But be thou frugal in commending ; so will he give honour to thy judgment.

Wilt thou that one remember a thing ?—praise him in the midst of thy advice.

Expect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude from the selfish.—*Tupper.*

536. COMMENTATORS.

COMMENTATORS each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

Young.

537. COMMUNION. Divine

THEY know, who thus oppress me,

'Tis hard to be alone ;

But know not One can bless me,

Who comes through bars and stone ;

He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,

And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God ! restores me

From sighs and tears to praise ;

And deep my soul adores Thee,

Nor thinks of time or place :

I ask no more, in good or ill,

But union with Thy holy will.

'Tis that which makes my treasure,

'Tis that which brings my gain ;

Converting woe to pleasure,

And reaping joy from pain.

Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,

To know that God is All in all.

Madame Guyon, tr. by T. C. Upham.

538. COMMUNION. Example of

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,

Soon after He that was our Surety died,

Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,

The scene of all those sorrows left behind ;

Sought their own village, busied as they went

In musings worthy of the great event ;

They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,

Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,

Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,

A deep memorial graven on their hearts.

The recollection, like a vein of ore,

The further traced, enrich'd them still the more ;

They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, One

Sent to do more than He appear'd t' have done ;

To exalt a people, and to place them high

Above all else, and wonder'd He should die.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,

A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,

And ask'd them with a kind, engaging air,

What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.

Inform'd, He gather'd up the broken thread,

And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,

Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well

The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,

That reaching home, The night, they said, is near,

We must not now be parted, sojourn here.—

The new acquaintance soon became a guest,

And, made so welcome at their simple feast,

He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,

And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord !

Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say !

Did they not burn within us by the way ?

Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves

Man to maintain, and such as God approves ;

Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,

But yet successful, being aim'd at Him,

Christ and His character their only scope,

Their object, and their subject, and their hope,

They felt what it became them much to feel,

And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,

Found Him as prompt as their desire was true,

To spread the new-born glories in their view.

Cowper.

539. COMMUNION. Key to

HE stands and knocks, and bids me ope the door,

Without He stands, and asks to enter in :

Why should He seek a shelter sad with sin ?

Will He but knock and ask, and nothing more ?

He knows what ways I take to shut my heart,

And if He will He can Himself undo

My foolish fastenings, or by force break through,

Nor wait till I fulfil my needless part.

But nay, He will not choose to enter so,—

He will not be my guest without consent,

Nor though I say 'Come in,' is He content ;

I must arise and ope, or He will go.

He shall not go ; I do arise and ope,—

'Come in, dear Lord, come in and sup with me,

Oh, bless'd Guest, and let me sup with Thee,'—

Where is the door ? for in this dark I grope,

And cannot find it soon enough ; my hand,

Shut hard, holds fast the one sure key I need,

And trembles, shaken with its eager heed ;

No other key will answer my demand.

The door between is some command undone,

Obedience is the key that slides the bar,

And lets Him in, who stands so near, so far ;

The doors are many, but the key is one.—*Wilkinson.*

540. COMPANIONS. Choice of

Not with the light and vain,

The man of idle feet and wanton eyes ;

Not with the world's gay, ever-smiling train ;

My lot be with the grave and wise.

Not with the trifler gay,

To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave ;

Not with the empty idler of the day ;

My lot be with the wise and grave.

Not with the jesting fool,

Who knows not what to sober truth is due,

Whose words fly out without or aim or rule !

My lot be with the wise and true.

Not with the man of dreams,

In whose bright words no truth nor wisdom lies,

Dazzling the fervent youth with mystic gleams ;

My lot be with the simply wise.

With them I'd walk each day,

From them time's solemn lessons would I learn,

That false from true and true from false I may

Each hour more patiently discern.—*Bonar.*

541. COMPANY. Choice of

SOME love the glow of outward show,

Some love mere wealth and try to win it ;

The house to me may lowly be,

If I but like the people in it.

What's all the gold that glitters cold,

When link'd to hard or haughty feeling ?

Whate'er we're told, the nobler gold

Is truth of heart and manly dealing !

Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,

Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it ;

The house to me may lowly be,

If I but like the people in it !—*Charles Swain.*

542. COMPANY. Vicious

AVOID a villain as you would a brand,

Which, lighted, burns, extinguish'd, smuts the hand.

Oriental.

543. COMPENSATION. Law of

THE poor man counteth not the cost at which such
wealth hath been purchased ;

He would be on the mountain's top without the toil
and travail of the climbing.

He that would change with another, must take the
cup as it is mixed.

Poverty, with largeness of heart ; or a full purse,
with a sordid spirit :

Wisdom, in an ailing body ; or a common mind,
with health ;

Godliness, with man's scorn ; or the welcome of
the mighty, with guilt ;

Beauty, with a fickle heart ; or plainness of face,
with affection.

For so hath Providence determined, that a man
shall not easily discover

Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or
abhorrence.

A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change
his lot with another.

It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly
refused it.—*Tupper.*

544. COMPENSATION. Moral

JUST, and strong, and opportune, is the moral rule
of God ;

Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in
the measure of its gifts.

Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked
happy,

Nor heed the compensating peace which gladdeneth
the good in his afflictions.

They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad
man's pillow ;

They know not the torturing suspicions that sting
his panting breast,

When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth
off the truth.

Likewise of the good what know they ? the memories
bringing pleasure,

Shrined in the heart of the benevolent and glistening
from his eye.

The calm, self-justifying reason that establisheth the
upright in his purpose ;

The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the
thoughts of the religious.—*Tupper.*

545. COMPENSATION : required.

NOTHING comes free-cost here. Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

Robert Herrick.

546. COMPLAINT : a trial of the Divine
patience.

I SOMETIMES think God's tender heart must ache,
List'ning to all the sad complaining cries,

That from our weak, impatient souls arise—

Because we do not see that for our sake,

He answers not, or answers otherwise

Than seems the best to our tear-blinded eyes.

This is Love's hardest task, to do hard things

For Love's own sake, then bear the murmurings

Of Ignorance, too dull to judge aright,
The love that rises to this wondrous height.
He knows we have not yet attain'd ; and so
He wearies not, but bears complaint and moan,
And shields each willing heart against His own,
Knowing that some glad day we too shall know.

Carlotta Perry.

547. COMPLAINT: brings no relief.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed ;
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need ;
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.

Randolph.

548. COMPLAINT: cowardly.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey bank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But if the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in the inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints ?—At least it may be said,
' Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God !'

E. B. Browning.

549. COMPLAINT: unwise.

I THINK if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies conceal'd below
Our burden and our pain ;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee
Are shadows hiding light ;
Truth's efforts cross'd and vex'd,
Life-purpose all perplex'd,—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear and wise and
bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see ;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.

If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest ;
Wisdom and right are well, but trust is best.

Adelaide Proctor.

550. COMPLIMENTS.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find ;
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wind ;
But well to say and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

Wyatt.

Treachery oft lurks
In compliments. You have sent so many posts
Of undertakings, they outride performance ;
And make me think your fair pretences aim
At some intended ill, which my prevention
Must strive to avert.—*Nabb.*

551. CONCEIT.

CONCEIT in weakest bodies strongest works.

Shakespeare.

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man !
How pleased is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself.

Churchill.

This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelf,
Where many have made shipwreck unawares ;
He who doth trust too much unto himself,
Can never fail to fall in many snares.

Earl of Sterline.

552. CONCEITED MEN.

THERE are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, ' I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !'

I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise.
For saying nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

553. CONDEMNATION. Record of

AND since in God's recording book
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew and left undone,—

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.
C. F. Alexander.

554. CONFESSION : necessary.

COME, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin ;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.

Crabbe.

555. CONFESSION. Romish

A PARENT ask'd a Priest his boy to bless,
Who forthwith charged him—he must first confess.
'Well,' said the boy, 'suppose, sir, I am willing,
What is your charge?' 'To you 'tis but a shilling!'
'Must all men pay, and all men make confession?'
'Yes, every man of Catholic profession.'
'And who do you confess to?' 'Why, the Dean.'
'And do the Deans confess?' 'Yes, boy, they do,
Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly too!'
'Do Bishops, sir, confess? if so, to whom?'
'Why, they do confess, and pay the Church of Rome.'
'Well,' quoth the boy, 'all this is mighty odd :
And does the Pope confess?' 'Oh yes, to God.'
'And does God charge the Pope?' 'No,' quoth
the Priest,
'God charges nothing.' 'Oh, then God is best ;
God is able to forgive, and always willing ;
To Him I shall confess, and save my shilling.'

556. CONFIDENCE. Christian

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me with the billow's might—
I shall not fall ;
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this :
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.—*Alford.*

557. CONFIDENCE : reposed in a man.

I TOOK him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breathed upon the earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all my secret thoughts.

Shakespeare.

558. CONSCIENCE. Attempts to bribe

SOME scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought :
I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
And am so clear too of all other vice.—*Pope.*

559. CONSCIENCE. Diary of

O TREACHEROUS conscience! while she seems to
sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song !
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to license, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable time ;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied ;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history ; which death shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear ;
And judgment publish—publish to more worlds
And this—and endless age in groans resound.

Young.

560. CONSCIENCE : and future judgment.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talk'd of my former living
In the land where the years increased.

And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight ;
And things that I thought were dead things,
Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of my former tremblings,
Of the judgment-day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seem'd judgment enough for me.

And I wonder'd if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave ;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.

Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision pass'd away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.

And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

W. Stubbs.

561. CONSCIENCE. A good

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare.

I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities ;
A still and quiet conscience.—*Shakespeare.*

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun :
Himself is his own dungeon.—*Milton.*

Knowledge or wealth to few are given ;
But mark how just the ways of Heaven :

True joy to all is free ;
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O Conscience ! thine alone :
It all belongs to thee.—*Mickle.*

562. CONSCIENCE. A guilty

SUSPICION always haunts the guilty mind :
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Shakespeare.

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.
Dryden.

First guilty conscience doth the mirror bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting ;
And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraids the long misspent, luxurious life.—*Dryden.*

Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day ;
And in my short, distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.—*Dryden.*

Now guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.—*Johnson.*

Thus oft it haps, that when within,
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave ;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes,
Before their meanest slave.—*Scott.*

Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the prosperous hero's days,
The shout of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing echoes of renown,
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown.

Mrs Holford.

None have accused thee ; 'tis thy conscience cries,
The witness in the soul that never dies ;
Its accusation, like the moaning wind
Of wintry midnight, moves thy startled mind ;
Oh ! may it melt thy harden'd heart, and bring
From out thy frozen soul the life of spring.

Mrs Hale.

563. CONSCIENCE: her restraining power.

For though the judge, Conscience, makes no show,
But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment go,
Or war to execution, with loud drums;

Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law sets hers; nor bloody seems,
Like war in colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men condemns;

Chokes in the seed what law, till ripe, ne'er sees;
What law would punish, Conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by punishment.

Davenant.

564. CONSCIENCE: her testimony concerning a future life.

SCEPTIC, whoe'er thou art, tell, if thou knowest,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rights, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world
Where wickedness shall weep? Why in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horrors gnaw the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Glynn.

565. CONSCIENCE: may be perverted.

A QUIET conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.

Byron.

Nature has placed thee on a changeful tide,
To breast its waves, but not without a guide;
Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
Jarr'd by the fury of the electric flame,
As the true current it will falsely feel
Warp'd from its axis by a freight of steel;
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced truth,
If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth;
So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.

Go to yon tower, where busy science plies
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the skies;
That little vermin on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,

A silent index, tracks the planets' march
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.

So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
The living index which thy Maker traced
Repeats the line each starry virtue draws
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws;
Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray;
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,
And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of night.

Holmes.

566. CONSCIENCE: must be obeyed.

O CONSCIENCE! conscience! Man's most faithful
friend,

How canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend!
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh, woe for me! his deadliest foe.

Crabbe.

567. CONSCIENCE: operates most powerfully in the noblest minds.

'Tis ever thus

With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.—*Mason.*

568. CONSCIENCE. Power of

CONSCIENCE, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves another self,
A master-self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave:
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds!
Make the past present, and the future frown!
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long, restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life!

Young.

569. CONSCIENCE. Remorse of

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till, inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One and a sole relief she knows:
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
She darts into her desperate brain.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt with fire ;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven.
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death.—*Byron.*

570. CONSCIENCE : a supreme authority.

ACCOUNTABLE to none
But to my conscience and my God alone.

Oldham.

571. CONSCIENCE : sweetness of her commendations in the final hour.

WHEN tyrannizing pain shall stop
The passage of thy breath,
And thee compel to swear thyself
True servant unto death ;
Then shall one virtuous deed impart
More pleasure to thy mind,
Than all the treasures that on earth
Ambitious thoughts can find.

The well-spent time of one short day,
One hour, one moment, then,
Shall be more sweet than all the joys
Amongst us mortal men.

Then shalt thou find but one refuge
Which comfort can retain :
A guiltless conscience, pure and clear
From touch of sinful stain.—*Brandon.*

The sweetest cordial we receive at last
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

Denham.

572. CONSCIENCE. Terrors of an awakened

OH—I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days :
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Shakespeare.

Oh, it is monstrous ! monstrous !
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper.—*Shakespeare.*

No ; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt ; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call ;

Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

Churchill.

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

Gifford.

But conscience, in some awful, silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their power,
Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
Reminds him of religion, hated theme !
Starts from the down on which she lately slept,
And tells of laws despised, at least not kept ;
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past sinful joys,
All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,
And life abused, are not to be suborn'd.—*Cowper.*

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.—*Byron.*

There is no power in holy men,
Nor charms in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony, nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself,
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise,
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself.—*Byron.*

No ear can hear, no tongue can tell,
The tortures of that inward hell !—*Byron.*

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame ;
How wild the fury of his soul careers !
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.

J. G. Percival.

573. CONSCIENCE : the oracle of God.

YET still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din :
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God !—*Byron.*

574. CONSCIENCE : a trouble to bad men.

It is a dangerous thing ;
 It makes a man a coward ; a man
 Cannot steal but it accuseth him ; a man
 Cannot swear, but it checks him.
 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that
 Mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills
 One full of obstacles. It made me once
 Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
 Found. It beggars any man that keeps it.
 It is turn'd out of towns and cities for
 A dangerous thing ; and every man that means
 To live well, endeavours to trust himself,
 And live without it. — *Shakespeare.*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action. — *Shakespeare.*

575. CONSCIENCE : a witness.

THOU may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,
 But conscience sits a witness in thy heart ;
 Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,
 For that is witness, judge, and prison too.

Watkins.

576. CONSECRATION. Entire

If so poor a worm as I
 May to Thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive ;
 Claim me for Thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.
 Take my soul and body's powers ;
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will ;
 All my goods, and all my hours ;
 All I know, and all I feel ;
 All I think, or speak, or do ;
 Take my heart, but make it new.
 Now, O God, Thine own I am ;
 Now I give Thee back Thine own ;
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to Thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I !
 Happier still if Thine I die. — *Charles Wesley.*

577. CONSISTENCY.

THOU must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach ;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach.

It needs the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech.

- Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed ;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed ;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

578. CONSOLATION. Compensatory

So, Christian ! though gloomy and sad be thy days,
 And the tempest of sorrow encompass thee black ;
 Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its
 rays

To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track
 Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears
 flow

O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding
 heart riven,
 Check thy murmuring sorrows, thou lorn one, and
 know

That the chasten'd on earth are the purest for
 heaven :

And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
 That 'the Master is coming,' and coming to thee.

Patterson.

579. CONSOLATION : in Christ.

' If any consolation be
 In Christ ! ' Oh words of mild reproof
 To all who sit in misery,
 Holding their griefs and cares aloof
 From that dear Helper—bowing low
 Beneath the heavy weights of woe,
 Yet seeking not the sweet relief
 To purchase which He bore our grief.

If there no consolation be
 In Christ, or comfort in His love,
 Ah ! where for succour can we flee ?
 Too heavy must our burden prove
 If we must bear its weight alone—
 So deathly faint as we have grown ;
 Beneath this long suspense and fear
 What if there were no comfort near ?

Alone, and all-forsaken by
 The hearts that we have served in need,
 While keen reproaches multiply,
 And gaping wounds afresh do bleed,
 If in the spirit we can see
 No fellowship of sympathy,
 No tender pity of our need,
 Then are we desolate indeed !

Comfort the hearts that ache and bleed,
O blessed Jesus! Soothe the woe
Of trembling lips that vainly plead;
How rough these earthly paths can grow,
Thy pierced, wounded feet attest;
Give to the heavy laden rest,
Draw all the weary unto Thee,
Till they Thy consolation see.—*Hildreth.*

580. CONSOLATION. Time's

AND when Time, sweet opiate, flings
From his swift, invisible wings,
Bearing from the heart away
Some slight anguish day by day;
Grief, through Memory's medium scann'd,
Mellow, sweet, and soft appears;
Though no smile the Past demand,
Still it does not ask for tears.

And when better still than this,
Comes Religion's soothing kiss,
Breathing on the wounded heart
Balm no other can impart,
Grief thenceforth is grief no more;
All its power on earth shall cease,
But shall give, when life is o'er,
Birth to deathless joy and peace.—*Clinch.*

581. CONSOLATION. True

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the will supreme,
For time and for eternity;—by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of His perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonour of His holy name.
Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world,
Sustain—Thou only canst—the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!

Come labour, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come disease, and want,

And sad exclusion through decay of sense:
But leave me unabated trust in Thee,
And let Thy favour to the end of life
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,—
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content!

Wordsworth.

582. CONSTANCY. Emblem of

I AM constant as the northern star;
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
Shakespeare.

583. CONSTANCY. Friendly

IN bower and garden rich and rare
There's many a cherish'd flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the flitting hour.
Not so the simple forest leaf,
Unprized, unnoticed, lying—
The same through all its little life—
It changes but in dying.
Be such, and only such, my friends;
Once mine and mine for ever;
And here's a hand to clasp in theirs,
That shall desert them never.
And thou be such, my gentle love,
Time, chance, the world defying;
And take, 'tis all I have, a heart
That changes but in dying.—*G. W. Doane.*

584. CONSTANCY. Virtuous

WHO is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.
Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.
Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.
Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations : when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue ; virtue is his sun.

Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way ;
Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But though man fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

George Herbert.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

Shirley.

585. CONTEMPLATION. Votary of

HE sat within a silent cave, apart
From men, upon a chair of diamond stone ;
Words he had not, companions he had none,
But steadfastly pursued his thoughtful art ;
And as he mused he pull'd a slender string
Which evermore within his hand he held ;
And the dim curtain rose which had conceal'd
His thoughts, the city of the immortal King :
There, pictured in its solemn pomp, it lay,
A glorious country stretching round about,
And through its golden gates pass'd in and out
Men of all nations, on their heavenly way.
On this he mused, and mused the whole day long,
Feeding his feeble faith till it grew strong.—*Croly.*

586. CONTENTMENT : a Christian duty.

BE still, my soul, Jehovah loveth thee ;
Fret not, nor murmur at thy weary lot ;
Though dark and lone thy journey seems to be,
Be sure that thou art ne'er by Him forgot.
He ever loves ; then trust Him, trust Him still ;
Let all thy care be this—the doing of His will ;
Canst thou not trust His rich and bounteous hand,
Who feeds all living things on sea and land ?
Be thou content.

587. CONTENTMENT : a crown.

MY crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Shakespeare.

588. CONTENTMENT : brings happiness.

WHAT happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends !
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.—*Gay.*

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the want that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.—*Cowper.*

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies ?—*Mrs Sigourney.*

589. CONTENTMENT : characteristic of the noblest minds.

THE noblest mind the best contentment has.
Spenser.

All great souls still make their own content ;
We to ourselves may all our wishes grant ;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.
Dryden.

590. CONTENTMENT : comes from within.

CELLARS and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still :
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Cowley.

Yet oft we see that some in humble state
Are cheerful, pleasant, happy, and content :
When those indeed that are of higher state,
With vain additions do their thoughts torment.
Lady Carew.

CONTENTMENT, rosy, dimpled maid,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky,
Why dost thou to the hut repair,
And from the gilded palace fly ?
I've traced thee on the peasant's cheek ;
I've mark'd thee in the milkmaid's smile ;
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak
Amid the sons of want and toil ;
Yet in the circles of the great,
Where fortune's gifts are all combined,

I've sought thee early, sought thee late,
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.
Since then from wealth and pomp you flee,
I ask but competence and thee!

Lady Manners.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire,
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.—*Trench.*

591. CONTENTMENT. Contrast of

TEN poor men sleep in peace on one straw heap, as
Saadi sings,
But the immensest empire is too narrow for two
kings.—*Oriental.*

592. CONTENTMENT. Cultivating

If we cannot have all that we wish upon earth,
Let us try to be happy with less if we can;
If wealth be not always the guerdon of worth,
Worth, sooner than wealth, makes the happier
man.

Is it wise to be anxious for pleasures afar,
And the pleasures around us to slight or decry?
Asking Night for the sun,—asking Day for the star?
Let us conquer such faults, or at least *let us try.*

If the soil of a garden be worthy our care,
Its culture delightful, though ever so small;
Oh then let the heart the same diligence share,
And the flowers of affection will rival them all.

There ne'er was delusion more constantly shown,
Than that wealth every charm of existence can buy;
As long as love, friendship, and truth are life's own,
All hearts may be happy, *if all hearts will try!*

Charles Swain.

593. CONTENTMENT: gained.

My conscience is my crown, contented thoughts my
rest,
My heart is happy in itself, my bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth: a mean the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt, too low for
envy's shot.

My wishes are but few, all easy to fulfil,
I make the limits of my power the bonds unto my
will.

I have no hopes but one, which is of heavenly reign;
Effects attain'd, or not desired, all lower hopes
refrain.

I feel no care of coin, well-doing is my wealth,
My mind to me an empire is, while grace affordeth
health.—*Southwell.*

594. CONTENTMENT. Growth of

O YEARS gone down into the past!
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them, too;
To-day, ay! ev'n this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry;

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learn'd to say—
Prayers which I thought unanswer'd once
Were answer'd in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherish'd once,
Perish'd untimely in their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blest
Beyond the measure of my worth.

Phæbe Carry.

595. CONTENTMENT: its power.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—*content.*

Wilbye.

Contentment gives a crown,
Where fortune hath denied it.—*Ford.*

Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye :
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall ;
Content shall place me far above them all.

Churchill.

596. CONTENTMENT. Nobility of

EVEN I—but I can laugh and sing,
Though fetter'd and confined,—
My mind I may to fortune bring,
Not fortune to my mind.

How seldom is our good enjoy'd,
Our ill how hardly borne,
When all our fancies are employ'd
To kick against the thorn !

But, sure, ourselves aright to see
True wisdom well may bear :
'Tis nobly great to dare to be
No greater than we are.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

597. CONTENTMENT. Profession of

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile ;
I joy not much in earthly joys ;
I seek not state, I seek not style ;
I am not fond of fancy's toys ;
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I see ambition never pleased ;
I see some Tantals starved in store ;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased ;
I see e'en Midas gape for more :
I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate ;
I fawn not on the great in show ;
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low :
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear.

Joshua Sylvester.

598. CONTENTMENT : the object of universal pursuit.

LIFE'S but a short chase ; our game—content,
Which most pursued, is most compell'd to fly ;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall soonest run his courser to a stand ;
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

Cibber.

599. CONTENTMENT : widely diffused.

WHATE'ER the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his muse.—*Pope.*

600. CONTRIBUTION-BOX. The

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Enter'd the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say,
'Here we shall have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent.'

Each chose his place and went to work,
The light webs grew apace ;
One on the sofa spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so, half-dead,
He sought another place.

'I'll try the pulpit next,' said he,
'There surely is a prize ;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been ;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies !'

He tried the pulpit, but alas !
His hopes proved visionary ;
With dusting-brush the sexton came,
And spoilt his geometric game,
Nor gave him time nor space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbour,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weigh'd the fraction of a pound,
And look'd as if the art he'd found
Of living without labour.

'How is it, friend,' he ask'd, 'that I
Endured such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross ?'
'Tis plain,' he answer'd, 'not a loss
I've met since first I spun across
The contribution-box.'—*Alice Clark.*

601. CONTRITION. Late

IF, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times Thy patient love I tried ;

With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sere,
 Thy gifts perverted and Thy power defied;
 Oh grant me, now that wintry snows appear
 Around my brow, and youth's bright promise hide—
 Grant me with reverential awe to hear
 Thy holy voice, and in Thy word confide!
 Blot from my book of life its early stain!
 Since days misspent will never more return,
 My future path do Thou in mercy trace;
 So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
 That all the trust which in Thy name I place,
 Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain.

Pietro Bembo.

602. CONTRITION. Power of

ALL powerful is the penitential sigh
 Of true contrition; like the placid wreaths
 Of incense, wafted from the righteous shrine
 Where Abel minister'd, to the blest seat
 Of Mercy, an accepted sacrifice,
 Humiliation's conscious plaint ascends.— *Hayes.*

603. CONTROVERSY: leads to conflict.

SOME day the live coal behind the thought,
 Whether from Baal's stone obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
 Shakes all the pillar'd state with shock of men:
 Some day the soft Ideal that we woo'd
 Confronts us fiercely foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful: 'Was it, then, my praise,
 And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate!'—*Lowell.*

604. CONVERSATION.

WOULD you both please and be instructed too,
 Watch well the rage of shining to subdue:
 Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.
 The lowest genius will afford some light,
 Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

Stillingfleet.

'Tis remarkable, that they
 Talk most who have the least to say.—*Prior.*

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.

Pope.

Discourse may want an animated 'No!'
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
 But still remember, if you mean to please,
 To press your point with modesty and ease.

Cowper.

Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
 But talking is not always to converse;
 Not more distinct from harmony divine
 The constant creaking of a country sign.—*Cowper.*

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
 And shone in the best part of dialogue:
 By humouring always what they might assert,
 And list'ning to the topics most in vogue;
 Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
 And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!
 He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer:
 In short, there never was a better hearer.—*Byron.*

Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
 What need there is to be reserved in speech,
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.

Wordsworth.

605. CONVERSION: needed.

I NEED a cleansing change within:
 My life must once again begin;
 New hope I need, and youth renew'd,
 And more than human fortitude;
 New faith, new love, and strength to cast
 Away the fetters of the past.

Hartley Coleridge.

606. CONVERT. Happiness of the

OH how happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favour divine
 I received through the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received—
 What a heaven in Jesus's name!

Oh, the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possess'd,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.—*C. Wesley.*

607. CONVICTION : resisted.

In the silent midnight watches,
 List,—thy bosom door !
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore !
 Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating :
 'Tis thy heart of sin :
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 Rise, and let Me in !
 Death comes down, with reckless footstep,
 To the hall and hut :
 Think you Death will stand a-knocking
 Where the door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;
 But thy door is fast !
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth :
 Death breaks in at last.
 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 But He knows thee not !

A. Cleveland Coxe.

608. CONVICTION. Strife in

How shall my cold and lifeless prayer ascend,
 Father of Mercies ! to Thy seat on high,
 If, while my lips for Thy deliverance call,
 My heart against that liberty contend ?
 Do Thou, who knowest all, Thy rescue send,
 Though every power of mine the help deny.
 Eternal God ! oh, pardon that I went
 Erring so long ! whence have my eyes been smit
 With darkness, nor the good from evil known ?
 To spare offenders, being penitent,
 Is even ours ; to drag them from the pit,
 Themselves resisting, Lord, is Thine alone !

Ariosto.

609. CORRUPTION. Basest

THE summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves its dignity ;
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Shakespeare.

510. COUNTRY LIFE.

NONE can describe the sweets of country life,
 But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.

Plain husbandmen, though far below our pitch
 Of fortune placed, enjoy a wealth above us :
 To whom the earth, with true and bounteous justice,
 Free from war's cares, returns an easy food.
 They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
 And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
 Their state is fearless and secure, enrich'd
 With several blessings, such as greatest kings
 Might in true justice envy, and themselves
 Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.

May.

This our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare.

Dear solitary groves, where peace does dwell !
 Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence !
 How willingly could I, for ever stay
 Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
 List'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,
 Tuned with the gentle murmur of the streams.

Rochester.

How rich in humble poverty is he
 Who leads a quiet country life ;
 Discharged of business, void of strife !—*Dryden.*

Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation ; and poetic ease.—*Thomson.*

O knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he ! who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

Thomson.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine :
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !

Goldsmith.

God made the country, and man made the town ;
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves ?

Cowper.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot
 Amidst the charms of a sequester'd spot,

Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifter, die a man.—*Cowper*.

Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd !
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.

Cowper.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.—*Keats*.

Leave the mere country to mere country swains,
And dwell where life in all life's glory reigns.
Walter Harte.

611. COURAGE. Christian

STAND but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly,—
Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye ;
Choose rather to defend than to assail,—
Self-confidence will in the conflict fail :
When you are challenged, you may dangers meet,—
True courage is a fix'd, not sudden heat ;
Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
And will itself into no danger thrust.
Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resign'd.
Love Jesus ! love will no base fear endure ;
Love Jesus ! and of conquest rest secure.—*Ken*.

612. COURAGE : defined.

THE brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
As for your youth whom blood and blows delight,
Away with them ! there is not in their crew
One valiant spirit.—*Joanna Baillie*.

613. COURAGE. Demand for

THY life's a warfare, thou a soldier art,
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edged weapon ; patience is thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath.
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield ;
And who the second, basely flies the field.—*Quarles*.

614. COURAGE : displayed in affliction.

THE human race are sons of sorrow born,
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse or cranch beneath their load : the brave
Bear theirs without repining.

Mallet and Thomson.

615. COURAGE : does not court danger needlessly.

A VALIANT MAN

Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways,
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseasoned without it.—*Jonson*.

616. COURAGE : ensures safety.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them : sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.—*Rowe*.

Be not dismay'd,—fear nurses up a danger ;
And resolution kills it in the birth.—*Phillips*.

Errors not to be recall'd do find
Their best redress from presence of the mind ;
Courage our greatest failings does supply.

Waller.

617. COURAGE. Field of

NOT to the ensanguined field of death alone
Is valour limited ; she sits serene
In the deliberate council, sagely scans
The source of action ; weighs, prevents, provides ;
And scorns to count her glories from the feats
Of brutal force alone.—*Smollett*.

618. COURAGE : gives happiness.

BRAVE spirits are a balsam to themselves,
There is a nobleness of mind, that heals
Wounds beyond salves.—*Cartwright*.

619. COURAGE. Marks of true

HE's truly valiant that can suffer
The worst that man can breathe ; and make his
wrongs
His outsidings ; to wear them like his raiment, care-
lessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.—*Shakespeare*.

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause ;

Unshamed, though foil'd, he does the best he can:
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.—*Dryden*.

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows.
Dryden.

True valour, friends, on virtue founded strong,
Meets all events alike.—*Mallet*.

This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague-fit
May make a coward of him.—*Whitehead*.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Addison.

True valour
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.
Thomson.

620. COURAGE: needs the support of hope.

COURAGE uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
Dryden.

621. COURTIERS.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.
Shakespeare.

'Tis the curse of kings
To be surrounded by a venal herd
Of flatterers, that soothe his darling vices,
And rob their master of his subjects' love.
Brook.

Those that go up-hill, use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop at anything that's base
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.
Butler.

622. COVETOUSNESS: as displayed by land-owners.

WOE to the worldly man, whose covetous
Ambition labours to join house to house,
Lay field to field, till their inclosure edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge:
They leave no place unbought, no piece of earth
Which they will not engross; making a dearth
Of all inhabitants; until they stand
Unneighbour'd as unblest within the land.—*King*.

623. COVETOUSNESS. Influence of

O LIFE misspent! O foulest waste of time!
No time has he his grovelling mind to store
With history's truths, or philosophic lore.
No charms for him has God's all-blooming earth;
His only question this: 'What are they worth?'
Art, nature, wisdom, are no match for gain;
And e'en religion bids him pause in vain.—*Ward*.

624. COWARDICE.

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Shakespeare.

A hundred times in life a coward dies.—*Marston*.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
Johnson.

That all men would be cowards if they dare,
Some men have had the courage to declare.
Crabbe.

625. CREATION: absurdity of Atheism.

THEN from whate'er we can to sense produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this gen'ral inference draws,
That an effect must presuppose the cause.—*Prior*.
Ye sons of art, one curious piece devise,
From whose construction motion shall arise.
Blackmore.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Pope.

626. CREATION: absurdity of the atomic theory.

COULD atoms, which, with undirected flight,
Roam'd through the void, and ranged the realms of
night,

In order march, and to their posts advance,
Led by no guide but undesigning chance?

Blackmore.

Atheist, use thine eyes ;
And, having view'd the order of the skies,
Think (if thou canst) that matter, blindly hurl'd
Without a guide, should frame this wondrous world.

Crrech.

627. CREATION. Cathedral of

YOUR voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloister'd boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer,—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath plann'd,—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky,—

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green aisles, and, stretch'd upon the
sod,

Amid the silence reverently ponder
The ways of God.—*Longfellow.*

628. CREATION. Conservation of

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
The illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft had swept the toiling race of men
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons, ever stealing round
Minutely faithful ; such the All-perfect Hand,
That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

Thomson.

What but God !
Inspiring God ! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

Thomson.

629. CREATION. God in.

THE God of nature and of Grace
In all His works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd ;
'Twas He who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found !—*James Montgomery.*

630. CREATION: still the scene of the Divine energy.

ALL the world by Thee at first was made,
And daily yet Thou dost the same repair :
Nor aught on earth that merry is and glad,
Nor aught on earth that lovely is and fair,
But Thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
Spenser.

A mind which through each part infused doth pass,
Fashions and works, and wholly doth transpierce
All this great body of the universe.—*Raleigh.*

631. CREATOR. Praise to the

Adam. These are Thy glorious works, Parent of
good,

Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

Milton.

632. CREED : of the future.

'I DON'T believe in either God or Man.
Conscious Automata, we nothing can,

Save as our atoms feel tyrannic chance,
All is heredity and circumstance.

Conscience,—Freewill,—absurd! And if you ask
How on these terms fulfil life's daily task?
What motives? And what conduct?—look at me:
One more respectable you'll scarcely see.
As family-man, friend, citizen, professor,
Be you, or public judgment, my assessor.'

'Good, my dear sir!—but we must wait, I doubt,
To notice how your grandchildren turn out,
Born in the doctrine, rear'd upon the plan,
Of total disbelief in God and Man.
Let this experiment be fairly made,
Nor Science mourn, by her high-priests betray'd;
Oh, let her teach them, from their tenderest youth,
The Truth, the whole Truth, nothing but the Truth—
Material Atoms, and Mechanic Force;
And send the boys and girls rejoicing on their course!'

633. CREED. The first

UNCURSED by doubt, our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
The simple lessons which the nursery taught
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours
Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers;
The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without:
Oh then, if Reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

Holmes.

634. CRISIS. A Nation's

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment
to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good
or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness
and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party
thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth
alone is strong,

And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around
her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to ensheild her from
all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-
moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding
cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose
feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment
hath pass'd by.—*Lowell.*

635. CRISIS. A Soul's

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is cross'd?
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
Ye that from God depart,
While it is call'd to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.

J. A. Alexander.

636. CRISIS. The important

At every motion of our breath
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

A moment usher'd us to birth,
 Heirs to the commonwealth of earth ;
 Moment by moment years are past,
 And one ere long will be our last.

'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
 And that which soon shall end in night,
 There is a point no eye shall see,
 Yet on it hangs eternity.

This is that moment,—who can tell
 Whether it leads to heaven or hell ?
 This is that moment,—as we choose,
 The immortal soul we save or lose.

Time past and time to come are not ;
 Time present is our only lot :
 O God ! henceforth our hearts incline
 To seek no other love than Thine.

James Montgomery.

637. CRITICS.

MANY knotty points there are,
 Which all discuss, but few can clear.—*Prior.*

Let those teach others who themselves excel ;
 And censure freely, who have written well
Pope.

Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Pope.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike :
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend ;
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.—*Pope.*

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
Pope.

The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
Pope.

To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
Pope.

638. CRITICISM. Bitter

A CRITIC was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame ;
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view :
 His judgment great, and great his candour too.
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
 But now, O strange reverse ! our critics brawl
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall.

Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light ;
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night :
 Safe from destruction seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.
Churchill.

639. CRITICISM. Laws of

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend :
 And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.—*Pope.*

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ ;
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture charms the mind.
Pope.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show :
 'Tis not enough wit, art, and learning join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine.
Pope.

Shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice.
Pope.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.—*Pope.*

Ah ! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost !
 Good nature and good sense must ever join :
 To err is human ; to forgive, divine.—*Pope.*

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line.—*Pope.*

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
Pope.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare ;
 For there's a happiness as well as care :
 Music resembles poetry ; in each
 Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
Pope.

640. CROSS. Kneeling at the

O JESUS ! sweet the tears I shed,
 Whilst at Thy cross I kneel,
 Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
 And all Thy sorrows feel.

My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before ;
I bear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand :
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand !

I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me ;
For me, for all—O Grace Divine !—
Who look by faith on Thee.

O Christ of God ! O spotless Lamb !
By love my soul is drawn ;
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am ;
Here life and peace are born.

In patient hope the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay ;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day !—*Ray Palmer.*

641. CROSS. My

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight ;
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved—a household desolate.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain ;
Longing each morning for the weary night ;
At night, for weary day to come again.

It is not slander, with her evil tongue ;
'Tis no presumptuous sin against my God ;
Not reputation lost, or friends betray'd :
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles—overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel :
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine ;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere ;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear :
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down. I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day.

642. CROSS. The : the source of comfort.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth ?
That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn ?

Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on yon open grave,
And to and fro the tidings run,
'Who died to heal, is risen to save ?'
Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very Comforter in light and love descends ?

Kable.

643. CROSS : to be borne willingly.

The cross is always ready, and waits for thee in every place.
.... Whyapest then to avoid that from which no human
being has been exempt ? ... Thou art deceived, wretchedly
deceived, if thou expect anything but tribulation ; for this
whole mortal life is full of care, and signed on every side
with the cross.

If thou bearest the cross willingly it will soon bear thee beyond
the reach of suffering, where God shall take away all sorrow
from thy heart.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

On every side, dear Lord, on every side,
Waits there an 'always ready' cross for me ?
May not I find, through all this world so wide,
Some restful place from all cross-bearing free ?

The way is dark, thorn-lined and sharp with flints,
Whose jagged edges bruise and pierce my feet ;
Thou knowest, Lord, they mark with bloody prints
The toilsome path. Ah, rest would seem so sweet !

So sweet to lay aside this heavy cross—
So sweet to find some quiet resting-place—
So sweet to cease from care and pain and loss,
And breathe all fulness of life's joy and grace.

O wretched heart, why seekest thou to find
Exemption from the common mortal lot ?
Deceitful heart, and discontented mind,
Thy Master's Sad Way hast thou then forgot ?

Was there on earth for Him a place of rest ?
Was there an hour wherein He might not feel
The weight of Calvary's cross upon Him prest ?
The pang of mocking thorn and piercing steel ?

With prescient sorrow did He not endure
Through all the way the colour of that hour,
When, thy eternal freedom to secure,
He met *alone* the last foe's cruel power ?

And wilt thou basely shun that blessed sign,
His mark and seal, inscribing thee His own ?
Nay, rather shout, 'Thou blessed cross ! be mine ;
I'll bear thee gladly—by thy sign be known.'

So shall I, heedless all of earthly loss,
 In glad cross-bearing find my spirit's rest ;
 Soon shall I be, while bearing yet my cross,
 Lifted upon its arms, to Jesus' breast.
Mary E. C. Wyeth.

644. CROSS. Yesterday's

ONE cross the less remains for me to bear ;
 Already borne is that of yesterday ;
 That of to-day shall no to-morrow share ;
 To-morrow's, with itself, shall pass away.

That which is added to the troubled past
 Is taken from the future, whose sad store
 Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
 Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore.

The storm that yesterday plough'd up the sea
 Is buried now beneath its level blue ;
 One storm the fewer now remains for me,
 Ere sky and earth are made for ever new.—*Bonar.*

645. CRUCIFIXION. Mystery of the

WONDER of wonders ! On the cross He dies !
 Man of the ages, David's mighty Son,
 The Eternal Word, who spake and it was done,
 What time, of old, He form'd the earth and skies.

Abash'd be all the wisdom of the wise !
 Let the wide earth through all her kingdoms know
 The promised Lamb of God, whose blood should
 flow,—
 For human guilt the grand, sole sacrifice.

No more need altar smoke, nor victim bleed :
 'Tis finish'd !—the great mystery of love.
 Ye sin-condemn'd, by this blood 'tis decreed
 Ye stand absolved : behold the curse remove !
 O Christ ! Thy deadly wounds, Thy mortal strife
 Crush death and hell, and give immortal life !
Ray Palmer.

646. CRUELTY.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path,
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
 Will tread aside and let the reptile live.—*Cowper.*

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.—*Burns.*

647. CURIOSITY.

SEE its power expand
 When first the coral fills the infant's hand ;
 Throned in its mother's lap, it dries each tear,
 As her sweet legend falls upon the ear ;
 Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
 Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum.
 Each gilded toy that doting love bestows
 He longs to break, and every spring expose.
 Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
 O'er the bright pages of the pictured stores ;
 How oft he steals upon your graver task,
 Of this to tell you, and of that to ask.
 And when the warning hour to bedward bids,
 Though gentle sleep sits waiting on his lids,
 How winningly he bends to gain you o'er,
 That he may read one little story more.

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
 It sits dark-brooding o'er his embryo mind.
 Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
 While all you know, or think you know, you trace ;
 Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
 Arch'd the broad heavens and spread the rolling
 earth ;
 Who form'd a pathway for the obedient sun,
 And bade the seasons in their circles run ;
 Who fill'd the air, the forest, and the flood,
 And gave man all for comfort or for food ;
 Tell him he sprang at God's creating nod—
 He stops you short with, 'Father, who made God ?'

Turn to the world—its curious dwellers view,
 Like Paul's Athenians, seeking Something New.
 Be it a bonfire's or a city's blaze,
 The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
 A female atheist, or a learned dog,
 A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth hog,
 A murder, or a muster,—'tis the same,
 Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame.
 Hark, where the martial trumpet fills the air,
 How the roused multitude come round to stare ;
 Sport drops his ball, toil throws his hammer by,
 Thrift breaks a bargain off, to please his eye ;
 Up fly the windows, even fair mistress cook,
 Though dinner burn, must run to take a look.

Sprague.

Faith we may boast, undarken'd by a doubt,
 We thirst to find each awful secret out.
Sprague.

The inquiring spirit will not be controll'd,
 We would make certain all, and all behold.
Sprague.

648. CURSES.

BUT curses are like arrows shot upright,
That oftentimes on our own heads do light.

649. CUSTOM. Breach of

BUT to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
Shakespeare.

650. CUSTOM. Dupes of

SUCH dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.—*Cowper.*

651. CUSTOM : its influence on habit.

THAT monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this ;
That to the use of actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on : refrain to-night ;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence ; the next, more easy ;
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency.—*Shakespeare.*

All habits gather by unseen degrees ;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Dryden.

652. CUSTOM. Power of

MAN yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate ;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why.
Habit with him has all the test of truth,
It must be right : I've done it from my youth.
Crabbe.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.
Thomson.

As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and manners must alike obey.—*Byron.*

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.
Earl of Rochester.

Custom forms us all ;
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief
Are consequences of our place of birth.—*Hill.*

653. CUSTOM. Precedent of

AWAY with custom ! 'tis the plea of fools,
Where crimes enormous, that debase the man,
Rise in their own defence : the long-drawn roll
Where the ascent and fall of states or men
Stand variously portrayed ; what is it else
Than a sad series of collective guilt,
Whence custom for each wantonness of ill
May draw the shameful precedent ?—*Layard.*

654. DAILY SERVICE : the Christian's desire.

SOMETHING, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering ;
In Thy dear name some kindness done ;
To Thy dear love some wanderer won ;
Some trial meekly borne for Thee,
Dear Lord, for Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
That to Thy gracious throne may rise
Sweet incense from some sacrifice,—
Uplifted eyes undimm'd by tears,
Uplifted faith unstain'd by fears,
Hailing each joy as light from Thee,
Dear Lord, from Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
For the great love that Thou hast given,
For the great hope of Thee and heaven,
My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenward wings,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee !'

655. DANGER.

THE absent danger greater still appears ;
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears.
Daniel.

Speak, speak, let terror strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.
Marston.

What is danger
More than the weakness of our apprehensions ?
A poor cold part o' th' blood ; who takes it hold of ?
Cowards and wicked livers : valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Our dangers and delights are near allies ;
From the same stem the rose and prickly rise.
Allyn.

656. DARKNESS. Spiritual

If in thy heart no golden sunlight lingers
To brighten life within,
And to thy ears earth's sweet and joyous singers
Make only doleful din ;

If, while the world is robed in peerless beauty,
Around thy spirit coil
Serpents of doubt and fear, and sacred duty
Is heavy, joyless toil ;

If when thy knees are bow'd in supplication,
Struggling to cast thy care
On Heaven, there comes no strength or consolation
In answer to thy prayer—

Seek not to find a reason for thy sadness
In Him who changeth not,
As if His hand withheld the light and gladness
Which thou hast vainly sought.

His loving-kindness is a fount unfailling,
For ever full and free ;
If life is dark and prayer is unavailing,
The hindrance is in thee.

Arise and search thy heart—let nothing stay thee ;
The fatal cause is there ;
This traitor in thy soul may else betray thee
To ruin and despair.

Nor doubt, when thou with heart contrite and lowly
Hast all thy sins confess'd,
Thy night shall pass away, and God the holy
Shall hear and give thee rest.—*Devart.*

Not Thou from us, O Lord ! but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art cover'd with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh teach us that we do not say,
'Where is *Thy* brightness fled ?'

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
For Thou remainest still the same ;
But earth's own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.—*Trench.*

657. DAVID. Psalms of

SEE Judah's promised king, bereft of all,
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul.
To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.

Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice ;
Hear him, o'erwhelm'd with sorrows, yet rejoice ;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart ;
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake :
His soul exults ; hope animates his lays ;
The sense of mercy kindles into praise ;
And wilds, familiar with the lion's roar,
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before.

Cowper.

658. DAY. Beginning the

BEGIN the day with God !
He is thy sun and day ;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn !
Join the glad woods and hills ;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Awake, cold lips, and sing !
Arise, dull knees, and pray ;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;
Brush slothfulness away.

Take thy first meal with God !
He is thy heavenly food ;
Feed *with* and *on* Him ; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God !
Let Him go forth with thee ;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above ;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.—*Bonar.*

659. DAY. Dawn of

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, 'O mists, make room for me !'

It hail'd the ships, and cried, 'Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake ! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !'

It touch'd the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing !'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near !'

It whisper'd to the fields of corn,
 'Bow down, and hail the coming morn !'
 It shouted through the belfry-tower,
 'Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour.'
 It cross'd the churchyard with a sigh,
 And said, 'Not yet ! in quiet lie.'—*Longfellow.*

660. DAY. Lost

LOST ! lost ! lost !
 A gem of countless price,
 Cut from the living rock,
 And graved in Paradise :
 Set round with three times eight
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,
 And each with sixty smaller ones,
 All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
 In fashion's mazes wind,
 Where trilleth folly's song,
 Leaving a sting behind.
 Yet to my hand 'twas given,
 A golden harp to buy,
 Such as the white-robed choir attune
 To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost ! lost ! lost !
 I feel all search in vain ;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again :
 I offer no reward, —
 For till these heart-strings sever
 I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
 Is left away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
 Like burning scroll, have fled,
 I'll see it in His hand,
 Who judgeth quick and dead ;
 And when of scathe and loss
 That man can ne'er repair,
 The dread inquiry meets the soul,
 What shall it answer there ?

Mrs Sigourney.

661. DAY. Question for each

At evening to myself I say,
 Soul, where hast thou glean'd to-day,
 Thy labours how bestow'd ?
 What hast thou rightly said, or done ?
 What grace attain'd, or knowledge won,
 In following after God?—*Charles Wesley.*

662. DAY. Rainy

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;

The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.
 My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow.

663. DAY OF JUDGMENT : a day of joy.

Lo, the Day !—the Day of Life,
 Day of unimagined light,
 Day when Death itself shall die,
 And there shall be no more night !

Steadily that Day approacheth,
 When the just shall find their rest,
 When the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
 By the just expected long,
 Long implored, at length He hasteth,
 Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,
 Sweet, and joyful it will be
 When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
 Jesus face to face shall see !

In that Day, how good and pleasant
 This poor world to have despised !
 And how mournful, and how bitter,
 Dear that lost world to have prized !

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners,
 Who for Christ have toil'd and died,
 Driven by the world's rough pressure
 In those mansions to abide !

There shall be no sighs or weeping,
 Not a shade of doubt or fear ;
 No old age, no want, or sorrow,
 Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,
 Deep and solemn joy be shed,
 Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
 And salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture
 None can dream and none can tell,
 There to reign among the angels,
 In that heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, oh, call me !
 Deign to open that blest gate,
 Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
 I, with eager hope, await !

Tr. from the Latin by Mrs Charles.

664. DAY OF JUDGMENT. Dies Iræ.

DAY of wrath ! that Day foretold
 By the saints and seers of old,
 Shall the world in flames infold.

What a trembling, what a fear,
 When the dread Judge shall appear,
 Strictly searching far and near !

Hark ! the trumpet's wondrous tone,
 Through the tombs of every zone,
 Summons all before the throne.

Death shall shiver, nature quake,
 When the creatures shall awake,
 Answer to their Judge to make.

Lo, the book of ages spread,
 From which all the deeds are read
 Of the living and the dead.

Now, before the Judge severe,
 Hidden things must all appear ;
 Nought shall pass unpunish'd here.

Wretched man, what shall I plead,
 Who for me will intercede,
 When the righteous mercy need ?

King of dreadful majesty,
 Author of salvation free,
 Fount of pity, save Thou me !

Recollect, good Lord, I pray,
 I have caused Thy bitter way :
 Don't forget me on that Day !

Weariest Thou seeking me,
 Died'st, redeeming, on the tree,
 Let such toil not fruitless be !

Judge of righteousness severe,
 Grant me full remission here,
 Ere the reckoning-Day appear.

Sighs and tears my sorrow speak,
 Shame and grief are on my cheek :
 Mercy, mercy, Lord ! I seek.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive,
 And absolve the dying thief :
 Even I may hope relief.

Worthless are my prayers, I know ;
 Yet, O Christ ! Thy mercy show :
 Save me from eternal woe !

Make me with Thy sheep to stand,
 Far from the convicted band,
 Placing me at Thy right hand.

When the cursed are put to shame,
 Cast into devouring flame,
 With the blest then call my name !

Suppliant at Thy feet I lie,
 Contrite in the dust I cry :
 Care Thou for me when I die !

Thomas of Celano, tr. by Schaff.

665. DAYS : not to be despised.

WHY do we heap huge mounds of years before us
 and behind,
 And scorn the little days that pass like angels on the
 wind ?

Each turning round a small, sweet face as beautiful
 as near,

Because it is so small a face we will not see it clear ;
 And so it turns from us, and goes away in sad dis-
 dain ;

Though we could give our lives for it, it never comes
 again.

666. DEAD. State of the

Hamlet. To be, or not to be,—that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep ;—
 No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?

Shakespeare.

667. DEATH : a blessed transition.

OUT of the shadows of sadness,
 Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the Blest ;
 Out of a land very dreary,
 Out of the world of the weary,
 Into the rapture of Rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
 Into a blissful to-morrow,
 Into a day without gloom ;
 Out of a land fill'd with sighing ;
 Land of the dead and the dying ;
 Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
 Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
 Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er ;
 Into a land calm and quiet,
 Never a storm cometh nigh it—
 Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
 Perish and fade all the flowers—
 Out of the land of decay ;
 Into the Eden where fairest
 Of flow'rets, and sweetest and rarest,
 Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
 Throng'd with the anguish'd and ailing,
 Out of the world of the sad ;
 Into the world that rejoices ;
 World of bright visions and voices ;
 Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,
 Out of a land very mournful,
 Where in bleak exile we roam ;
 Into a joy-land above us,
 Where there's a Father to love us ;
 Into ' Our Home, Sweet Home.'—*Ryan.*

668. DEATH. A Child's

FULL short his journey was ; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals clave ;
 The weary weight that old man must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seem'd a cherub who had lost his way
 And wander'd hither, so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God :
 O blest word—Evermore !—*Lowell.*

669. DEATH. A Christian's

YOU tell me I am dying ;
 Is this to die ?
 In sweet composure lying,
 No thought of pain or sighing :
 Is Death so nigh ?

I feel no fear in dying ;
 Is this to die ?
 On Jesus' grace relying,
 No doubt my calm heart trying,
 Serene I lie.

Where is the sting of dying,
 If thus I die ?
 My soul in peace replying,
 To love all-satisfying,
 And Christ so nigh !

Why should I shrink from dying
 When thus I die ?
 My Faith its watchword crying,
 My Love with banner flying,
 In victory.

From Earth to Heaven is dying ?
 I joy to die !
 The blissful ramparts nighing,
 Their light and glories spying,
 I mount on high.

My Saviour comes in dying,
 In Him I die !
 With His soft call complying,
 On His warm bosom lying,
 To live I die.—*Taylor.*

670. DEATH : a departure described.

IN the June twilight, in the soft, grey twilight,
 The yellow sun-glow trembling through the rainy
 eve,
 As my love lay quiet, came the solemn fiat,
 'All these things for ever, for ever thou must
 leave.'

My love she sank down quivering, like a pine in
 tempest shivering,
 'I have had so little happiness as yet beneath the
 sun ;

I have call'd the shadow sunshine, and the merest
 frosty moonshine
 I have, weeping, bless'd the Lord for, as if day-
 light had begun.

'Till He sent a sudden angel, with a glorious sweet
 evangel,
 Who turn'd all my tears to pearl-gems, and crown'd
 me,—so little worth ;

Me! and through the rainy even changed my poor
earth into heaven,
Or, by wondrous revelation, brought the heavens
down to earth.

'Oh the strangeness of the feeling!—oh the infinite
revealing,—
'To think how God must love me to have made
me so content!
Though I would have served Him humbly, and
patiently, and dumbly,
Without any angel standing in the pathway that I
went.'

In the June twilight, in the lessening twilight,
My love cried from my bosom an exceeding bitter
cry:

'Lord, wait a little longer, until my soul is stronger!
Oh wait till Thou hast taught me to be content to
die!'

Then the tender face, all woman, took a glory super-
human,
And she seem'd to watch for something, or see
some I could not see:

From my arms she rose full-statured, all transfigured,
queently-featured,—
'As Thy will is done in heaven, so on earth still
let it be!'

I go lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only
The vestibule of palaces whose courts we never
win:

Yet I see my palace shining, where my love sits
amaranths twining,
And I know the gates stand open, and I shall
enter in!—*D. M. Mulock.*

671. DEATH: a passage.

DEATH's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God.—*Parnell.*

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies, and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.

Hurdis.

672. DEATH. A Poet's

THE dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind, that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-fields keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine—

Bless'd is the brightness of a summer's day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray?
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—

Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?—
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade
away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steep'd in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul! in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to go;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower:
Death comes to lead me from mortality
To lands which know not one unhappy hour:—
I have a hope, a faith;—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better, there?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day! shine on—be glad:—Days brighter far
Are stretch'd before my eyes than those of mortal are!

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
I would be laid where happy hearts can come:—
The worthless clay I heed not; but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now:—

Open my chamber-window—let me look
Upon the silent vales—the sunny glow—
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood
nook:—

I know them—love them—mourn not them to leave,
Existence and its change my spirit cannot grieve!

Nicoll.

673. DEATH: a sleep.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious 'hiding-place';
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!

Margaret Mackay.

674. DEATH. Best time for

AND could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But served our friends, and well secured our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose;
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.
Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears,
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.

Dryden.

675. DEATH: cannot be delayed.

No kings nor nations
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.

Dryden.

All has its date below. The fatal hour
Was register'd in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too.—*Cowper.*

676. DEATH. Chamber of

THE death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hands; it merits a Divine:
Angels should paint it; angels ever there,
There on a post of honour and of joy.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask;
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here, real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue. . . .
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death; and points them out to men:
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion—and to virtue, peace.—*Young.*

677. DEATH: comes to all.

I.O now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Shakespeare.

From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.—*Prior.*

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

Dryden.

The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.

Pope.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Gray.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of strange adventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!

Scott.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear
Which all who love beneath this sky
Feel when they gaze on what is dear,—
The dreadful thought that it must die!—*Moore.*

The black camel death kneeleth once at each door,
And a mortal must mount to return nevermore.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

678. DEATH: comfort for the dying.

ALONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before;
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet, the soul may faint;
Alone! Oh that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar;
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No form of earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more!
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
To begin alone to live for evermore!
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease,—
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? *No!* God hath been there long before;
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home.

And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches, He hath sat
As if there were none else for whom to wait—
Waiting for us, for us
Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here.

Oh is He not the life-long Friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore;
The faithful One, whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those

On whom we lean'd most in our earthly strife:
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore;
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves,—yet we shall love far more:
True love of Him begins upon that shore.

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet here below,
And find our rest, like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!
Faber.

679. DEATH. Comfort in

WILL toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities, with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Young.

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

Goldsmith.

That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.—*Moore.*

680. DEATH: conquered.

In the bonds of Death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain:
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again!
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud, with cheerful voice:
Hallelujah!

Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death:
Sin this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth;
Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
Would all men in his prison hold:
Hallelujah!

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite;

All our sins away hath done,
 Done away Death's power and right ;
 Only the form of Death is left,
 Of his sting he is bereft :
 Hallelujah !

That was a wondrous war I trow,
 When Life and Death together fought ;
 But Life hath triumph'd o'er his foe,
 Death is mock'd and set at nought ;
 'Tis even as the Scripture saith,
 Christ through death has conquer'd Death :
 Hallelujah !

The rightful Paschal Lamb is He,
 On whom alone we all must live,
 Who to death upon the tree,
 Himself in wondrous love did give.
 Faith strikes His blood upon the door,
 Death sees, and dares not harm us more :
 Hallelujah !—*Martin Luther.*

681. DEATH. Contemplating

YES, 'tis the hand
 Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
 Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
 My moments now are few—the sand of life
 Ebbs fastly to its finish. Yet a little,
 And the last fleeting particle will fall
 Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
 Come, then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
 While meditate we may. We have now
 But a small portion of what men call time
 To hold communion ; for even now the knife,
 The separating knife, I feel divide
 The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
 Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die ;
 And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
 Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,
 And disappointment still pursued her blandishments,
 Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
 As I contemplate the dim gulf of Death,
 The shuddering void, the awful blank—futility.
 Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
 Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
 And fraught with loveliness ; and it is hard
 To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
 Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
 And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
 Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
 Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry ?
 Oh ! none ; another busy brood of beings
 Will shoot up in the interim ; and none
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
 Of busy London : some short bustle's caused,

A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
 And all's forgotten.—*H. K. White.*

682. DEATH. Court of

FOR within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antick sits
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable : and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell king !
Shakespeare.

683. DEATH. Desire for

To languish for his native air
 Can the poor wandering exile cease ?
 The tired his wish of rest forbear ?
 The tortured help desiring ease ?
 The slave no more for freedom sigh,
 Or I no longer pine to die ?
 As shipwreck'd mariners desire
 With eager grasp to reach the shore ;
 As hirelings long to obtain their hire,
 And veterans wish their warfare o'er ;
 I languish from this earth to flee,
 And gasp for immortality.—*Charles Wesley.*

684. DEATH : dreadful to the worldling.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !
 To him that is at ease in his possessions,
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 Oh, might she stay, to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !
 Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror ; but the foe,
 Like a stanch murderer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
 Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.—*Blair.*

685. DEATH. Duty the best preparation for

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the next sun

Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone ;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night, for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, 'Lord, within Thy keeping,
How should I fear ?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will.'

I might not sleep for awe ; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long ; and when the morning splendour
Flash'd o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile,—could calmly say,
'It is His day.'

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master !
Other than this,—
Still go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee ?

Step by step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen ;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tem-
pest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,—
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God ; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise ;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth ;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always ;

Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's ;
Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait
If Thou come late !

686. DEATH. Early

LAST night, on coughing slightly, with sharp pain
There came arterial blood, and with a sigh
Of absolute grief I cried in bitter vein,
That drop is my death-warrant : I must die.

Poor, meagre life is mine, meagre and poor !
Rather a piece of childhood thrown away ;
An adumbration faint ; the overture
To stifled music ; year that ends in May ;

The sweet beginning of a tale unknown,—
All its deep rich vermilion crush'd and kill'd
I' th' bud by frost :—Thus in false fear I cried,
Forgetting that to abolish death Christ died.

Gray.

687. DEATH: encouragement for the dying.

HAPPY soul ! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love !

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest !
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign !

Charles Wesley.

688. DEATH. Equality in

WHAT is death ? 'Tis to be free,
No more to love or hope or fear,
To join the great equality ;
All, all alike are humbled there.
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave ;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house—the tomb.—*Croly.*

It is a monitory truth, I ween,
That, turning up the ashes of the grave,
One can discern no difference between
The richest sultan and the poorest slave.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

689. DEATH : feared.

AH, what a sign it is of evil life
 When death's approach is seen so terrible !
Shakespeare.

Poor abject creatures ! how they fear to die
 Who never knew one happy hour in life,
 Yet shake to lay it down ! Is load so pleasant ?
 Or has Heaven hid the happiness of death,
 That man may dare to live ?—*Dryden.*

690. DEATH : foreseen and feared.

EACH son of Adam's family beheld,
 Where'er he turn'd, whatever path of life
 He trod, thy goblin form before him stand,
 Like trusty old assassin, in his aim
 Steady and sure as eye of destiny,
 With scythe, and dart, and strength invincible,
 Equipp'd, and ever menacing his life.
 He turn'd aside, he drown'd himself in sleep,
 In wine, in pleasure; travell'd, voyaged, sought
 Receipts for health from all he met; betook
 To business speculate; retired; return'd
 Again to active life; again retired;
 Return'd; retired again; prepared to die;
 Talk'd of thy nothingness; conversed of life
 To come; laugh'd at his fears; fill'd up the cup;
 Drank deep; refrain'd; fill'd up; refrain'd again;
 Plann'd; built him round with splendour, won
 applause;
 Made large alliances with men and things;
 Read deep in science and philosophy,
 To fortify his soul; heard lectures prove
 The present ill, and future good; observed
 His pulse beat regular; extended hope;
 Thought, dissipated thought, and thought again;
 Indulged, abstain'd, and tried a thousand schemes
 To ward thy blow, or hide thee from his eye;
 But still thy gloomy terrors, dipp'd in sin,
 Before him frown'd, and wither'd all his joy.
 Still, fear'd and hated thing, thy ghostly shape
 Stood in his avenues of fairest hope;
 Unmannerly, and uninvited, crept
 Into his haunts of most select delight:
 Still, on his halls of mirth, and banqueting,
 And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen
 Writing thy name of—Death. Vile worm, that
 gnaw'd
 The root of all his happiness terrene; the gall
 Of all his sweet; the thorn of every rose
 Of earthly bloom; cloud of his noon-day sky;
 Frost of his spring; sigh of his loudest laugh;
 Dark spot on every form of loveliness;
 Fank smell amidst his rarest spiceries;
 Harsh dissonance of all his harmony;

Reserve of every promise, and the if
 Of all to-morrows.—*Pollok.*

691. DEATH : forgotten.

BEHOLD the inexorable hour at hand !
 Behold the inexorable hour forgot !
 And to forget it the chief aim of life,
 Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.
 Is death, that ever-threatening, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only sure,
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest ?
 Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind imprudence, unexpected still,
 Though numerous messengers are sent before
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
 The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill ?
 All heaven looks down, astonish'd at the sight.

Is it that Life has sown her joys so thick
 We can't thrust in a single care between ?
 Is it that Life has such a swarm of cares,
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?
 Is it that Time steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream ?
 To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same.
 Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook,
 For ever changing, unperceived the change.
 In the same brook none ever bathed him twice :
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the brook the same; the same we think
 Our life, though still more rapid in its flow,
 Nor mark the much irrevocably lapsed,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
 That life is like a vessel on the stream ?
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of time descend, but not on time intent;
 Amused, unconscious of the gliding wave,
 Till on a sudden we perceive a shock.
 We start—awake—look out. What see we there ?
 Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought !
 Or is it judgment by the will struck blind,
 That domineering mistress of the soul !
 Like him so strong by Delilah the fair ?
 Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
 From looking down a precipice so steep ?
 'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely placed
 By nature, conscious of the make of man.
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
 By that unawed, in life's most smiling hour,
 The good man would repine; would suffer joys,
 And burn impatient for his promised skies.
 The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride,

Or gleam of humour, would give rage the rein,
 Bous'd o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
 And mar the schemes of providence below.—*Young.*

692. DEATH: forgotten.

THEY pass'd their precious hours in plays and sports,
 Till Death behind came stalking on unseen.

Dryden.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Young.

693. DEATH. Fruits of

WHEN Death strikes down the innocent and young,
 For every fragile form from which he lets

The parting spirit free,

A hundred virtues rise,

In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,

To walk the world and bless it.

Of every tear

That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
 Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

Dickens.

694. DEATH. Gain by

I go to life and not to death ;
 From darkness to life's native sky ;
 I go from sickness and from pain
 To health and immortality.

Let our farewell, then, be tearless,
 Since I bid farewell to tears ;
 Write this day of my departure
 Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
 From rags to raiment angel-fair,
 From the pale leanness of this flesh
 To beauty such as saints shall wear.

I go from chains to liberty,
 These fetters will be broken soon ;
 Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
 I walk beneath a glorious noon.

For toil there comes the crown'd rest ;
 Instead of burdens, eagles' wings ;
 And I, ev'n I, this life-long thirst
 Shall quench at everlasting springs.

God lives ! Who says that I must die ?
 I cannot, while Jehovah liveth !
 Christ lives ! I cannot die, but live ;
 He life to me for ever giveth.—*Bonar.*

695. DEATH : God's angel.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke ;

The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
 The sombre houses, hurs'd with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect was the same,
 Alike their features, and their robes of white ;
 But one was crown'd with amaranth as a flame,
 And one with asphodels like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd,
 ' Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest !'

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending at my door, began to knock ;
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells
 The water sinks, before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
 The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
 That oft before had fill'd and haunted me,
 And now return'd with threefold strength again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
 And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
 And, knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that fill'd the house with light,
 ' My errand is not death, but life,' he said ;
 And, ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing, descended, and, with voice divine,
 Whisper'd a word that had a sound like 'death.'

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin,
 And, softly from the hush'd and darken'd room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! if He but wave His hand,
 The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messenger to shut the door ?

Longfellow.

696. DEATH. Heathen view of

WHAT has this bugbear Death to frighten men,
 If souls can die as well as bodies can ?
 For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
 When Punic arms infested land and main,

When heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd,
For the debated empire of the world,
Which awed with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway;
So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.

Lucrætiûs, tr. by John Dryden.

697. DEATH. Hope in

THERE came a little child, with sunny hair,
All fearless to the brink of death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the joy and giver;
And as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say, 'My Saviour makes them bright.'

NEXT came a youth, with bearing most serene,
Nor turn'd a single backward look of sadness;
But as he left each gay and flowery scene,
Smiling declared, 'My soul is thrill'd with glad-
ness;

What earth deems bright, for ever I resign,
Joyful but this to know, that Christ is mine!'

AN aged mourner, trembling, totter'd by,
And paused a moment by the swelling river;
Then glided on beneath the shadowy sky,
Singing, 'Christ Jesus is my *strength* for ever:
Upon His arm my feeble soul I lean;
My glance meets His without a space between.'

AND scarce her last triumphant note had died,
Ere hasten'd on a man of wealth and learning,
Who cast at once his bright renown aside,
These only words unto his friends returning:
'Christ for my wisdom thankfully I own,
And as a little child I seek His throne.'

THEN saw I this—that, whether guileless child,
Or youth, or age, or genius, won salvation,
Each *self-renouncing* came; on each God smiled;
Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
For loss of friends—earth's pleasures and renown;
Each enter'd heaven, and 'by His side sat down.'

698. DEATH: how soon its lessons are forgotten.

WE bleed, we tremble—we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool before the cheek is dry.
Our quick returning folly cancels all
As the tide rushing razes what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

Young.

699. DEATH: how the fear of it is to be over come.

THERE are who tell me I should be
So firm of faith, so void of fear,
So fill'd with calm, courageous cheer
(Assured through Christ's security
There is a place prepared), that I
Should dare not be afraid to die.

THEY question of the nameless dread
With lifted brow, as if I let
Untoward human weakness fret
My spirit overmuch, and tread
Through even sunshine paths beneath
The ever conscious chill of death.

THEY talk about the fuller life,
Ungarmented of clinging clay;
And marvel I should care to stay
'Mid the distraction and the strife
That rasp the flesh and blur the eye—
Since only they are safe who die.

WHo calls it cowardice to shrink
Before the avouchment that not one
Of all time's myriad myriads—none
Whose feet have cross'd the fatal brink—
Has ever come to breathe life's breath
Again, and tell us what *is* death?

WE know that into outmost space,
Snatch'd sheer of earth, the spirit goes,
Alone, stark, silent. But who knows
The awful whitherward?—the place
That never any mortal eye
Had glimpse of, into which we die?

WHo knows? God only. On His word
I wholly rest, I solely lean—
The single voice that sounds between
Th' eternities! No ear hath heard
One whisper else, one faintest breath,
That hath reveal'd the why of death.

I think of all who've pass'd the strife—
Wan women, who have fail'd to face
With bravery of timorous grace
The daily apprehensive life—
Who yet, with passionate arms stretch'd high,
Through ecstasy, could smile and die.

SWEET, tender children, who would scare
To walk beneath the dark alone,
With none whose hand might hold their own,
Who've met the Terror unaware,
And call'd it, with their passing breath,
An angel, dreaming not 'twas Death.

And I am comforted. Because
 The grace that bore these tremblers through
 Can fold its strength about me too,
 And show me that my quailing was,
 As theirs, a phantom that will fly,
 Dawn-smitten, when I come to die.

Hope, a fair vision, calm and bright,
 Points where my risen Lord hath lain ;
 And Faith accepts His bitter pain
 (My other angel clothed in white !),
 As borne for love of me, and saith :
 ' Behold ! He slays the slayer, Death ! '

Therefore I cleave with simple trust,
 Amid my griefs, amid my fears,
 Through the procession of my years,
 The years that bear me back to dust,
 And cry : ' Ah ! Christ, if Thou be nigh,
 I shall be strong and glad to die. '

Margaret F. Preston.

700. DEATH : impartial.

We look at man, and wonder at such odds
 'Twixt things that were the same by birth :
 We look on kings as giants of the earth ;
 These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
 The humblest bush, and proudest oak,
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and
 power,
 Have their short flourishing hour ;
 And love to see themselves and smile,
 And joy in their pre-eminence awhile ;
 Ev'n so, in the same land,

Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand :
 Alas ! death mows down all with an impartial hand.

Cowley.

701. DEATH : inevitable.

MEN must endure
 Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
Shakespeare.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Shakespeare.

702. DEATH : is going home.

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But, oh, the joy upon the shore
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;

Bare all he *could* endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone,
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm !
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly he had fail'd !
 How nearly had that foe prevail'd !

The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penn'd ;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end :
 But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died !

The exile is at home !
 O nights and days of tears !
 O longings not to roam !
 O sins and doubts and fears !
 What matter now, when, so men say,
 The King has wiped those tears away !

O happy, happy bride !
 Thy widow'd hours are past,
 The Bridegroom at thy side,
 Thou all His own at last !
 The sorrows of thy former cup
 In full fruition swallow'd up !
St Joseph of the Studium, tr. by J. M. Neale.

703. DEATH : is release.

IF one had watch'd a prisoner many a year,
 Standing behind a barr'd window-pane,
 Fetter'd with heavy handcuff and with chain,
 And gazing on the blue sky, far and clear ;
 And suddenly some morning he should hear
 The man had in the night contrived to gain
 His freedom, and was safe, would this bring pain ?
 Ah ! would it not to dullest heart appear
 Good tidings ?

Yesterday I look'd on one
 Who lay as if asleep in perfect peace.
 His long imprisonment for life was done.
 Eternity's great freedom his release
 Had brought. Yet they who loved him call'd him
 dead,
 And wept, refusing to be comforted.—*Helen Hunt.*

704. DEATH : its approach.

I FEEL death rising higher still, and higher
 Within my bosom ; every breath I fetch

Shuts up my life within a shorter compass :
And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air. — *Dryden*.

705. DEATH : its period uncertain.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !
Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time of softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Mrs Hemans.

706. DEATH : its place and period uncertain.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say,
'Thou must rise and come away ;

'All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last,'—

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying,—light and life are o'er ?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap ; round my bed
Prayer be made, and tears be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which, parting, it must grieve ?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore ?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep ?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain ?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow.

Come thou must, and we must die :
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye. — *Trench.*

707. DEATH : its power.

By thee high thrones to earth are flung—
By thee the sword and sceptre rust—
By thee the beautiful and young
Lie mouldering in the dust.
Into thy cold and faded reign
All glorious things of earth depart ;
The fairest forms are early slain,
And quench'd the fiery heart. — *Colton.*

708. DEATH : may come without warning.

THEY tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see ;
They say that, at any moment, the Lord of life may
come,

To lift me from this cloud-land into the light of
home.

They say I may have no warning ; I may not even
hear

The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth
near ;

Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall
The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the
Master's call.

Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright
and sunny day,

When, with dear ones all around me, my life seems
bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,
Up from this dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the mild and
quiet night,

When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moon-
beam's silvery light,

When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering
land and sea,

Perhaps in the holy stillness the Master will come
for me.

I think I would rather hear it, that Voice so low and
sweet,

Calling me out from the shadows, my blessed Lord
to meet,

Up through the glowing splendours of a starry,
earthly night,

To 'see the King in His beauty,' in a land of purer
light.

709. DEATH. Meeting after

WHAT a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom death hath sunder'd did not meet again !
Southey.

710. DEATH. *Mors janua vite.*

ALL day the sun hath hid his face,
The sky is one dull leaden cloud,
Joy seemeth but a vanish'd dream,
And grief and gloom the world enshroud.

Across the river's sullen waves
With ceaseless moan the chill winds blow,
And through the storm I hear afar
The church-bell tolling sad and slow.

O blessed dead ! though 'dust to dust'
The winds with wailing voice repeat,
And wild as Love's rebellious tears
The sobbing rains above thee beat,

For thee earth's Winter, bleak and drear,
Hath changed to never-ending Spring ;
For thee the heavenly amaranths bloom,
And birds in happy valleys sing ;

And yet we kneel beside the grave
With all God's wise decrees at strife,—
O doubting hearts, so slow to learn
That Death is but the door of Life !

We follow not on wings of faith
The freed soul soaring swift and far,
Nor see, beyond the azure fields,
Christ's hand the golden gate unbar.

Our sad tears blind us to the light
Of heaven's glad day, serene and long ;
We chant our dirges, and forget
The rapture of the angels' song.

Mary B. Sleight.

711. DEATH. *Mors janua vite.*

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last ;
Who was and is ; who liveth and was dead :
Beyond the reach of death He now has pass'd,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

The tomb is empty ; so, ere long, shall be
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose ;
They died with Him who died upon the tree,
They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

Death has not slain them ; they are freed, not slain :
It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have enter'd ; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved ;
For death can only what is death's destroy ;
And, when this earth's short ages have revolved,
The disimprison'd life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain
And mortal weariness is over now :
Youth, health, and comeliness return again ;
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest,
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

Bonar.

712. DEATH. Mystery of

SEE before us in our journey broods a mist upon the
ground ;

Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with
that gloomy bound.

Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery
they screen,

Those who once have pass'd within it, never more on
earth are seen.

Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming
distance lowers,

Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with
summer green and flowers.

Yet it blots the way for ever ; there our journey ends
at last :

Into that dark cloud we enter and are gather'd to the
past.

Thou who in this flinty pathway, leading through a
stranger land,

Passeth down the rocky valley, walking with me
hand in hand,

Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim
Unknown,
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty
path alone?
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white
with fear,
And thou clingest to my side as the dark mist comes
sweeping near.
'Here,' thou say'st, 'the path is rugged, sown with
thorns that wound the feet;
But the shelter'd glens are lovely, and the rivulet's
song is sweet:
Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend
from ledges brown;
Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine
gushes down.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly
shadow lies,
From the things I know and love, and from the sight
of loving eyes.'
So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see, we tread a
rougher way;
Fainter grow the gleams of sunshine that upon the
dark rocks play;
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags
o'er which we pass;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with
tufts of wither'd grass.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer
view,
See, beneath its sullen skirts the rosy morning glim-
mers through.
One, whose feet the thorns have wounded, enter'd
thither and came back,
With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the dreary
track.
Boldly enter where He enter'd: all that seems but
darkness here,
When thou once hast pass'd beyond it, haply shall be
crystal clear;
See from that serenest realm the walks of human life
may lie
Like the page of some familiar volume open to mine
eye.
Haply from the o'erhanging shadow thou may'st
stretch an unseen hand
To support the wavering steps that print with blood
the rugged land.
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim all unweeting thou
art near,
Thou may'st whisper words of warning and of com-
fort in his ear,
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery
bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherish'd stand with
thee in peace and light.—*Bryant*.

713. DEATH. Mystery of

THAT undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.—*Shakespeare*.

I ere long that precipice must tread,
Whence none return, that leads unto the dead.
Sandys.

The rest are vanish'd, none repossess the gate,
And not a man appears to tell their fate.
Pope.

714. DEATH. Nature of

WHAT is death? oh! what is death?

'Tis the snapping of the chain;

'Tis the breaking of the bowl;

'Tis relief from every pain;

'Tis freedom to the soul;

'Tis the setting of the sun

To rise again to-morrow,

A brighter course to run,

Nor sink again in sorrow.

Such is death! yes, such is death!

What is death? oh! what is death!

'Tis slumber to the weary;

'Tis rest to the forlorn;

'Tis shelter to the dreary;

'Tis peace amid the storm;

'Tis the entrance to our home;

'Tis the passage to that God

Who bids His children come

When their weary course is trod.

Such is death! yea, such is death!

715. DEATH: never really longed for.

WHATEVER crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath,
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;

Oh, life, not death, for which we pant!

More life, and fuller, that I want!—*Tennyson*.

716. DEATH: not to be feared.

THE sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.—*Shakespeare*.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.—*Shakespeare*.

This world death's region is, the other life's;
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as each might judge us past it:
For good men but *see* death, the wicked *taste* it.

Jonson.

Death is not dreadful to a mind resolved,
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.—*Lee.*

What life refused, to gain by death he thought:
For life and death are but indiff'rent things,
And of themselves not to be shunn'd nor sought,
But for the good or ill that either brings.

Earl of Stirling.

Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surprised,
Which either should be wish'd for, or despised:
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy:
What else is to be fear'd? when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain.—*Denham.*

717. DEATH: not to be feared.

WHY start at death? where is he? death arrived,
Is past; not come or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.—*Young.*

Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.—*Young.*

718. DEATH: not to be feared.

WHY should these eyes be tearful
For years too swiftly fled?
And why these feet be fearful
The onward path to tread?
Why should a chill come o'er me
At thoughts of death as near?
Or when I see before me
The silent gates appear?

Behold my Saviour dying!
I hear His parting breath;
Entomb'd I see him lying,
A captive held of death;
Yet peacefully He sleepeth,
No foe disturbs Him now,
And love divine still keepeth
Its impress on His brow.

But lo! the seal is broken!
Roll'd back the mighty stone,
In vain was set the token
That friend and foe should own.
The weeping Mary bending
Sees not her Saviour there;
But sons of light attending
A joyful message bear.

The Lord is risen: He liveth,
The First-born from the dead;
To Him the Father giveth
To be creation's Head.
O'er all for ever reigning,
Of death He holds the keys;
And hell—his might constraining—
Obeys His high decrees.

Flies now the gloom that shaded
The vale of death to me;
The terrors that invaded
Are lost, O Christ, in Thee!
The grave, no more appalling,
Invites me to repose;
Asleep in Jesus falling,
To rise as Jesus rose.

Oh! when to life awaking,
The night for ever gone,
My soul, this dust forsaking,
Puts incorruption on,
Lord, in Thy lustre shining,
In Thine own beauty drest,
My sun no more declining,
Thy service be my rest.—*Ray Palmer.*

719. DEATH: not to be sought.

IF thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd.—*Milton.*

To death I with such joy resort
As seamen from a tempest to their port;
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.

Denham.

720. DEATH: of how little it can bereave us.

TAKE them, O Death, and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image stamp'd upon this clay
Doth give thee that, but that alone.

Take them, O Grave, and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

Longfellow.

721. DEATH: of the gifted.

WHY do we moan, and wonderingly complain,
And murmur, 'O mysterious ways of God!
When the fine gold whence beams His image plain
Is stored within His innermost abode?

It were mysterious if the Master's hand
Lavish'd its skill some choice work to prepare,
And then, unfinish'd, cast it on the strand
To perish incomplete and broken there.

But when the last completing touch is given,
The master-touch that all the rest inspires,
And the rich colours and the gold of heaven,—
Enamell'd in the last of many fires,—

Shine forth at length to full perfection wrought,
A vessel meet the Master's House to grace,
A picture breathing with the Master's thought,
A portrait beaming back the Master's Face;—

What wonder if His treasure then He take,
When earthly damps the burnish'd gold might
dim,
When careless hands the gracious form might break,
Take to the Father's House, within, with Him?

What wonder, when the training of the schools
Has done such work as schools and lessons can;
When through the discipline of tasks and rules
The boy compacts, expands into the man,—

If to the field the Father bids him come,
Where manhood's earnest standards are unfurl'd?
Is not the school an exile from the home?
Is not the school the threshold of a world?

Who wonders, when the finish'd gem is borne
Its light upon the sovereign's brow to yield?—
Who would not wonder if the ripen'd corn
Were left to perish on the harvest-field?

Yet we who wander o'er the leafless land,
Where golden seas waved musical and fair;
On us falls heavily, as thus we stand,
The blank and silence of the falling year.

Still at the school we miss the brother's eye,
Whose working near us made us work our best,
Whose generous smile still drew our aims on high,
Whose ripe achievement shamed self-soothing rest.

We mourn, 'O God! we needed him so much!
Here are so many tangling coils to loose,
So many hearts that need the tenderest touch,
So few hands train'd like his to finest use!

'And hast Thou thus through blows and fires,' we
sigh,

'And subtlest touches shaped this instrument
For choicest work, only to rest on high?'
But swift the answer smites our discontent:

'This earth is but for learning and for training,
Earth's highest work but such as children do,
The workmen here their priceless skill are gaining,
The true life-work is yonder, out of view.'

Lord, we would bow, while faith our grief controls,
And thank Thee for the liberating blow,
Which breaks these chains wherewith we cramp our
souls

To little rounded dreams of life below;—

Which shows this life doth but our life begin,
Is but *outside*, the porch of the Abode,
And death the going home, the entering in,
The stepping forth on the wide world of God.

E. C.

722. DEATH: of the gifted.

ALL who work for Him,
Both small and great, shall find a rich reward,—
No debt to them, but won by Jesus' blood.
Whoever treads the path of holiness,
God's hand shall keep. The weakest shall not fail,
And even a cup of water, for His sake
Bestow'd, He counts as precious; but the man
Who used *ten* talents in his Master's name,
And by his Master's grace, wisely, and well,
Had the *ten* cities given him to rule.
He who gives grace, gives glory, and the wise
Shall shine before His face as doth the sun—
They who turn many unto righteousness
Be as the stars for ever. He, the Lord,
The source of life, and light, and intellect,
When a great heart was on His altar laid,
And a great mind was given to His cause,
Did He not prize the gift and know its worth,
Who gave the grace that kept it for Himself?

And when that heart was set to do His work,
 'Mid failing strength that had been spent for Him
 Before its time, and that long yearning grew
 To see once more the far-off harvest-field,
 Where all the years of sowing had been pass'd ;
 Jesus who loves His own, and cares for them
 In all their cares and griefs, did He not know,
 And feel, and count most precious in His sight
 That work of patience, and that heart's desire,
 Which yet He did not grant, because His time
 Was come to give His servant higher life,
 And say that 'Well done,' which must be the crown
 Of bliss to finite spirits? All the way
 By which the Lord had led him, weariness,
 Sickness, or grief,—he knows the reason now,
 And sees the Lord's end in the light of heaven,
 With every shadow gone, and more than rest.

C. M. S.

723. DEATH : of the gifted.

THE death of those distinguish'd by their station,
 But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
 To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.
 Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
 Left to the toil of life. And yet the best
 Are, by the playful children of this world,
 At once forgot, as they had never been.

Thomson.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

Young.

Can that man be dead
 Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
 He lives in glory ; and his speaking dust
 Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.

Miss Landon.

724. DEATH : of the just.

THE bad man's death is horror ; but the just
 Keeps something of his glory in the dust.

Habington.

725. DEATH : our liberator.

THE wisest men are glad to die ; no fear
 Of death can touch a true philosopher :
 Death sets the soul at liberty to fly,
 Which, whilst imprison'd in the body here,
 She cannot learn.—*May.*

Then doth th' aspiring soul the body leave,
 Which we call death ; but were it known to all,
 What life our souls do by this death receive,
 Men would it birth or gaol delivery call.—*Davies.*

When death is coming near,
 When thy heart shrinks in fear,
 And thy limbs fail ;

Then raise thy hands and pray
 To Him who smooths thy way
 Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern dawn?
 Hear'st thou in the red morn
 The angels' song?
 Oh lift thy drooping head,
 Thou who in gloom and dread
 Hast lain so long!

Death comes to set thee free :
 Oh meet him cheerily
 As thy true friend,
 And all thy fears shall cease,
 And in eternal peace
 Thy penance end.

De La Motte Fouquet.

726. DEATH. Postponement of

TELL me, some god ! my guardian angel, tell
 What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
 Already at the door? He knocks ; we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
 Our untouch'd heart? what miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
 We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves ;
 Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
 We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
 And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault :
 How few themselves in that just mirror see !
 Or seeing, draw their inference as strong !
 There, Death is certain ; doubtful here ; he must,
 And soon ; we may, within an age, expire.
 Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are
 green !

Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
 Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve.

Young.

727. DEATH. Postponement of

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.—*Shakespeare.*

To-morrow comes ; 'tis noon ; 'tis night ;
 This day like all the former flies ;
 Yet on he runs to seek delight
 To-morrow, till to-night he dies.—*Prior.*

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study it with ingenious pains
To put it off! To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.

Hannah More.

728. DEATH. Prayer in prospect of

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt my terrors are in arms!
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod!

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence,'
Fain promise nevermore to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan!
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran!

O Thou great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee;
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling power assist ev'n me
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line:
Oh aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
Burns.

729. DEATH. Premature

DEATH lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Shakespeare.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-enfolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

Tennyson.

730. DEATH. Preparation for

'Tis our first intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, whilst we
Unburthen'd crawl towards death.—*Shakespeare.*

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers: vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must
strive.—*Byron.*

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

731. DEATH. Presence of

CLOSE the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth Angel
Is talking with Death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her,
He bears her away!
Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.

Come, stricken weeper!
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper;
Our idol is dead!
Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eyes;
No wonder such beauty
Was claim'd in the skies;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast;
So like a wild spirit
Stray'd from the blest,

Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave-slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

732. DEATH. Providence in

WHEN obedient nature knows His will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair can kill.—*Prior.*

When mortal man resigns his breath,
'Tis God directs the stroke of death ;
Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger.
The keys are in that Hand Divine ;
That Hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the death, and wing the dart
Which doth His message to our heart.

Charles Wesley.

733. DEATH. Readiness for

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire ;
So was she soon exhaled, and vanish'd hence,
A short, sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died ;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide ;
She pass'd serenely with a single breath ;
This moment perfect health, the next was death :
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :
So softly death succeeded life in her :
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expired with noise ;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice ;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest.
He took her as He found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go :
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepared ;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove ;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the Bridegroom was to come.
He kept His hour, and found her where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the day.

Dryden.

734. DEATH. Readiness for

A WAND'ERER I've been, and have travell'd for years,
By the stage-coach, the steam-boat, the train ;

I have known joyful meetings, have shed parting
tears,
With friends I might ne'er meet again.
And I've learn'd—let my farewells be joyous or sad—
No haste or distraction to show,
But with baggage pre-check'd, and with passage pre-
paid,
To have nothing to do but to go.

The loiterer, when over the iron-clad track
The train is heard coming apace,
For his ticket will clamour, and urge for his check,
In a whirl of impatient distress ;
While others, more timeful, with undisturb'd mien,
Will composedly pace to and fro,
Or, quietly seated, will wait for the train,
With nothing to do but to go.

Oh ! thus—I have thought—when we're call'd to
depart

For the land whence we never return,
May we feel we are fully prepared for the start,
When the death-sounding note we discern.
With our ticket secured, and our cares all at rest,
No disquieting thoughts may we know,
But tranquilly waiting be found at the last,
With nothing to do but to go.—*T. D. James.*

735. DEATH: rebukes ambition.

ILL-WEAVED ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.—*Shakespeare.*

O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—*Shakespeare.*

Why should man's high aspiring mind
Burn in him with so proud a breath ;
When all his haughty views can find
In this world, yield to death ;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, and great and small,
Are each but worms' anatomies,
To strew his quiet hall.—*Marvel.*

736. DEATH. Rejoicing at

THERE is weeping on earth for the lost !
There is bowing in grief to the ground !
But rejoicing and praise 'mid the sanctified host,
For a spirit in Paradise found !
Though brightness hath pass'd from the earth,
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,

And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,
Where are pleasures and fulness of joy,
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the garden of heaven !
Burleigh.

737. DEATH : reveals character.

A DEATH-BED's a detector of the heart :
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene ;
Here real and apparent are the same.—*Young.*

738. DEATH : reveals the worth of our treasures.

Nor to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
Cowper.

739. DEATH : should be kept constantly in view.

ON death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.
Raleigh.

740. DEATH : should be submitted to cheerfully.

COMFORT, dear mother : God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness His doing ;
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Shakespeare.

741. DEATH. Shrinking from

WITH terror thou dost strike me now, life's fearful
dying day !

My heart is sad, my loins are weak, my spirit faints
away,

While, to my sadden'd soul, thy sight my anxious
thoughts display.

Who can that dreadful sight describe, or without
trembling see,

When from the ended course of life the weary soul
would flee,

And, sick of all the bonds of flesh, it struggles to be
free ?

The senses fail, the tongue is stiff, the eyes un-
certain stray ;

The panting breath, the gasping throat, the coming
end betray ;

From palsied limbs, and pallid lips, all charm has
fled away.

Now spring at once to view past thoughts, and
words, and deeds, and life ;

Before unwilling eyes they come all crowding fresh
and rife,

And stand reveal'd before the mind, that shrinks
with timid strife.

And biting conscience tortures now the trembling,
guilty breast,

And weeps the loss of perish'd hours, that might
have given rest :

Too late repentance, full of grief, no proper fruit has
bless'd.

Of the false sweetness of the flesh, what bitterness
remains,

When the brief pleasure of this life is turn'd to end-
less pains,

And all life's idols here below the dying hour dis-
dains !

I pray, dear Jesus, grant me then, Thine own
almighty aid,

When I shall enter at the last in death's dark valley
shade ;

Let not the tyrant foe, I pray, my trembling soul
invade.

Oh, from the prince of darkness, then, and hell's
dark prison save !

And take me ransom'd to Thy home, Good Shepherd,
now I crave,

Where I may live in endless life, WITH THEE, be-
yond the grave !

Cardinal Damiani, tr. by E. C. Benedict.

742. DEATH. Sudden

'SERVANT of God, well done ;

Rest from thy loved employ ;

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy.'

The voice at midnight came ;

He started up to hear,

A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;

He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,

It found him in the field,

A veteran slumbering on his arms,

Beneath his red-cross shield :

His sword was in his hand,

Still warm with recent fight ;

Ready that moment, at command,

Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,

'To meet thy God prepare !'

He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;

Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Montgomery.

743. DEATH. Support in

'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror :
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it ;
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast.
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it ?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer ?

Rowe.

744. DEATH : terrible only to the happy.

DEATH ! to the happy thou art terrible ;
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter ; the friend of all
Who have no friend beside !—*Southey.*

745. DEATH : the believer's enfranchisement.

THE Apostle sleeps,—a light shines in the prison,—
An angel touch'd his side,
'Arise,' he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fetter'd arms untied.

The watchmen saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet ;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In Nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay ;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

746. DEATH : the end of cares.

DUNCAN is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well :
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison.
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.—*Shakespeare.*

Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labour, entry unto rest ;
Death hath the bounds of misery confined,
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best.

Earl of Stirling.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

Garth.

When I rise again to life,
From the tranquil sleep of death,
And, released from earthly strife,
Breathe that morning's balmy breath,
I shall wake to other thought :
The race is run, the fight is fought ;
All the pilgrim's cares are dreams,
When that dawn of morning gleams !

Klopstock.

747. DEATH : the end of our exile.

FROM Nature's continent, immensely wide,
Immensely bless'd, this little isle of life,
This dark incarcerating colony,
Divides us. Happy day that breaks our chain ;
That manumits ; that calls from exile home ;
That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
And readmits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne.—*Young.*

748. DEATH : the hour of Hope's greatest triumphs.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour.
Oh, then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day :
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !—*Campbell.*

749. DEATH : the soul's parting.

SHE sat within Life's banquet-hall at noon,
When word was brought unto her secretly,
'The Master cometh onward quickly ; soon
Across the threshold He will call for thee.'

Then she rose up to meet him at the door,
 But turning, courteous, made a farewell brief
 To those that sat around. From Care and Grief
 She parted first. 'Companions sworn and true
 Have ye been ever to me ; but for friends
 I knew ye not till later, and did miss
 Much solace through that error ; let this kiss,
 Late known and prized, be taken for amends :
 Thou, too, kind, constant Patience, with thy slow
 Sweet counsels aiding me ; I did not know
 That ye were angels, until you display'd
 Your wings for flight ; now bless me !' But they said,
 'We blest thee long ago.'

Then turning unto twain
 That stood together, tenderly and oft
 She kiss'd them on their forehead, whispering soft,
 'Now must we part ; yet leave me not before
 Ye see me enter safe within the door ;
 Kind bosom-comforters, that by my side
 The darkest hour found ever closest bide,
 A dark hour waits me, ere for evermore,
 Night, with its weariness, be overpast ;
 Stay with me till I cross the threshold o'er.'
 So Faith and Hope stay'd by her till the last ;

But giving both her hands
 To one that stood the nearest—'Thou and I
 May pass together ; for the holy bands
 God knits on earth are never loosed on high.
 Long have I walk'd with thee ; thy name arose
 E'en in my sleep, and sweeter than the close
 Of music was thy voice ; for thou wert sent
 To lead me homewards from my banishment
 By devious ways, and never hath my heart
 Swerved from thee, though our hands were wrung
 apart
 By spirits sworn to sever us ; above
 Soon shall I look upon thee as thou art.'
 So she cross'd o'er with Love.

750. DEATH : the surrender of the soul to Christ.

HE at Venice gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Shakespeare.

751. DEATH : the universal conqueror.

THUS yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;
 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
Shakespeare.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

Shakespeare.

Death levels all things in his march,
 Nought can resist his mighty strength ;
 The palace proud,—triumphal arch,
 Shall mete their shadow's length ;
 The rich, the poor, one common bed
 Shall find in the unhonour'd grave,
 Where weeds shall crown alike the head
 Of tyrant and of slave.—*Marvell.*

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung :
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Pope.

The prince, who kept the world in awe,
 The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
 Are levell'd : death confounds them all.

Gay.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene ;
 Their post so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake
 With lustre and with noise !—*Young.*

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades,
 Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind ;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream ;
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him, ignoble graves.

Cowper.

Can this be death ? then what is life or death ?
 'Speak !' but he spoke not : 'wake !' but still he
 slept :

But yesterday, and who had mightier breath ?
 A thousand warriors by his word were kept
 In awe : he said, as the centurion saith,
 'Go,' and he goeth ; 'come,' and forth he stepp'd.
 The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb,
 And now nought left him but the muffled drum.

Byron.

752. DEATH : the universal conqueror.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;

But their strong nerves at last must yield :
 They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.
 The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds !
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb !
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.—*Shirley.*

753. DEATH : to the believer there is no death.

It is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And 'midst the brotherhood on high
 To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
 The eye long dimm'd by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose,
 To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life !
 Thy chosen cannot die ;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

Malan, tr. by Bethune.

No, no, it is not dying,
 To go unto our God ;
 The glowing earth forsaking,
 Our journey homeward taking
 Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying,
 Heaven's citizen to be ;
 A crown immortal wearing,
 And rest unbroken sharing,
 From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying,
 To hear this gracious word,
 'Receive a Father's blessing,
 For evermore possessing
 The favour of thy Lord.'

No, no, it is not dying,
 The Shepherd's voice to know ;
 His sheep He ever leadeth,
 His peaceful flock He feedeth,
 Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying,
 To wear a lordly crown ;
 Among God's people dwelling,
 The glorious triumph swelling
 Of Him whose sway we own.

Oh, no, this is not dying,
 Thou Saviour of mankind !
 There, streams of love are flowing,
 No hindrance ever knowing ;
 Here, drops alone we find.

Malan, tr. by R. P. Dunn.

754. DEATH : to the believer there is no death.

THE star is not extinguish'd when it sets
 Upon the dull horizon ; it but goes
 To shine in other skies, then reappear
 In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost, when, o'er the rock,
 It pours its flood into the abyss below :
 Its scatter'd force re-gathering from the shock,
 It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not, when the shading orb
 Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray ;
 It still is shining on ; and soon to us
 Will burst undimm'd into the joy of day.

The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
 Fade, and are strew'd upon the chill, sad ground ;
 Gone down for shelter to its mother-earth,
 'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dew-drop dies not, when it leaves the flower,
 And passes upward on the beam of morn ;
 It does but hide itself in light on high,
 To its loved flower at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perish'd, when the flame
 Seizes upon it with consuming glow ;
 In freshen'd splendour it comes forth anew,
 To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live :
 Star, stream, sun, flower, the dew-drop, and the
 gold ;

Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
 Hastens to put on its purer, finer mould.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
 We bid each parting saint a brief farewell ;
 Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
 To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place
 We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the clay
 Press lightly on them till the night be past,
 And the far east give note of coming day.

The day of re-appearing ! how it speeds !
 He who is true and faithful speaks the word.
 Then shall we ever be with those we love—
 Then shall we be for ever with the Lord.

The shout is heard ; the archangel's voice goes forth ;
 The trumpet sounds ; the dead awake and sing ;
 The living put on glory ; one glad band,
 They hasten up to meet their coming King.

Short death and darkness ! Endless life and light !
 Short dimming ; endless shining in yon sphere,
 Where all is incorruptible and pure—
 The joy without the pain, the smile without the
 tear.—*Bonar.*

755. DEATH : to the believer there is no death.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore ;
 And bright in Heaven's jewell'd crown
 They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain of mellow fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
 To feed the hungry moss they bear ;
 The forest leaves drink daily life
 From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
 The flowers may fade and pass away ;
 They only wait through wintry hours
 The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
 He bears our best loved things away,
 And then we call them ' dead.'

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song
 Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
 Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
 He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again ;
 With joy we welcome them—the same,
 Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread ;
 For all the boundless Universe
 Is life—there are no dead.—*Lytton.*

756. DEATH. Triumph in

THEREFORE, now, a last good-night !
 Sun, and moon, and stars of fire,
 Farewell to your splendour bright !
 Higher now I soar, far higher.
 Where there is such glorious day,
 Ye will vanish quite away.

Weep not, that I bid farewell
 To the world and all its errors ;
 Far from vanity to dwell,
 Far from darkness and its terrors ;
 Weep not, that I take my flight
 To the land of endless light !

Weep not, my Redeemer lives,
 High above dark earth ascending :
 Hope, her heavenly comfort gives ;
 Faith stands by, her shield extending ;
 Love eternal whispers near,
 ' Child of God, no longer fear !'
Arndt, tr. by F. E. Cox.

757. DEATH. Triumph in

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brightest flames array'd,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
 Shall there His beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.—*Doddridge.*

758. DEATH: unbribeable.

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
 To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
 And purchase from the hand of Death
 A little span, a moment's breath,
 How I would love the precious ore !
 And every hour should swell my store ;
 That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
 To waft me to his bleak dominion,
 I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
 And bid him call some distant day.
 But since not all earth's golden store
 Can buy for us one bright hour more,
 Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
 Or sigh at life's uncertain date ?
 Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine
 The silent midnight of the tomb.

Anacreon, tr. by Thomas Moore.

759. DEATH. Various experiences in

THERE is a stream, whose narrow tide
 The known and unknown worlds divide,
 Where all must go.
 Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
 'Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
 With noiseless flow.

I saw where at that dreary flood
 A smiling infant prattling stood,
 Whose hour had come ;
 Untaught of ill, it near'd the tide,
 Sank, as to cradle rest, and died,
 Like going home.

Follow'd, with languid eye, anon,
 A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan,
 Whose time had come ;
 He gazed upon that leaden stream ;
 I saw him plunge, I heard a scream,
 And he was gone.

And next a form, in manhood's strength,
 Came bustling on, till there at length
 He saw life's bound ;
 To heaven he raised his bitter prayer,
 Too late—his shriek of wild despair
 The waters drown'd.

I saw when to that stream again
 Another child of mortal man,
 With smiles drew nigh ;

'Tis the last pang, he calmly said ;
 To me, O Death, thou hast no dread ;
 Saviour, I come.
 Spread but Thine arms on yonder shore
 I see ; ye waters, bear me o'er,
 There is my home.

760. DEATH. Waiting for

I AM waiting by the river,
 And my heart has waited long ;
 Now I think I hear the chorus
 Of the angels' welcome song ;
 Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
 On the hill-tops of the blest,
 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.'

Far away beyond the shadows
 Of this weary vale of tears,
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping
 Through the bright and changeless years ;
 Oh ! I long to be with Jesus,
 In the mansions of the blest,
 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.'

761. DEATH: why it is feared.

DEATH is a fearful thing,
 And shamed life a hateful.
 To die and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world, or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on Nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.—*Shakespeare.*

It must be done, my soul : but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal and mysterious change,
 When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
 And to an unknown—somewhere—wing away ;
 When time shall be eternity, and thou
 Shalt be—thou know'st not what—and live—thou
 know'st not how !
 Amazing state ! no wonder that we dread
 To think of death, or view the dead :

Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
 Our very knowledge had antipathy.
 Death could not a more sad retinue find:
 Sickness and pain before, and darkness still behind.

Norris.

Merely to die no man of reason fears ;
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to dust ;
 'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years :
 But whither then we go,
 Whither we fain would know ;
 But human understanding cannot show :
 This makes us tremble.—*Pomfret.*

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul !
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view !
 That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd,
 To tell what's doing on the other side !
 Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting.

Blair.

762. DEATH OF CHRIST. Sympathy with the

HAIL, thou Head ! so bruised and wounded,
 With the crown of thorns surrounded ;
 Smitten with the mocking reed,
 Wounds which may not cease to bleed
 Trickling faint and slow.
 Hail ! from whose most blessed brow
 None can wipe the blood-drops now !
 All the flower of life has fled,
 Mortal paleness there instead :
 Thou, before whose presence dread
 Angels trembling bow.

All Thy vigour and Thy life
 Fading in this bitter strife ;
 Death his stamp on Thee has set,
 Hollow and emaciate,
 Faint and drooping there.
 Thou this agony and scorn
 Hast for me, a sinner, borne,
 Me, unworthy, all for me !
 With those signs of love on Thee,
 Glorious Face, appear.

Yet, in this Thine agony,
 Faithful Shepherd, think of me ;
 From whose lips of love Divine
 Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
 Purest honey flows.
 All unworthy of Thy thought,
 Guilty, yet reject me not ;

Unto me Thy head incline,
 Let that dying head of Thine
 In mine arms repose !

Let me true communion know
 With Thee in Thy sacred woe,
 Counting all beside but dross,
 Dying with Thee on Thy cross :
 'Neath it will I die !
 Thanks to Thee with every breath,
 Jesus, for Thy bitter death ;
 Grant Thy guilty one this prayer,
 When my dying hour is near,
 Gracious God, be nigh !

When my dying hour must be,
 Be not absent then from me ;
 In that dreadful hour, I pray,
 Jesus, come without delay ;
 See and set me free !
 When Thou biddest me depart,
 Whom I cleave to with my heart,
 Lover of my soul, be near ;
 With Thy saving Cross appear,
 Show Thyself to me !

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Mrs Charles.

763. DEATHS. Peaceful

HE was exhaled ; his great Creator drew
 His spirit as the sun the morning dew.
Dryden.

While resignation gently slopes the way,
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.
Goldsmith.

Behold the bed of death,
 The pale and lovely clay.
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
 No ; life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality !

764. DEATHS. Peaceful

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied,—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.—*Hood.*

Her suffering ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She pass'd through glory's morning-gate,
And walk'd in Paradise !—*Aldrich.*

765. DEBATE: useless.

YE powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal blunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength.
Divert the champions prodigal of breath ;
And put the peaceably disposed to death.
O, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern !
Though syllogism hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong ;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance ;
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;
No,—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground ;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.
Discourse may want an animated No
To brush the surface, and to make it flow :
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch ;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapp'd again.
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right.
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly, To be sure—no doubt.

Cowper.

766. DECAY. Examples of

CITIES have been, and vanish'd ; fanes have sunk,
Heap'd into shapeless ruin ; sands o'erspread
Fields that were Edens ; millions too have shrunk
To a few starving hundreds, or have fled
From off the page of being. Now the dead
Are the sole habitants of Babylon ;
Kings, at whose bidding nations toil'd and bled,
Heroes, who many a field of carnage won,
Their names—their boasted names to utter death
are done.

Such is the fate of empire : Asshur rose
Where elder thrones and prouder warriors stood ;
Before the Memphian priest his precepts chose,
Men reason'd greatly of the highest good ;
Before Troy was, or Xanthus roll'd in blood,
Armies were ranged in battle's dread array ;
They fought—their glory wither'd in its bud ;
They perish'd—with them ceased their tyrant
sway ;
New wars, new heroes came—their story pass'd
away.—*Percival.*

767. DECAY. General

THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind !—*Shakespeare.*

768. DECEIT.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign ?
Spenser.

Thou'lt fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch.—*Milton.*

An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice.—*Dryden.*

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive !—*Scott.*

769. DECEPTION : common.

I LIVE among the cold, the false,
And I must seem like them ;
And much I am, for I am false
As these I most condemn ;
I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone,
I borrow others' likeness, till
I almost lose my own.—*Chandler.*

770. DECEPTION. Earthly

THE branch is stooping to thy hand,
And pleasant to behold ;
Yet gather not, although its fruit
Be streak'd with hues of gold.
The cup is dancing to thy lip,
And fragrant is the wine ;
Yet dash the untasted goblet down,
Though lusciously it shine.
For bitter ashes lurk conceal'd
Beneath that golden skin,
And though the coat be smooth, there lies
But rottenness within.
The wings of pleasure fan the bowl,
And bid it overflow,
Yet drugg'd with poison are its lees,
And death is found below.—*Smadley.*

771. DECEPTION. The world's

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven !
And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even ;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven !
Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven !—*Moore.*

772. DEDICATION : of the heart to Christ.

I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired !
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired :
Thou hearts alone would'st move ;
Thou only hearts dost love.
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !
What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine ?
That Thou, the God, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine !
'Give me thy heart, My son :'
Behold my heart,—'tis done !
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

Thy heart is open'd wide,
Its offer'd love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee !
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return !
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !
Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest :
In Thee, the riven Rock,
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found.
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

Tr. from the Latin by Ray Palmer.

773. DEDICATION : of the heart to Christ.

HERE behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King !
Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,
Son of man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee ! let me find Thee !
Me a poor and worthless thing.
Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy spirit dwell in mine ;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine.
Let me find Thee ! let me find Thee !
Take my heart and grant me Thine !
Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee.
Let me find Thee ! let me find Thee !
He hath all things who hath Thee !
Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name, or richest hoard,
Are but weary, void, and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God.
Let me find Thee ! let me find Thee !
I am ready, mighty Lord.

774. DEDICATION : of the heart to Christ.

KING of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign ?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.
Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee.
Captive, yet divinely free.

At Thy Word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low ;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring ;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At Thy feet her golden crown.

Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord ;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

Be it so : my heart's Thy throne,
All my powers Thy sceptre own,
And, with them on Thine own hill,
Live rejoicing in Thy will.—*Muhlenberg.*

I cannot love Thee as I would,
Yet pardon me, O Highest Good !
My life, and all I call mine own,
I lay before Thy mercy-throne :
And if a thousand lives were mine,
O sweetest Lord ! they should be Thine.
And scanty would the offering be,
So richly hast thou loved me.

From the German.

775. DEEDS : better than words.

One day, when roses were in fullest flower,
A nightingale unto a falcon said :
' Tell me, O silent bird ! where is thy power ?
One word to cheer the king in saddest hour
Thou dost not speak, yet thou art ever led
Like courtier forth, and royally art fed
From his own hand ; while I, who have such dower
Of song, sit lonely in my thorny bower
And feed on worms and scanty berries red.
Then said the falcon :

' Nightingale, give ear
For once ! An empty boast fills all thy song.
My silence in the king's esteem is dear
Because my wings are bold and swift and strong.
Content thee with thy fare. No better cheer
To idle, useless singers should belong.'

Tr. from the Persian by Helen Hunt.

776. DEEDS : indelible.

THE deeds of reasonable men,
As if engraven with pen of iron grain,
And laid in flinty rock, they stand unchanged,
Written on the various pages of the past :
If good, in rosy characters of love ;
If bad, in letters of vindictive fire.

God may forgive, but cannot blot them out.
Systems begin, and end ; eternity
Rolls on His endless years ; and men absolved
By mercy from the consequence, forget
The evil deed ; and God imputes it not :
But neither systems ending nor begun,
Eternity that rolls his endless years,
Nor men absolved, and sanctified, and wash'd
By mercy from the consequence, nor yet
Forgetfulness, nor God imputing not,
Can wash the guilty deed once done, from out
The faithful annals of the past ; who reads,
And many read, there finds it, as it was,
And is, and shall for ever be—a dark,
Unnatural, and loathly moral spot.—*Pollok.*

777. DEEDS. Virtuous

FROM lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.

Shakespeare.

778. DEFEAT.

'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force,
That does not make a man the worse ;
But to turn tail, and run away,
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault.

Butler

779. DEFENCE. God our

A SAFE stronghold our God is, still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken ;
The ancient Prince of Hell,
Hath risen with purpose fell,
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon we were down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye what is His name ?
The Lord Zebaoth's Son ;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.

And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit ;
For why ? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small.
These things shall vanish, all ;
The City of God remaineth.

Luther, tr. by Carlyle.

78a. DEGREES OF GLORY.

THERE are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance !
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free
Beside the crystal waters ; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind ;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more.—*Willis.*

781. DEITY. Inferring a

FROM Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws ;
That an effect must presuppose a cause.
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is obliged and forced to see
A first, a source, a life, a Deity ;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

Prior.

782. DELAY. Avoid

SHUN delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time while time is lent thee :
Creeping snails have weakest force ;
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when sooner wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last ;
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure !,
Seek not time when time is past—
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
After-wits are dearly bought ;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead :
When he flees, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays ;
Long demurs breed new delays.—*Southwell.*

783. DELAY : fatal.

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night, and chill !
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.

'Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.'

No light had we ; for that we do repent ;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.

'Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.'

No light, so late ! and dark and chill the night !
Oh let us in, that we may find the light !

'Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.'

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet ?
Oh let us in, though late, to kiss His feet ?

'No, no ; too late ! ye cannot enter now.'

Tennyson.

784. DELAY. Folly of

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise :
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Congreve.

Think not to-morrow still shall be your care ;
Alas ! to-morrow like to-day will fare.
Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er,—
Thus one 'to-morrow,' one 'to-morrow' more.
Have seen long years before them fade away,
And still appear no nearer than to-day.

Gifford.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Young.

785. DELAY : frustrates many purposes.

TIME, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits ;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.—*Shakespeare.*

Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,
The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once
From their conception : Oh ! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime

The world had wanted, had the actor said,
I will do this to-morrow.—*Lord John Russell.*

786. DELAY: is dangerous.

OMISSION to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Shakespeare.

787. DELAY: its irksomeness.

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that in the very instant
It forms would execute a great design.

Thomson.

788. DELAY: leads to beggary.

I HAVE learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.

Shakespeare.

789. DELAY. Repenting of

OH gather roses while they blow,
To-morrow's not to-day;
Let not one moment vainly flow,
Time fleeth fast away.

He who defers a noble deed
Too oft repents delay;
Live while thou canst, such is my creed,
Time fleeth fast away.—*Gleim.*

790. DELIGHTS.

THESE violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume.—*Shakespeare.*

791. DELUSION. Common

How oft that virtue, which some women boast,
And pride themselves in, is but an empty name,
No real good: in thought alone possess'd.
Safe in the want of charms, the homely dame,
Secure from the seducing arts of men,
Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste;
Wonders how others e'er could fall, yet when
She talks most loud about the noisy nothing,
Look on her face, and there you read her virtue.

Froude.

792. DELUSION. Vanity of

OH, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Shakespeare.

793. DEMAGOGUES.

I DO despise these demagogues, that fret
The angry multitude: they are but as
The froth upon the mountain wave—the bird
That shrieks upon the sullen tempest's wing.

Hunt.

794. DENOMINATIONS. Diverse

I STAND without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch:
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threat'nings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With Councils and Decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?

I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dress'd,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

Not to one Church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven:
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new names written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the morning star!

Ah! to how many faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow that recasts
The creed of the phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrow died,
For whom the tragedy divine

Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified.

For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

Longfellow.

795. DEPARTED. Blessedness of the

HAIL, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos, 'Write,
Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are blest ;
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall rest
From all their labours!' But no dull dark night
That rest o'ershadows : 'tis the day-spring bright
Of bliss ; the foretaste of a richer feast ;
A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,
Peopled with visions of intense delight.
And though the secrets of that resting-place
The soul embodied knows not ; yet she knows
No sin is there God's likeness to deface,
To stint His love no purgatorial woes ;
Her dross is left behind, nor mixture base
Mars the pure stream of her serene repose.—*Mant.*

796. DEPARTED. Dreams of the

VOICE after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard ;
Sweet household name by name hath changed
To grief's forbidden word !
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed ;
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are ye, my beloved ?—*Hemans.*

797. DEPARTED. Mantles of the

FROM the eternal shadow rounding
All unseen and starlight there,
Voices of our lost ones sounding,
Bid us be of heart and cheer
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the
inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward, as in sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and earnest eyes ?
Shall we grieve the holy angels ; shall we cloud their
blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
Which have fallen in our way :

Let us do the work before us
Calmly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is
not day!—*Whittier.*

798. DEPARTED. Memorials of the

We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind ;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind.
Their works which traced them to the skies
For patterns to ourselves we take,
And dearly love, and highly prize,
The mantle for the wearer's sake.

Charles Wesley.

799. DEPARTED. Memory of the

WHEN musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.—*Scott.*

When the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the night
Wake the bitter soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight,—
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall ;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;
He the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !
And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine ;
And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended;
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

Longfellow.

800. DEPARTED. Rejoicing in the joy of the

REJOICE for a brother deceased !
Our loss is his infinite gain !
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of Love.

Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

There all the ship's company meet
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death :
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past :
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

801. DEPARTED. The: are not dead.

THOSE that he loved so long, and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before.
Rogers.

802. DEPARTED. The: are not to be pitied.

WEEP not for him that dieth,
For he hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years.

Mrs Norton.

Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death,
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows ;

But weep for them who here remain,
The mournful heritors of pain,
Condemn'd to see each bright joy fade,
And mark grief's melancholy shade
Flung o'er Hope's fairest rose.

Mrs Embury.

803. DEPARTED. The: unite us to the un-
seen world.

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For Death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet,—
Are more than ever ours ;—

Ours by the pledge of love and faith ;
By hopes of heav'n on high ;
By trust triumphant over death,
In immortality.—*Bernard.*

804. DEPARTED. The: where are they ?

H^{is} that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
know

At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.—*Vaughan.*

Does the dark and soundless river
Stretch so wide—

The homeward rolling tide
Over which have cross'd
Our loved and early lost,
That their unsealed eyes may never see
The further side,
Where still amid this toil and misery
We hide ?

Is the realm of their transition
Close at hand
To this our living land ?
Nearer than we dream ?
Can they catch the gleam
Of our smiles and hear the words we speak ?
And see our deeds ?
And, looking deeper than our eyes may see,
Our needs ?

Do they mingle in our gladness?
 Do they grieve
 When ways of goodness we leave?
 Do they know each thought and hope,
 While we in shadow grope?
 Can they hear the Future's high behest,
 Yet lack the power
 To lead us from our ills or arrest
 The hour?

When they find us bow'd with sorrow
 Do they sigh?
 Or when earth passes by
 For them do they forget
 The cares that here beset
 Their well beloved? Or do they wait
 (Oh, be it thus!)
 And watch beside the golden gate
 For us?

We are yearning for their secret:
 Though we call,
 No answers ever fall
 Upon our dullard ears,
 To quell our nameless fears.
 Yet God is over all, whate'er may be,
 And trusting so,
 Patience, my heart! a little while, and we
 Shall know.

We wait, then, in patience; or
 We pant, we strain, like birds against the wires,
 With beating our bruised wings against the rim
 That bounds our utmost flying,
 When we seek the distant and the dim,
 But—we wait.—*Cooper.*

805. DEPARTED. Voices of the

LORD, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,
 Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar;
 Long-belov'd voices calling me I hear,—
 Oh, how sweet *their* summons falls upon my ear!
 Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold;
 There is fond affection, fondly proved of old!
 Let me haste to join them; may it not be so?
 Loose the cable, let me go!

806. DEPARTED SOUL. Emblem of the

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
 E'en in its every motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beautiful west.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
 While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.—*Wilson.*

807. DEPENDENCE: on man.

I HATE dependence on another's will,
 Which changes with the breath of every whisper,
 Just as the sky and weather with the winds:
 Nay, with the winds, as they blow east or west,
 To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant;
 So are our wholesome or unwholesome days.

Crown.

808. DEPENDENCE. Spiritual

To keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still derived from Him.

Beware of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,
 'I never will deny Thee, Lord,'
 But, 'Grant I never may.'

Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And e'en an angel would be weak
 Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath His wings,
 And in His grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.—*Cooper.*

809. DEPRAVITY: confessed.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To Thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by Thy grace.

Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but Thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread ;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame ;
It overclouds, and fills my mind
With folly, fear, and shame.

A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free :
Say, canst Thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to Thee ?

John Newton.

810. DEPRAVITY. Development of

NOT at once,
In men or angels, the abhorrent plague
Appear'd in all its loathsomeness. But as
In some fair virgin's bosom a small spot,
As if a thorn had prick'd the delicate skin,
Rises and spreads an ever-fretting sore,
Creeping from limb to limb, corrosive, foul,
Until the miserable leper lives
A dying life, and dies a living death :
So there.

Men with men
Wrought wickedness. Nor less the spirits malign,
The which when first they fell, as I have known,
Compassionated even the wreck they made,
Grew in malignity, till crime and craft
Became to them what virtue once had been,
Their joy, their nature, their essential life :
Lovers of darkness, foul, obscene, impure ;
Some darker, fouler than the rest.—*Bickersteth.*

811. DEPRAVITY. Growth of

ON every human soul there lies
A little dusky speck of sin,
As small as a mite's eye in size :
But when that speck doth once begin
To work, it swift and swift extends,
Till the whole soul it comprehends,
And all its powers overclouds
With condemnation's thunder-shrouds.
Then fierce and far the fear-fires flash,
And dire and dread the doom-bolts dash.
Thus doth the sin-speck spread, in sight,
O'er all the soul a baleful night,—

A blotting night of horror deep,
That knows no dawn and knows no sleep !
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

812. DEPRAVITY. Taint of

IN paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and guilt behind ;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.
From age to age descends uncheck'd
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect,—
Through every web of life the dark threads run.
Whittier.

813. DEPRAVITY. Unconsciousness of

THE sick in body call for aid . . . the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease ;
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite
well.

To know ourselves diseased is half our cure.
When nature's blush by custom is wiped off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturalized our crimes ;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love—
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our senses with our peace.—*Young.*

814. DE PROFUNDIS.

UP from the deeps, O God, I cry to Thee !
Hear the soul's prayer, hear Thou her litany,
O Thou who sayest, 'Come, wanderer, home to me.'

Up from the deeps of sorrow, wherein lie
Dark secrets veil'd from earth's unpitied eye,
My prayers, like star-crown'd angels, Godward fly.

From the calm bosom when in quiet hour
God's Holy Spirit reigns with largest power,
Then shall each thought in prayer's white blossom
flower.

Not from life's shallows, where the waters sleep,
A dull, low marsh, where stagnant vapours creep,
But ocean-voiced, deep calling unto deep.

As he of old, King David, call'd to Thee,
As cries the heart of poor humanity,
'Clamavi, Domine, exaudi me !'—*C. S. Fenner.*

815. DESERTION. Thought of

OH, say not thou art left of God, because His tokens
in the sky
Thou canst not read ; this earth He trod, to teach
thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green, Nathaniel con
His sacred lore ;
Should'st thou thy chamber seek, unseen He enters
through the unopen'd door.
And when thou liest, slumber-bound, out-wearied in
the Christian fight,
In glory girt with saints around, He stands above
thee through the night.—*J. H. Newman.*

816. DESIGN.

HE that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts
them ;
But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing
daunts them.—*Middleton.*

When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.
Denham.

817. DESIRE. Benefits of

VAIN are these dreams, and vain these hopes ;
And yet 'tis these give birth
To each high purpose, generous deed,
That sanctifies our earth.
He who hath highest aim in view,
Must dream at first what he will do.
Miss Landon.

I look into my heart,
And see how full it is of mighty schemes ;
Some that shall ripen, some be ever dreams,
And yet, though dreams, shall act a real part.
Faber.

818. DESIRE. Disappointments of

How large are our desires ! and yet how few
Events are answerable ! So the dew,
Which early on the top of mountains stood,
Meaning, at least, to imitate a flood ;
When once the sun appears, appears no more,
And leaves that parch'd which was too moist before.
Gomersall.

819. DESIRE. Fierce

O FIERCE desire, the spring of sighs and tears,
Relieved with want, impoverish'd with store,
Nurs'd with vain hopes, and fed with doubtful fears,
Whose force withstood, increaseth more and more.
Brandon.

820. DESIRE. Holy

OH that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see ;

That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear ;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly ;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived, in my breast ;
That by each word and deed and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought !—*Eltwood.*

821. DESIRE. Limit of

WHOLE houses, of their whole desires possess,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require ;
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd ;
Some in the depth of eloquence were drown'd.
... What then remains ? Are we deprived of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill ?
Receive my counsel, and securely move ;
Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want :
In goodness as in greatness they excel ;
Ah that we loved ourselves but half so well !
Juvenal, tr. by John Dryden.

822. DESIRE. Nature of

DESIRE himself runs out of breath,
And, getting, doth but gain his death ;
Desire nor reason hath, nor rest,
And, blind, doth seldom choose the best :
Desire attain'd is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ships in ports desired are drown'd ;
As fruits once ripe then fall to ground ;
As flies that seek for flames are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought :
So fond desire when it attains,
The life expires, the woe remains.—*Raleigh.*

823. DESIRE: outruns Hope.

DESIRE's the vast extent of human mind ;
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.
Dryden.

824. DESIRE. Power of

THE band of thy resolve is a fine hair ;
The wolf of thy desire would break a chain :
One day this ravening wolf that band will tear,
And then thy bitter cries will be in vain.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

825. DESIRE. Quality of

THINK, and be careful what thou art within ;
For there is sin in the desire of sin :
Think, and be thankful, in a different case ;
For there is grace in the desire of grace.—*Byron*.

826. DESOLATION. Social

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds :
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless.—*Thomson*.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.—*Longfellow*.

827. DESPAIR. Cry of

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved
Since others it has ceased to move ;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze ;
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul ; nor now,
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see ;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake ! not Greece—she is awake !
Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home !

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy Manhood—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live ?
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field ; and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best.
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.—*Byron*.

828. DESPAIR: drives to desperation.

I AM one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.—*Shakespeare*.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my good.—*Milton*.

Some whose meaning hath at first been fair
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
Roscommon.

Consider how the desperate fight ;—
Despair strikes wild,—but often fatal too,—
And in the mad encounter wins success.
Havard.

Be it what it may, or bliss or torment,
Annihilation, dark, and endless rest,
Or some dread thing, man's wildest range of thought
Hath never yet conceived, that change I'll dare
Which makes me anything but what I am.
Joanna Baillie.

Loud sung the wind above ; and doubly loud
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud ;
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star :
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,
And hoped that peril might not prove in vain.
He raised his iron hand to heaven, and pray'd
One pitying flash to mar the form it made :
His steel and impious prayer attract alike—
The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike ;
Its peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan.
Byron.

829. DESPAIR. Energy of

HE hangs upon me like a dead man's grasp
On the wreck'd swimmer's neck.
Joanna Baillie.

830. DESPAIR. Hopeless

FOR now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Shakespeare.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Milton.

Full many a storm on this grey head has beat ;
 And now, on my high station do I stand,
 Like the tired watchman in his rocked tower,
 Who looketh for the hour of his release.
 I'm sick of worldly broils, and fain would rest
 With those who war no more.—*Joanna Baillie.*

To be thus—

Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
 And to be thus,—eternally but thus,
 Having been otherwise ! now furrow'd o'er
 With wrinkles plough'd by moments, not by years :
 And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
 Which I outlive ! ye toppling crags of ice !
 Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
 In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me !
 I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
 Crash with a frequent conflict ; but ye pass,
 And only fall on things that still would live.

Byron.

I have no dread,
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.—*Byron.*

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless :—
 That only men incredulous of despair,
 Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
 Of shrieking and reproach.—*E. B. Browning.*

831. DESPAIR. Religious

SOME deluded minds,
 Harrow'd by penal terrors, in the gulf
 Of black despair are whelm'd. No ray of hope
 Dispers the involving gloom ; a Deity,
 With all the thunder of dread vengeance 'round him,
 Is ever present to their tortured thoughts.—*Hayes.*

832. DESPAIR. Rescue from

THERE are dark hours of sadness, dark hours of
 hopeless pain,
 When thoughts akin to madness flash wildly through
 the brain ;
 When nameless anguish presses the heart beyond
 control,
 And deepest gloom possesses the faint and trembling
 soul ;
 When every prop seems taken from life's receding
 shore,
 And the mind, tempest-shaken, obeys the will no
 more.
 But who, from yonder heaven, pities each earthly
 woe ?
 Who yonder cross hath given for every grief below ?
 Thine arms around it twining, to hope and prayer
 give room,
 For there a flame is shining to light thy path of
 gloom.
 An angel-form advances, and leads thee to that
 strand
 Whence thy delighted glances may see the promised
 land.—*From the German of Novalis.*

833. DESPAIR. Resist

BEWARE of desperate steps : the darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

Couper.

Despair not, Virtue, who in sorrow's hour
 Sigh'st to behold some idol overthrown,
 And from the shade of thy domestic bower
 Some green branch gone, some bird of promise
 flown :
 God chastens but to prove thy faithfulness,
 And in thy weakness He will be thy stay ;
 Trust and deserve, and He will soothe and bless ;
 The darkest hour is on the verge of day.
 Despair not, man, however low thy state,
 Nor scorn small blessings that around thee fall ;
 Learn to disdain the impious creed of fate,
 And own the Providence that governs all.
 If thou art baffled in thy earnest will,
 Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
 Be this thy faith and consolation still,—
 The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

P. Prince.

834. DESPONDENCY. Avoid

TRIP lightly over trouble,
 Trip lightly over wrong ;
 We only make grief double
 By dwelling on it long.

Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
 Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
 Why cling to forms unsightly?
 Why not seek joy, instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow;
 Though all the day be dark,
 The sun may shine to-morrow,
 And gayly sing the lark;
 Fair hopes have not departed,
 Though roses may have fled;
 Then never be down-hearted,
 But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
 Stand not to rail at doom;
 We've pearls to string, of gladness,
 On this side of the tomb:
 While stars are nightly shining,
 And the heaven is overhead,
 Encourage not repining,
 But look for joy instead.

835. DESPONDENCY. Cure for

THE recollection of one upward hour
 Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer
 The darkness of despondency, than years
 Of gaiety and pleasure.—*Percival*.

There's not a star the heaven can show,
 There's not a cottage hearth below,
 But feeds with solace kind the willing soul:
 Men love us, or they need our love;
 Freely they own, or heedless prove
 The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of self-control.

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
 Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
 Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,
 Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
 Into a conqueror's royal feast;
 Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be beguiled.
Kble.

836. DESPONDENCY. Discard

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind;
 Hope is a better companion than fear;
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.

All will be right,
 Look to the light:
 Morning was ever the daughter of night,
 All that was black will be all that is bright.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
 Many a trouble a blessing most true,

Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
 With love ever precious, and joys ever new.
 Stand in the van,
 Strive like a man;

This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
 Trusting in God while you do what you can.
Tupper.

837. DESPONDENCY. Light in

WHEN the sky is black and lowering, when thy path
 in life is drear,
 Upward lift thy steadfast glances, 'mid the maze of
 sorrow here.
 From the beaming Fount of gladness shall descend
 a radiance bright;
 And the grave shall be a garden, and the hours of
 darkness light.
 For the Lord will hear and answer when in faith
 His people pray;
 Whatsoe'er He hath appointed shall but work thee
 good alway.
 E'en thy very hairs are number'd, God commands
 when one shall fall;
 And the Lord is with His people, helping each and
 blessing all.—*Luther*.

838. DESPONDENCY. Philosophy of

BUT as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joy in minds that can no farther go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low;
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
 Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
 could name.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
 Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
 By our own spirits we are deified:
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end despondency and mad-
 ness.—*Wordsworth*.

839. DESPONDENCY. Prayer in

BEAR Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin,
 Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear;
 Oh, take them, call them Thine; yes, Thine, though
 mine;
 And give me calm repose in hours of fear and care.

Let me not fret because of evil men;
 Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul.
 Reviled, oh, let me not revile again,
 And ever let Thy hand my rising warmth control.

Let not my peace be broken when the wrong
 Conquers the right ; but let me still wait on ;
 The day of right is coming, late, but long,—
 Long right beneath the sway of the all-righteous
 One.

When truth is overborne and error reigns,
 When clamour lords it over patient love,
 Give the brave calmness which from wrath refrains,
 Yet from the steadfast course declines one foot to
 move.

When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
 When meekness fain would hide its heavy head,
 When trustful truth, shunning the words of wrath,
 Waits for the day of right, so long, so long de-
 lay'd ;

Beneath the load of crosses and of cares ;
 Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words ;
 Oh, bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
 And the one arm which faith can lean on is the
 Lord's.—*Bonar.*

840. DESPONDENCY. Triumph over

AND may I still get there ?
 Still reach that heavenly shore ?
 That land for ever fair,
 Where sorrow reigns no more ?
 Shall I, unworthy I,
 To fear and doubting given,
 Mount up at last and fly
 On angel's wings to heaven.

My soul has been a prey
 To guilt and dark despair ;
 Can God, I used to say,
 Hear such a sinner's prayer ?
 Or must I groan and weep,
 Unheard by Him on high,
 And sink to torments deep,
 For ever there to die ?

How often have I fear'd
 I ne'er should see bright heaven,
 But when the Lord appear'd
 Should from His face be driven ;
 Should from the holy part,
 Should bid my friends farewell,
 And seek, with quivering heart,
 My fitting home in hell.

Hail, love Divine and pure,
 Hail, mercy from the skies !
 My hopes are now secure,
 Upborne by faith I rise :
 I part with earth and sin,
 And shout the dangers past ;

My Saviour takes me in,
 And I am His at last.—*Hunter.*

841. DESPONDENT. Comfort for the

How weary and how worthless this life at times
 appears !

What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter
 tears !

How dark the storm-clouds gather across the wintry
 skies !

How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies !

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from
 above,

They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and
 love ;—

They come to teach us lessons which bright ones
 could not yield ;

And to leave us blest and thankful when their pur-
 pose is fulfill'd.

They come to draw us nearer our Father and our
 God,

More earnestly to seek His face, and listen to His
 word,

And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise, what would its darkness
 be ?

They come to lay us lowly and humbled in the dust,
 All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope and
 trust,

Our helplessness, our vileness, our guilt to make us
 own,
 And flee for hope and refuge to Jesus Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters, which here detain
 us fast,

And force our long-reluctant hearts to rise to heaven
 at last,

And brighten ev'ry prospect of that eternal home,
 Where grief, and disappointment, and fear can never
 come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart,
 away,

But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and
 cloudy day ;

E'en now the bow of promise is above thee shining
 bright,

And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and when He sees it
 best,

Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee hours of
 rest ;

And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is
o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for ever-
more.

842. DESPONDENT. Comfort for the

THE day so crowded with its hours
Of golden possibility
Went down behind the sapphire sea ;
And that sharp sense of squander'd powers,
Before whose waste the conscience cowers,
Was all those hours had left to me.

Remorsefully I bow'd my head
And cried : ' Dear Christ ! Thy heart doth
know

I would not have the record so
Written above the day that's dead—
Its doing and undoing, done. Instead,
I've nursed for thee a zeal whose glow

' Has fann'd all day my soul to flame ;
I felt the effluent rush to write
Words that Thy Spirit should indite ;
And when I named Thy holy Name
The cloven inspiration came,
As with a pentecostal might.

' I had no other thought to sing
Than for Thy glory ; since it grew
The grandest thing a soul can do
To strain its strength and sweep its wing,
That so the grace of song might bring
Some captured soul to praise Thee too.

' That rapture past, I plann'd a deed
Of costly effort for Thy sake,
In which I charged that self should take
No slightest share, nor flesh have heed,
Nor shrinking will have let to plead,
Nor heart betray an inward ache.

' And now the day within whose life
I set my doing is dead and done,
And all my ends are miss'd. Not one
Of those with stirrings of whose strife
My inner truest, best was rife
And restless hath been e'en begun.'

As thus I moan'd my self-complaint,
Across the midnight seem'd to loom
A vision, and athwart the gloom
A whisper fell, so sweet and faint,
That I look'd up with strange constraint,
And lo ! a brightness swam the room.

I sank o'erawed ; and as I lay
With downward face I heard a voice
Float clear above. It said : ' Rejoice !

Thy dead day wept for lives—a day
Breathing with action, though it may
Have fail'd to grant thy heart its choice.

' Thy work undone I take as though
Fill'd to completion, and the strain
That throbs unsung within thy brain
I hear in all its underflow,
And know, as thou canst never know,
The mystic music born of pain.

' 'Twas I who bade the hindrance stir
Thy soul from singing ; I who laid
My hand upon thy hands and stay'd
Their chosen purpose ; while to her
Who suffer'd, as a minister,
I sent thee with that loving aid.

' And inasmuch as thou hast brought
The cup of water, deem'd so small ;
And inasmuch as at my call
Thou didst the work thou hadst not sought,
As doubled deeds, wrought and unwrought,
I, needing none, accept them all.'

Margaret J. Preston.

843. DESTINY. Hand of

THE king was on his throne, the satraps throng'd
the hall :

A thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deem'd divine ;
Jehovah's vessels hold the godless heathen's wine !
In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall, and wrote as if on sand ;
The fingers of a man, a solitary hand,
Along the letters ran and traced them like a wand.
The monarch saw and shook, and bade no more re-
joice ;
All bloodless wax'd his look, and tremulous his voice :
' Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear which mar our royal
mirth.'—*Byron.*

844. DESTINY. Human

WHATE'ER man's destiny may be,
His mind is changed accordingly :
With it his heart in union blends,
And thus come God's appointed ends.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

845. DESTRUCTION. Dream of

I HAD a dream. A narrow bridge-way led
Across a mighty gulf, in whose deep bosom,
Down, down a frightful depth, on pointed rocks,
The mangled carcasses of men were strew'd

In one promiscuous ruin. Death sat there
 On his dark throne, 'mid one vast sea of blood !
 I look'd—and lo ! millions of moving men
 Press'd madly on the space which none could tread
 In safety without care—thousands and thousands fell
 Each moment in th' abyss through heedlessness,
 To rise no more for ever ! Still there came
 Thousands and thousands more—and mark'd the fall
 Of friends and dear companions, and e'en wept,
 But took no better heed, and fell themselves
 In the same ruin. Some who came were blind,
 And some were maim'd, and faint, and tottering ;
 And some seem'd urged by very madness on ;
 And yet 'twas said that all were *rational*
 Children of earth—and journeying to the clime
 Of cloudless skies and peaceful scenes, beyond
 That gulf, o'er which there was but this one passage.

I look'd again—and saw that there were those
 Amid the crowd who pointed out the danger,
 And warn'd and warn'd their fellows to beware,
 Offer'd to lead the blind, assist the maim'd,
 And strove to win e'en madness back to reason.
 But these were hiss'd at, shunn'd, despised as men
 Of little wisdom, or ignoble souls ;
 Yet these went cautious on, and all escaped
 The certain fate of their despisers.

I woke—it was a dream. But I have thought,
 Oft thought, how like this scene is that we see
 Daily around, in this our pilgrimage—
 How the world runs to ruin, all are bound
 O'er the strait way that leads to happy climes
 Beyond the shores of time. Yet who can count
 The countless millions of immortal souls
 Which perish—fall, for ever, in the abyss
 Of endless death, even through very folly,
 In wending o'er the narrow bridge of life !

846. DETERMINATION. Firm

LET come what will, I mean to bear it out,
 And either live with glorious victory
 Or die with fame, renown'd in chivalry.
 He is not worthy of the honeycomb
 That shuns the hive because the bees have stings.

Shakespeare.

847. DETERMINATION. Penitential

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Like mountains round me close ;
 I know His courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
 Without His sov'reign grace.

Perhaps He will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go—
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must for ever die.—*Wm. Jones.*

848. DETRACTION. Monster of

DETRACTION'S a bold monster, and fears not
 To wound the fame of princes, if it find
 But any blemish in their lives to work on.

Massinger.

849. DEVOTION. Absence of

THE spring-tide hour
 Brings leaf and flower
 With songs of life and love ;
 And many a lay
 Wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.
 Bird, flower, and tree
 Seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring ;
 But this poor heart
 Bears not its part,
 In it there is no spring.

Dews fall apace,
 The dews of grace,
 Upon this soul of sin ;
 And love Divine
 Delight to shine
 Upon the waste within :
 Yet, year by year,
 Fruits, flowers, appear,
 And birds their praises sing ;
 But this poor heart
 Bears not its part,
 Its winter has no spring.

Lord, let Thy love,
 Fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind blow ;
 Call forth its bloom,
 Wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow !
 And when Thy voice
 Makes earth rejoice,
 And the hills laugh and sing,
 Lord ! make this heart
 To bear its part,
 And join the praise of spring !—*Monsell.*

850. DEVOTION. Ardent

YE quietists in homage to the skies !
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
 Abhorring violence ! who halt, indeed,
 But for the blessing wrestle not with Heaven !
 Think you my song too turbulent, too warm ?
 Are passions, then, the Pagans of the soul ?
 Reason alone baptized ? alone ordain'd
 To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still !
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers :
 Oh for an humbler heart and prouder song !
 Thou, my much-injured theme ! with that soft eye
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast,
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

O ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists !
 On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm ;
 Passion is reason, transport temper here.
 Shall Heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
 Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
 The smooth emollients in theology
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflamed ?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven :
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
 High Heaven's orchestra chants Amen.

Young.

851. DEVOTION : consecrates the sanctuary and the worshipper.

VIEW not this spire by measure given
 To buildings raised by common hands :
 That fabric rises high as heaven,
 Whose basis on devotion stands.—*Prior.*

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
 And all is holy where devotion kneels.

O. W. Holmes.

852. DEVOTION. Constant

IF we with earnest efforts could succeed
 To make our life one long connected prayer,
 As lives of some perhaps have been and are,
 If never leaving Thee, we had no need
 Our wandering spirits back again to lead
 Into Thy presence, but continued there,
 Like angels standing on the highest stair
 Of the sapphire throne, this were to pray indeed.
 But if distractions manifold prevail,
 And if in this we must confess we fail,
 Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
 Continual readiness for prayer or praise,

An altar heap'd and waiting to take fire
 With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.

Trench.

853. DEVOTION : essential.

IN vain doth man the name of just expect,
 If his devotions he to God neglect.—*Denham.*

854. DEVOTION. Object of

GRATEFUL to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed to devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all His works.—*Milton.*

855. DEVOTION. Ostentatious

THE immortal gods
 Accept the meanest altars that are raised
 By pure devotion ; and sometimes prefer
 An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
 Before whole hecatombs of Sabæan gems,
 Offer'd in ostentation.—*Massinger.*

One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,
 's beyond all perfumes or Sabæan spices,
 By one that proudly thinks he merits it.

Massinger.

856. DEVOTION. Prayer of

SAVE me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by Thy breath ;
 Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death !

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
 One chorus let all Being raise !
 All Nature's incense rise !—*Pope.*

857. DEVOTION. Spiritual

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
 A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarolle ;

She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of the flax ; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian Church, that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast ; thus intent and strong
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

E. B. Browning.

858. DEVOTION. Temple of

MAN at home, within himself, may find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore His providence and power.
I see, and I adore ! O God most bounteous !
O Infinite of goodness and of glory !
The knee that Thou hast shaped shall bend to Thee ;
The tongue which Thou hast tuned shall chant Thy
praise,
And Thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.—*Smart.*

859. DIGNITY. Burden of

GREAT honours are great burdens ; but on whom
They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads ;
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity ; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon ; and for doing well,
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
Jonson.

860. DIGNITY : independent of place.

TRUE dignity is never gain'd by place,
And never lost when honours are withdrawn.
Massinger.

861. Dignity. Relief from

Wolsey. I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured
me—
I humbly thank his Grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity ta'en
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !
Shakespeare.

862. DIGNITY : undeserved.

LET none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly ! and that dear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover, that stand bare ?
How many be commanded that command ?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd ?—*Shakespeare.*

863. DISAPPOINTMENT. Benefit of

TROUBLE, and loss, and grief, and pain,
Have crowded all my forty years ;
I never could my wish obtain,
And own at last, with joyful tears,
The man whom God delights to bless
He never curses with success.

How oft didst Thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim,
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my grovelling appetite !

Thy goodness, obstinate to save,
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown ;
My will Thou would'st not let me have ;
With blushing thankfulness I own
I envied oft the swine their meat,
But could not gain the husks to eat.

Thou would'st not let Thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will ;
Thy love forbade my rest below :
Thy patient love pursued me still,
And forced me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

Joy of mine eyes, and more beloved
(Forgive me, gracious God !) than Thee,
Thy sudden stroke far off removed,
And stopt my vile idolatry,
And drove me from the idol's shrine,
And cast me at the feet Divine.

But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at Thy friendly blow ?
Thy friendly blow my spirit hath rent
From every seeming good below :
Thrice happy loss, which makes me see
My happiness is all in Thee !

How shall I bless Thy thwarting love,
So near in my temptation's hour ?
It flew my ruin to remove,
It snatch'd me from my nature's power,
12

Broke off my grasp of creature good,
And plunged me in the atoning Blood.

See, then at last I all resign,
I yield me up Thy lawful prey ;
Take this poor long-sought soul of mine,
And bear me in Thine arms away,
Whence I may never more remove,
Secure in Thy eternal Love.—*Charles Wesley.*

864. DISAPPOINTMENT. Blight of

DISAPPOINTMENT rather seem'd
Negative of delight. It was a thing
Sluggish and torpid, tending toward death.
Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood
Stagnant, and dull, and heavy round the wheels
Of life ; the roots of that whereon it blew
Decay'd, and with the genial soil no more
Held sympathy ; the leaves, the branches droop'd,
And moulder'd slowly down to formless dust.
Pollock.

865. DISAPPOINTMENT. Compensation of

NAY, 'tis not that we fancied it,
This magic world of ours ;
We thought its skies were only blue,
Its fields all sun and flowers ;
Its streams all summer-bright and glad,
Its seas all smiles and calms,
Its path, from youth to age, one long
Green avenue of palms.
But clouds came up, with gloom and shade
Our sky was overcast,
The hot mist threw its blight around,
Sunshine and flowers went past.
Hopes perish'd that had hung like wreaths
Around youth's buoyant brow,
And joys, like wither'd autumn leaves,
Dropp'd from the shaken bough.
Yet from these clouds comes forth the light,—
Light beaming from on high ;
And from these faded flowers spring up
The flowers that cannot die.
Far fairer is the land we seek,
A land without a tomb,
An everlasting resting-place,
A sure and quiet home.—*Bonar.*

866. DISAPPOINTMENT. Ode to

COME, Disappointment, come !
Not in thy terrors clad ;

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress
twine.

Come, Disappointment, come !
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world ;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?
A peevish April day !
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat ?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart
be still ?—*Henry Kirke White.*

867. DISAPPOINTMENT. Severe

LIKE one, who doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home, at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure ;
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted,
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, through many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone, brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.
Like him, alas ! I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What took whole years to cherish.

368. DISCIPLINE. Benefit of

PEACE, peace ; it is not so. Thou dost miscall
 Thy physic ; pills that change
 Thy sick accessions into settled health ;
 This is the great elixir that turns gall
 To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,
 And brings man home when he doth range.
 Did not He who ordain'd the day
 Ordain night too ?
 And in the greater world display
 What in the lesser He would do ?
 All flesh is clay, thou knowest ; and but that God
 Doth use His rod,
 And by a fruitful change of frost and showers
 Cherish and bind thy powers,
 Thou would'st to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
 And be more wild than is thy verse.
 Sickness is wholesome, crosses are but curbs
 To check the mule, unruly man ;
 They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
 Purg'ing the floor, which chaff disturbs.
 Were all the year one constant sunshine, we
 Should have no flowers ;
 All would be drought and leanness ; not a tree
 Would make us bowers.
 Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best
 Which is not fix'd, but flies and flows.
 The settled red is dull, and whites that rest
 Something of sickness would disclose.
 Vicissitude plays all the game ;
 Nothing that stirs,
 Or hath a name,
 But waits upon this wheel ;
 Kingdoms too have their physic, and for steel
 Exchange their peace and furs.
 Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
 Which none else can,
 Tuning his breast to rise and fall ;
 And by a sacred, needful art,
 Like strings, stretch ev'ry part,
 Making the whole most musical.—*Henry Vaughan.*

869. DISCIPLINE. Design of

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
 No traveller e'er reach'd that blest abode,
 Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
 Worldlings may dance along the flowery plain,
 Cheer'd, as they go, by many a sprightly strain ;
 Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
 With unshod feet they yet securely tread ;
 Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,
 Bent on all pleasure, heedless of its end.

But He, who knew what human hearts would prove,
 How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
 That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
 A life of ease would make them harder still,
 In pity to the soul His grace design'd
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
 Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
 And said, 'Go spend them in the vale of tears.'

Conquer.

870. DISCIPLINE. Mystery of

As the heart-strings only render
 All their treasure of sweet sound,—
 All their music, glad or tender,—
 Firmly struck and tightly bound ;
 So the hearts of Christians owe
 Each its deepest, sweetest strain
 To the pressure firm of woe,
 And the tension tight of pain.
 Spices crush'd their pungence yield,
 Trodden scents their sweets respire ;
 Would you have its strength reveal'd,
 Cast the incense in the fire :
 Thus the crush'd and broken frame
 Oft doth sweetest graces yield ;
 And, through suffering, toil, and shame,
 From the martyr's keenest flame,
 Heavenly incense is distill'd !
Adam of St Victor, tr. by Mrs Charles.

871. DISCIPLINE. Peace in

THE world can neither give nor take,
 Nor can they comprehend
 The peace of God, which Christ has bought—
 The peace which knows no end.
 The burning bush was not consumed
 Whilst God remained there ;
 The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.
 God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
 But Zion's God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold,
 With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend ;
 And, though He does not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.
Countess of Huntingdon and John Mason.

872. DISCIPLINE. Prayer for

IN the still air music lies unheard ;
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;
 To wake the music and the beauty needs
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master! touch us with Thy skilful hand ;
 Let not the music that is in us die ;
 Great Sculptor! hew and polish us ; nor let,
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.
 Spare not the stroke ; do with us as Thou wilt ;
 Let there be nought unfinish'd, broken, marr'd ;
 Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
 Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord !

873. DISCIPLINE. Purpose of

SHRINK not from suffering. Each dear blow,
 From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,
 Is but a messenger to show
 The renovation which it needs.
 The earthly sculptor smites the rock ;
 Loud the relentless hammer rings ;
 And from the rude, unshapen block,
 At length, imprison'd beauty brings.
 Thou art that rude, unshapen stone ;
 And waitest, till the arm of strife
 Shall make its crucifixions known,
 And smite and carve thee into life.
 The Heavenly Sculptor works on thee ;
 Be patient. Soon His arm of might
 Shall from thy prison's darkness free,
 And change thee to a form of light.—*Upham.*

874. DISCIPLINE. Weary of

I WOULD have gone ; God bade me stay :
 I would have work'd ; God bade me rest.
 He broke my will from day to day,
 He read my yearnings unexpress'd,
 And said them nay.
 Now I would stay ; God bids me go :
 Now I would rest ; God bids me work.
 He breaks my heart toss'd to and fro,
 My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
 And vex it so.
 I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me :
 Day after day I plod and moil :
 But, Christ, my God, when will it be
 That I may let alone my toil
 And rest with Thee?—*C. G. Rossetti.*

875. DISCIPLINE. Wisdom of

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
 His will is ever just ;
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,
 I will be still and trust.
 He is my God ;
 Though dark my road,

He holds me that I shall not fall,
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 He never will deceive ;
 He leads me by the proper path,
 And so to Him I cleave,
 And take content
 What He hath sent ;
 His hand can turn my grief away,
 And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 He taketh thought for me ;
 The cup that my Physician gives
 No poison'd draught can be,
 But medicine due ;
 For God is true ;
 And on that changeless truth I build,
 And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Though I the cup must drink
 That bitter seems to my faint heart,
 I will not fear nor shrink ;
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day ;
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 My Light, my Life is He,
 Who cannot will me aught but good ;
 I trust Him utterly ;
 For well I know,
 In joy or woe,
 We soon shall see as sunlight clear,
 How faithful was our Guardian here.
 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Here will I take my stand,
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land.
 My Father's care
 Is round me there ;
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to Him I leave it all.

S. Rodigast, tr. by C. Winkworth.

876. DISCONTENT. Constant

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends ;
 On every stage, from youth to age,
 Still discontent attends.
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers, with a sigh,
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from its mother's arms ;
 What, then, shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty has lost its charms ?
 Condemn'd to suffer, through the day,
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
 Before his wish'd return.
 From hard control and tyrant-rules,
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 In thought he loves to roam ;
 And tears will struggle in his eye,
 While he remembers, with a sigh,
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes, the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind :
 Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
 Its consolation find ?
 Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
 Life's summer prime of joy ?
 Ah, no ! for hopes too long delay'd,
 And feelings blasted or betray'd,
 Its fabled bliss destroy ;
 And youth remembers, with a sigh,
 The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on ;
 But, with the baseless hopes of youth,
 Its generous warmth is gone.
 Cold, calculating cares succeed,—
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth.
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering, with an envious sigh,
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow :
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its hopes are o'er ;
 Yet age remembers, with a sigh,
 The days that are no more.—*Southey.*

877. DISCONTENT : cured by great sorrows.

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost
 And ruffled without cause ; complaining on—
 Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
 It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
 Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost

Of our ripe peach ; or let the wilful sun
 Shine westward of our window—straight we run
 A furlong's sigh as if the world were lost.
 But what time through the heart and through the
 brain
 God hath transfix'd us, we, so moved before,
 Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of pain,
 We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore ;
 And hear submissive, o'er the stormy main,
 God's charter'd judgments walk for evermore.

E. B. Browning.

878. DISCONTENT. Evil of

SOUL discontent, that quarrels with our fate,
 May give fresh smart, but not the old abate ;
 The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit
 The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

Blackmore.

It is not well to brood
 Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
 Life's current to a flood.
 As brook, and torrents, rivers, all
 Increase the gulf in which they fall,
 Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
 Of lesser griefs, spread real ills ;
 And with their gloomy shades conceal
 The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Dinnies.

879. DISCONTENT. Fable of

THE lion craved the fox's art ;
 The fox the lion's force and heart ;
 The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;
 The pigeon strength of wing despised,
 And the cock's matchless valour prized.
 The fishes wish'd to graze the plain ;
 The beasts to skim beneath the main.
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blamed the partial hand of fate.—*Gay.*

880. DISCONTENT : has its root in the heart.

CELLARS and granaries in vain we fill
 With all the bounteous summer's store,
 If the mind thirst and hunger still :
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.

Cowley.

Against our peace we arm our will ;
 Amidst our plenty something still
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
 To thee, to me, to him is wanting :
 That cruel something unpossess
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest ;
 That something if we could obtain,
 Would soon create a future pain.—*Prior.*

881. DISCONTENT : incurable.

O'ER the rocks we climb,
Erring, stumbling all the time,
Till we come out on the plain ;
But there it feels too wide and broad,
And soon we seek the narrow road,
And the mountain path again.

882. DISCONTENT : unconcealed.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

Addison.

883. DISCONTENT : universal.

WHY discontent for ever harbour'd there ?
Incurable consumption of our peace !
Resolve me why the cottager, and king,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter's blast with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near.

Young.

884. DISCORD. Human

OH shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds ; men only disagree
Of creatures rational ; though under hope
Of heav'nly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

Milton.

885. DISCOURAGEMENT. Prayer in

'Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done ;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest—
The race is won ;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease ;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace : '—
So pray we sometimes, mourning our lot ;
God in His kindness answereth not.

'Two hands to work address
Aye for His praise ;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways ;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears ;

Two lips still breathing love,

Not wrath, nor fears : '—

So pray we afterwards, low on our knees
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear
these !—*D. Muloch Craik.*

886. DISCRETION. Importance of

UNTO fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant
to do good.

His sword is edged with arguments, his vizor terrible
with censures ;

He goeth full-mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at
his heart.

Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the mind,
The quiet whisper of Discretion,—Thy time is not
yet come.

For he smiteth an oppressor ; and vengeance for that
smiting

Is dealt in double stripes on the faint body of the
victim ;

He is glad to give and to distribute ; and clamorous
pauperism feasteth,

While honest labour, pining, hideth his shark ribs :
He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant, In-
fidelity,

And, worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the
hands of error ;

He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse
rusheth to the battle,

And, to pave a way for truth, would break up the
Apennines of prejudice :

He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for
a reason,

And to the listening ear will urge the false argument
of feeling.

So hath it often been, that, judging by results,
The hottest friends of Truth have done her deadliest
wrong.

Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove
it powerless ;

Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for false-
hood.

Discretion guide thee on the way, nobly-minded
youth,

Help thee to humour infirmities, to wink at innocent
errors,

To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice
and fancy ;

Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine
answer,

Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more elo-
quence than speech,

Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause
be strength.

The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled, smoking
Geysers ;
Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot
spring of zeal ;
So shalt thou gain thine honourable end, nor lose
the midway prize,
So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart
happy.—*Tupper.*

887. DISEASES : reminders of death.

Wise in his day the heathen emperor,
To whom, each morrow, came a slave, and cried,
'Philip, remember thou must die : ' no more.
To me such daily voice were misapplied,—
Disease guests with me ; and each cough, or cramp,
Or aching, like the Macedonian slave,
Is my *memento mori*.—*David Gray.*

888. DISEASES : spiritually profitable.

Ort have I sat in secret sighs
To feel my flesh decay,
Then mourn'd aloud with weeping eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.
But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profit too,
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings,
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.
Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light
Above created skies.
Had but the prison walls been strong,
Without a flaw therein,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory seen.
But now the everlasting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels,
While she's a prisoner here.
Oh ! may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose.
Oh ! rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see th' enlarg'd way,
I stretch my pinions through.—*Watts.*

889. DISENCHANTMENT. Process of

O SAVIOUR ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Hath chasten'd my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power that illumined my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smiled to
betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I follow'd the rainbow, I caught at the toy ;
And still in displeasure Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below ;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the
beam ;
Sweet whisper'd the breeze—but it whisper'd of woe ;
And bitterness flow'd in the soft-flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge Thy pity display'd ;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the
morn :

Thou show'dst me the path ; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasp'd at the triumph that blesses the brave ;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,
I ask'd—and Thou show'dst me a cross and a
grave !

Subdued and instructed at length to Thy will,
My hopes and my wishes I freely resign ;
Oh, give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
There is rest, but 'tis found in the bosom of God.
Grant.

890. DISHONESTY. Excuse for

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test :
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd, 'Oh
no !

What ! rob our good neighbour ! I pray you don't
go ;

Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke and Tom ponder'd, 'I see they will go :
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

'If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the
tree ;

But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize :
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan :
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Cowper.

891. DISHONOUR.

LOVE's common unto all the mass of creatures,
As life and breath ; honour, to man alone :
Honour being then above life, dishonour must
Be worse than death ; for fate can strike but one ;
Reproach doth reach whole families. — *Cartwright.*

Where shall we bury our shame ?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace ?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone ;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on. — *Moore.*

892. DISQUIET. Emblem of

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind,
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place !
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help Divine.

Wordsworth.

893. DISQUIET. General

ETERNAL troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find ;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
... Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.

One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load :
But straight returns ; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
Or seek the city which he left before.
Thus ev'ry man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill ;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.

Lucratus, tr. by John Dryden.

894. DISSATISFACTION: troubles rich and poor alike.

A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dress'd wife by his side,
In satin and laces ; she look'd like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they pass'd ;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he work'd with a saw on a log,
'I wish I was rich and could ride.'

The man in the carriage remark'd to his wife :
One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man that saweth the wood.'

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She look'd on the carriage—the lady she saw,
Array'd in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, 'I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine.'

The lady look'd out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, 'I'd relinquish possession and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess.'

Thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sigh'd,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but Heaven can fill.

895. DISSENSION. Cause of

ALAS ! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in the sunny hour fall off
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach'd the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Moore.

896. DISTANCE. Enchantment of

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky ?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?—
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
 And every form, that Fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, grows divinely there.

Campbell.

The sails we see on the ocean
 Are as white as white can be ;
 But never one in the harbour
 As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
 With purple and gold delight,
 Turn to cold, grey mist and vapour
 Ere ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory
 Only when seen from afar ;
 And the sails lose all their whiteness
 Inside of the harbour bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel
 That comes not near our beach :
 Stately and grand the mountain
 Whose height we never may reach.

O Distance, thou dear enchanter,
 Still hold in thy magic veil
 The glory of far-off mountains,
 The gleam of the far-off sail !

897. DISTRESS. Inconsolable

GO, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness :
 But soothe not—mock not *my* distress.

Byron.

898. DISTRUST: of God.

FOR days I have been cherishing
 A little bird with broken wing.
 I love it in my heart of hearts ;
 To win its love I try all arts ;
 I call it by each sweet pet name
 That I can think, its fear to tame.
 My room is still, and bright, and warm ;
 The little thing is safe from harm.
 If I had left it where it lay
 Fluttering in the wintry day,
 No mate remaining by its side,
 Before nightfall it must have died.
 It sips the drink, it eats the food ;
 Plenty of both, all sweet and good.
 But all the while my hand it flies,
 Looks up at me with piteous eyes ;
 From morn till night, restless and swift,
 Runs to and fro, and tries to lift
 Itself upon its broken wing,
 And through the window-pane to spring.

Poor little bird ! Myself I see
 From morn till night in watching thee.
 A Power I cannot understand
 Is sheltering me with loving hand :
 It calls me by the dearest name,
 My love to win, my fear to tame ;
 Each day my daily food provides,
 And night and day from danger hides
 Me safe : the food, the warmth I take,
 Yet all the while ungrateful make
 Restless and piteous complaints,
 And strive to break the kind restraints.

Helen Hunt.

899. DIVINE UNION. Satisfaction of

To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;

I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone ;
No other can I claim to own ;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love ; life's only sweet.

Madame Guyon.

900. DIVINE UNION. Simile of

THE brooks rush downward to the sea,
Arising far in cliffs and mountains ;
But mingle soon rejoicingly,
And make great streams from little fountains.

And then the streams, without delay,
Still to the sea's great bosom tending,
Roll proudly on their winding way,
At last with ocean's billows blending.

And so, O God, our souls to Thee,
Onward and onward, ever going,
(We are the fountains, Thou the sea,)
To Thy great sea of life are flowing.

Yes ! One with God, as Christ is One,
No longer tost by earth's commotion,
Our little streams, their journey done,
Shall rest, at last, in God's great ocean.

Upham.

901. DIVINITY OF CHRIST. Faith in the

JESUS is God ! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

Jesus is God ! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib ;
On Calvary's cross true God :
He who in heaven eternal reign'd,
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God ! there never was
A time when He was not ;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss ;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His !—*Faber.*

902. DOING GOOD. Need of

ALONE, amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest soul may quail :
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm may fail.

Then let us learn to help each other,
Hoping unto the end :
Who sees in every man a brother,
Shall find in each a friend.

903. DOING GOOD. Payment for

AH ! child ! the stream that brings
To thirsty lips their drink,
Is seldom drain'd ; for springs
Pour water to its brink.

The well-springs that supply
The streams are seldom spent,
For clouds of rain come by
To pay them what they lent.

The clouds that cast their rain
On lands that yield our food,
Have water from the main,
To make their losses good.

The sea is paid by lands,
With streams from ev'ry shore ;
So give with kindly hands,
For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring
His blessings should be sent,
From living thing to thing,
But nowhere stay'd or spent.

And ev'ry soul that takes,
But yields not on again,
Is so a link that breaks
In Heaven's love-made chain.—*Barnes.*

904. DOING GOOD: rewarded.

' UPHOLD my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray ;'
Thus to the Elm, her neighbour,
The Vine was heard to say ;

'Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine,
Crawl'd o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine.'

The Elm was moved to pity ;
Then spoke the generous tree :
'My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me.'

The kindly Elm receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace ;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing ;
Became the love of shepherds,
And the glory of the spring.

O beautiful example,
For youthful minds to heed !
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed ;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten'd shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers. — *Bryant.*

905. DOING WELL. Ways of

It is not they who idly dwell
In cloister grey, or hermit cell,
In prayer and vigil, night and day,
Wearing all their prime away,
Lord of Heaven ! that serve Thee well.

Action still must wait on thought ;
Life's a voyage rough, though short ;
We must dare the sorrow-wave,
Many a sin-storm we must brave,
Ere we reach our destined port.

Sitting listening on the shore
To the ocean's restless roar,
Never launching on the main,
Can the merchant hope to gain
Wealth to swell his treasure store ?

Vain it were to watch beside
The pits where we our talents hide ;
We must face the noise and strife
Of the market-place of life,
That our trustiness be tried.

Where our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur, 'No.'
He that gives the sword and shield,
Chooses too the battle-field
On which we are to fight the foe.

906. DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

LOOK here, and weep with tenderness and transport !
What is all tasteless luxury to this ?
To these best joys, which holy love bestows ?
O Nature, parent Nature, thou alone
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.

Thomson.

907. DOMESTIC LOVE : the lost Eden found.

DAUGHTERS of Eve ! your mother did not well :
She laid the apple in your father's hand,
And we have read, O wonder ! what befell—
The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand ;
He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne—
With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve ! he did not fall so low,
Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell ;
For something better, than as gods to know,
That husband in that home left off to dwell :
For this, till love be reckon'd less than lore,
Shall man be first and best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve ! it was for your dear sake
The world's first hero died an uncrown'd king ;
But God's great pity touch'd the grand mistake,
And made his married love a sacred thing :
For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,
Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

Jean Ingelow.

908. DOUBT. Constant

LIFE's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt ;
Amid its brightest joys will steal
Spectres of evil yet to feel :
Its warmest love is blent with fears,
Its confidence a trembling one ;
Its smile—the harbinger of tears ;
Its hope—the change of April's sun !
A weary lot—in mercy given,
To fit the chaste'n'd soul for heaven.

Whittier.

909. DOUBT. Cure for

THIS pretty bird, oh ! how she flies and sings !
But could she do so if she had not wings ?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace ;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

Bunyan.

The mountain's image trembling in the lake ?
Look up. Perhaps the mountain does not quake.

910. DOUBT : drives to despair.

BUT dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego :

Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Beattie.

911. DOUBT. Hurtfulness of

DOUBTING things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born.—*Shakespeare.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.—*Shakespeare.*

I run the gauntlet of a file of doubts,
Each one of which down hurls me to the ground.

Bailey.

912. DOUBT : incurable.

KNOWN mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have
none ;

And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mix'd with a killing fear.—*May.*

913. DOUBT. Modest

THE wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.—*Shakespeare.*

914. DOUBT : not to be encouraged.

BEWARE of doubt—faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite : the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.—*Mrs E. O. Smith.*

915. DOUBTS. Prayer for deliverance from

WHILE faith is with me I am blest,
It turns my darkest night to day ;
But, while I clasp it to my breast,
I often feel it slide away.

Then, cold and dark, my spirit sinks,
To see my light of life depart ;
And every friend of hell, methinks,
Enjoys the anguish of my heart.

What shall I do if all my love,
My hopes, my toil, are cast away ;
And if there be no God above
To hear and bless me when I pray ?

If this be vain delusion all,
If death be an eternal sleep,
And none can hear my secret call,
Or see the silent tears I weep,

Oh help me, God ! for Thou alone
Canst my distracted soul relieve ;
Forsake it not : it is Thine own,
Though weak, yet longing to believe.

Oh drive these cruel doubts away,
And make me know that Thou art God !
A faith that shines by night and day,
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believed that Jesus died,
And waking rose to reign above,
Then surely sorrow, sin, and pride
Must yield to peace, and hope, and love.

And all the blessed words He said
Will strength and holy joy impart,
A shield of safety o'er my head,
A spring of comfort in my heart !

Anne Brontë.

916. DOUBTER'S PRAYER. The

FEVER'D by long unrest, of conflict weary,
Sicken'd by doubt, writhing with inward pain,
My spirit cries from out the midnight dreary,
For the old days of long-lost peace again.

Gone is my early Heaven, with all its radiant story
Of fiery throne, and glassy sea, and sapphire blaze ;
Its white-robed throng, palm-bearing, crown'd with
golden glory ;
Its ceaseless service of unhinder'd praise.

Vanish'd my early Faith, with all its untold treasure
Of steadfast calm, and questionless repose ;
Barter'd away—lost for a heap'd-up measure
Of strife, and doubt, and fears, and mental woes.

No light, no life, no truth ! now from my soul for
ever

The last dim star withdraws its glimmering ray ;
Lonely and hopeless, never on me, oh, never !
Shall break the dawn of the long looked-for day.

Rudder and anchor gone, on through the darkness
lonely

I drift o'er shoreless seas to deeper night,
Drifting, still drifting—oh, for one glimmer only,
One blessed ray of truth's emerging light !

Out of the depths I cry—my anguish'd soul, reveal-
ing,

Light in the darkness shining ! shed Thy life-
giving ray ;

Low at the cross I fall—I plead for aid and healing,
Oh, Christ, reveal Thyself, and turn my night to
day !

The prayer is heard, else why this strange returning
To stranger peace, to calm unknown before?
The peace of doubt dispell'd, the calm of vanquish'd
yearning,

A deeper, truer rest than that of yore.

Oh, Saviour-Man! Priest, but in garments royal!
Oh, Light! oh, Truth! Thyself the inner life!
While at Thy cross I kneel in homage loyal,
I hear unmoved the weary din of strife;

Content to wait till days of darken'd vision,
And lisping speech, and childish thought are done,
And knowledge vanishes in faith's fruition,
As fading stars before the morning sun.—*I. L. B.*

917. DOXOLOGY. A Woman's

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe,
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,—
Oh praise Him, all that dies, and lives!

He opens and He shuts His hand;
But why, we cannot understand:
Pours, and dries up, His mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man;
We women, when afflictions come,—
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
We look up, and, through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies:
Child-like, we take both kiss and rod;
For he who loveth, knoweth God!

D. M. Muloch Craik.

918. DREAMS. Causes of

I TALK of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain;
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

Shakespeare.

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:

And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.

Dryden.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day:
Though further toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues;
The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause;
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied goal:
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.

Claudius.

What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at
night.—*Craik.*

919. DREAMS. Innocent

INNOCENT dreams be thine! thy heart sends up
Its thoughts of purity, like pearly bells,
Rising in crystal fountains.—*Willis.*

920. DREAMS. Lessons in

SOME dreams were useless—moved by turbid course
Of animal disorder; not so all:
Deep moral lessons some impress'd, that nought
Could afterwards deface. And oft in dreams,
The master passion of the soul display'd
The huge deformity, conceal'd by day,
Warning the sleeper to beware, awake.
And oft in dreams, the reprobate and vile,
Unpardonable sinner—as he seem'd
Toppling upon the perilous edge of Hell—
In dreadful apparition, saw before
His vision pass, the shadows of the damn'd;
And saw the glare of hollow, cursed eyes,
Spring from the skirts of the infernal night;
And saw the souls of wicked men, new dead,
By devils hearsed into the fiery gulf;
And heard the burning of the endless flames;
And heard the weltering of the waves of wrath.
And sometimes, too, before his fancy pass'd
The Worm that never dies, writhing its folds
In hideous sort, and with eternal Death
Held horrid colloquy; giving the wretch
Unwelcome earnest of the woe to come.—*Pollok.*

921. DREAMS. Marvels of

AND yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.—*Vaughan.*

We walk in dreams on fairy land,
Where golden ore lies mix'd with common sand.
Dryden.

922. DREAMS. Nature of

OUR life is two-fold ; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence ; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows. Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
Creations of the mind ? The mind can make
Substances, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

Byron.

923. DREAMS. Power of

STRANGE is the power of dreams ! who has not felt,
When in the morning light such visions melt,
How the veil'd soul, though struggling to be free,
Ruled by that deep, unfathom'd mystery,
Wakes, haunted by the thoughts of good or ill,
Whose shading influence pursues us still ?

Mrs Norton.

924. DREAMS. Significance of

WHILE o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;—

For human weal, Heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Young.

925. DREAMS: sometimes significant.

GOD is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging.—*Milton.*

But dreams full oft are found of real events
The forms and shadows.—*Joanna Baillie.*

926. DREAMS. Waking

WELL may dreams present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—*Campbell.*

927. DRESS. Character and

WHAT ! is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
Oh no ; good Kate, neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

Shakespeare.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich :
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Shakespeare.

Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As Heaven had clothed His own ambassador.
Dryden.

928. DRESS. Differences in

FORTUNE in men has some small difference made :
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.—*Pope.*

929. DRESS. Extravagance in

HERE, attired beyond our purse, we go
For useless ornament and flaunting show :
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine,
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.

Dryden.

930. DRESS. Fashions in

OUR dress, still varying, nor to forms confined,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind.
Propertius.

931. DRESS. Love of

'ODIOUS ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke !'
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke :)
'No ! let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead :
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.'—*Pope*.

932. DRESS. Plain

A PLAIN suit, since we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaud'ry known.
Dryden.

933. DRESS. Pride in

How proud we are ! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and sickworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I ;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Watts.

934. DRESS. Sacrifice to

WE sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our fires :
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

Cowper.

935. DRUNKARDS : their contributions to the national exchequer.

TEN thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink and be mad then. 'Tis your country bids.
Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call,
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats,
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Cowper.

936. DRUNKARDS : their talkativeness.

THUS as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.—*Thomson*.

937. DRUNKENNESS. Degradation of

FLY drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense ;

Till by Circean cups thy mind possess
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.
Think while thou swallow'st the capacious bowl, !
Thou lett'st in seas to sack and drown thy soul.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.
Consider how it soon destroys the grace
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face ;
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vicious heraldry.
What pearls and rubies does the wine disclose,
Making the *purse* poor to enrich the *nose* !
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
Drawing some sickness into every part !
It weakens the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hasting on age, and wilful poverty :
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain ;
For he that holds more wine than others can
I rather count a hog'shead than a man.

Randolph.

938. DRUNKENNESS : described.

WHEN fumes of wine do once the brain possess,
Then follows straight an indisposedness
Throughout ; the legs so fetter'd in that case,
They cannot with their reeling trunk keep pace.
The tongue trips, mind droops, eyes stand full of
water,
Noise, hiccough, brawls, and quarrels follow after.
. . . Dire was his thought, who first in poison
steep'd

The weapon form'd for slaughter—direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instill'd
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with *death* instead of life.

Lucretius, tr. by John Dryden.

939. DRUNKENNESS. Folly of

OH that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we
Should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts.—*Shakespeare*.

Man with raging drink inflamed
Is far more savage and untamed ;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence ;
Believes himself, the less he's able,
The more heroic, and formidable ;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,

Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodgings, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again.

Butler.

940. DRUNKENNESS. Influence of

It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to
Give place to the devil, wrath ; one
Unperfectness shows me another, to
Make me frankly despise myself.
I will ask him for my place again ; he
Shall tell me I am a drunkard : had I
As many mouths as Hydra, such an answer
Would stop them all. To be now a sensible
Man, by and by a fool, and presently
A beast ! every inordinate cup
Is unblest'd, and th' ingredient is a devil.
O thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil.—*Shakespeare.*

941. DUNCES.

TAUGHT, or untaught, the dunce is still the same ;
Yet still the wretched master bears the blame.

Dryden.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every stream a sweet instruction flows ;
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill :
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still.

Young.

942. DUTY. Calls to

AWAY, then, causeless doubts and fears,
That weaken and enthrall ;
Wipe off, my soul, thy faithless tears,
And rise to duty's call.
How much is there to win and do,
How much to help and cheer !
The fields are white, the labourers few ;
Wilt thou sit 'plaining here ?

Awake, my soul, to duty wake ;
Go pay the debt thou ow'st,
Go forward,—and the night shall break
Around thee as thou go'st.
A Red Sea may before thee flow,
Egyptian hosts pursue ;
But He that bids thee onward go
Will ope a pathway through.

Swift fly the hours, and brief the time
For action or repose ;
Fast flits this scene of woe and crime,
And soon the whole shall close :

The evening shadows deeper fall,
The daylight dies away ;
Wake, slumberer, at thy Master's call,
And work while it is day !—*Lytt.*

943. DUTY. Daily

EACH day its duty brings. The undone task
Of yesterday cannot be now fulfill'd
Without some current work's displacement. 'Time
And tide will wait for none.' Then let us act
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast
With them by the discharge of each day's claim ;
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which
So interwoven grow that he who shirks
The latter, fails the first. You cannot pick
The dainty and refuse the task. To win
The smile of Him who did His Father's will
In the great work assign'd Him, while 'twas day,
With love self-sacrificing, His high course
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate ;
And, knowing not what one day may bring forth,
Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find
Us not defaulters in arrears with Time,
Mourning, like Titus, 'I have lost a day !'
But busily engaged on something which
Shall cast a blessing on the world, rebound
With one to our own breasts, and tend to give
To man some benefit, to God some praise.

944. DUTY. Failures in

SAID I not so,—that I would sin no more ?
Witness, my God, I did ;
Yet I am run again upon the score :
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do ?—Make vows and break them
still ?

'Twill be but labour lost ;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill :
The business will be crost.

Oh, say not so ; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.

Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.

Vow while thou canst ; while thou canst vow
thou mayst

Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst He permits thee but to call.

Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows ; and if thou break them, weep.

Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again :
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again
I vow to mend my ways ;
Lord, say amen,
And thine be all the praise.

George Herbert.

945. DUTY. Moderation in

WITHOUT haste ! without rest !
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not ! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed !
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, and know thy might !
Haste not ! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not ! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die ;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time !
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have pass'd away.

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate !
Duty be thy polar guide ;
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.—*Goethe.*

946. DUTY : must be strictly adhered to.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads !—*Byron.*

947. DUTY. Our

THY sum of duty let two words contain ;
Oh may they graven in thy heart remain :
Be humble and be just.—*Prior.*

What is our duty here ? To tend
From good to better—thence to best ;
Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering our fragrance as we go.—*Bowring.*

948. DUTY. Results of

Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day ;

And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise ; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

Hast thou not, on some week of storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer ?

So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light !
Whittier.

949. DUTY. Rewards of

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far-off, unattain'd and dim,
While the beautiful all around thee lying
Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still ;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe ;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.
Harriet Winslow.

950. DUTY. The nearest

SAD, without hope, I watch'd the falling rain ;
One drop alone could not refresh the tree,
But drop on drop, till from its deepest root
The giant oak drank life and liberty.
Refresh'd, like nature, I arose to try
And do the duty which should nearest lie ;

And ere I knew my work was half begun,
The noble deed I sought in vain was done.
I sought to do some mighty act of good,
That I might prove how well my soul had striven.
I waited, while the days and hours pass'd by,
Yet bore no incense of my deed to heaven.

951. DUTY : the path to blessedness.

'HADST thou stay'd, I must have fled !'
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber, all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Pray'd the monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision ;
Pray'd for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial :
It was noon-day by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lighten'd,
An unwonted splendour brighten'd
All within him and without him,
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the blessed vision
Of our Lord, with light elysian,
Like a vesture wrapp'd about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He heal'd,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom cross'd,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the monk in rapture lost :
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me !
Who am I, that, from the centre
Of Thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my Guest to be !

Then, amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour,
When, alike in shine or shower,

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent-portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who, upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration :
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent-gate,
Till the Vision pass'd away ?
Should he slight his heavenly Guest,
Slight this Visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent-gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whisper'd, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear,
'Do thy duty ; that is best :
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !'

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seem'd the convent-gate to rise ;
Like a sacrament divine
Seem'd to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,—
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see :
And the inward voice was saying,
'Whatsoever thing thou doest

To the least of mine, and lowest,
That thou doest unto me !'

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come, a mendicant, imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listen'd with derision,
And have turn'd away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turn'd his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.
But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of the door ;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent-bell appalling
From its belfry, calling, calling,
Summon'd him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return ;
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said,
' Hadst thou stay'd, I must have fled.'

Longfellow.

952. DUTY. Time for

WHATE'ER our thoughts or purpose be,
They cannot reach their destined end,
Unless, O God, they go with Thee,
And with *Thy* thoughts and purpose blend.

Keep time with God, and then the power,
Which in His mighty arm doth lie,
Shall crown the designated hour
With wisdom, strength, and victory.

Be not too fast, be not too slow ;
Be not too early, not too late ;
Go, where His orders bid thee go ;
Wait, when His orders bid thee wait.

Keep time with God, await His call ;
And step by step march boldly on ;
And thus thou shalt not faint nor fall,
And thus shalt wear the victor's crown.

Upham.

953. DUTY : to be done fearlessly.

TIME was I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And surer shame aside :
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of faith and hope, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led ;
Then count my haltings o'er :
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precepts more.

John H. Newman.

954. DUTY : transformed to pleasure.

DUTY by habit is to pleasure turn'd :
He is content who to obey has learn'd.
Brydges.

955. DUTY : what it secures for us.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known ?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh ! never, never !
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain un-
known,
Whom *thou* know'st not ?
By angel-trumps, in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life ?
Discharge aright !
The simple dues with which each day is rife ?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Life will be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.—*Schiller.*

956. DWELLING WITH CHRIST.

HOLY Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army,
Succouring His faithful band.

See Him, who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer ;

See Him, who with sound of trumpet,
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds shall come again.

Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspiration
Wafting us to realms above ;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In the heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renew'd like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

C. Wordsworth.

957. DYING. Words of the

THE tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony ;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before :
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Shakespeare.

958. EARLY DEATH : an honour.

THOU hast honour'd my child with the speed of Thy
choice,

Thou hast crown'd him with glory, o'erwhelm'd
him with mirth ;

He sings up in heaven, with his sweet-sounding voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through
heaven,

One moment my ears with its music to slake ;
Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him regiven,
Yet I long to have back what I would not retake.

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! Father, Thou
knowest
The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;

It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour : Thou sowest
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

Faber.

959. EARLY DEATH : Jewish Apologue.

UP and down his gardens paced a king,
In the glorious season of the spring.

Lovely flow'rets there by him were seen
In their earliest bud and blossoming.

How should he those lovely flow'rets pull,
Half whose glory lay a hidden thing ?

When a few short days were gone, again
Visited his garden-plots the king :

And those flowers, so dewy, fresh, and fair,
Brighter than the brightest insect's wing,

Each was hanging now a drooping head,
Each lay now a wan, discolour'd thing :

And he thought, Their scent and sweetness I
Had rejoiced in, earlier gathering.

So when in his gardens of delight
Did that monarch pace another spring,

And the folded buds again admired,
That did round them fragrant-odour fling,

He with timely hand prevented now
The sad season of their withering,

Cull'd them in the glory of their prime,
Ere their fresh delight had taken wing.

Cull'd the young and beautiful, and laid
In his bosom gently, home to bring.—*Trench.*

960. EARLY DEATH : not an evil.

THEN round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joy us of our conquest early won.—*Dryden.*

'Whom the gods love die young' was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this :
The death of friends, and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

Byron.

'Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.—*Coleridge.*

A lovely bud, so soft and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom ;

Just sent to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.

Legh Richmond.

961. EARLY DEATH. Safety of

Go to thy rest, my child ;
Go to thy dreamless bed ;
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head :
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray ;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way ;
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain ?
No, angel ! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.—*Mrs Sigourney.*

962. EARLY PIETY. Duty of

Go thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth :
Sell all thou hast, and buy it ;
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth ;
Defer not till to-morrow :
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise :
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice !

963. EARLY PIETY : its rewards.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth is high,
When first life's weary waste his feet have trod ;
Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
Working the works of God,—

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose ;
Through the dark woof of death's approaching
night,

His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,
Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set,
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath ;
He walketh to a fadeless coronet
Up through the gate of death.

From 'Death of Jacob,' by William Alexander.

964. EARLY PIETY: nobility of

'WHO shall be greatest in Thy kingdom, Lord ?'
Thus spake the disciples, grave and bearded men.
A child stood by ; the Master call'd him there ;
Wond'ring, they waited for His gentle word ;
The pity of His looks their spirits stirr'd.
'O men !' said Christ, 'ye needs must be forgiven
Much pride ! Your hearts must thrill with sorrow's
chord !

The greatest must be like this little child ;
Tender and trustful, true, and meek, and mild.'
On the fair head He softly laid His hand ;

The brave young eyes sought His in sweet sur-
prise ;
A sunbeam, shining from the heavenly land,
Seem'd sifted down from far above the skies.

965. EARLY TRAINING. Influence of

A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a
messenger of peace and love :

A resting-place for innocence on earth ; a link be-
tween angels and men ;

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be render'd back
with interest ;

A delight, but redolent of care ; honey sweet, but
lacking not the bitter ;

For character groweth day by day, and all things
aid it in unfolding,

And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the
hours of infancy.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly
twist it in the soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for
centuries to come ;

Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead
it to the marrings of evil,

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of
first impressions.

Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth
for the ear of Reason,

Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh
Education.

Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it at the breast ;
 And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle :
 Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling ;
 Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will not forget it afterwards ;
 When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
 And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.—*Tupper.*

966. EARLY TRAINING: is too often superficial.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
 Our most important are our earliest years ;
 The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
 And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
 That Education gives her, false or true.
 Plants raised with tenderness are seldom strong ;
 Man's coltish disposition asks the thong ;
 And without discipline the favourite child,
 Like a neglected forester, runs wild.
 But we, as if good qualities would grow
 Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow ;
 We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek ;
 Teach him to fence and figure twice a week :
 And having done, we think, the best we can,
 Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
 And wisdom falls before exterior grace :
 We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
 And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
 A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
 Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
 Are qualities that seem to comprehend
 Whatever parents, guardians, schools, intend ;
 Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind,
 Though busy, trifling ; empty, though refined :
 Hence all that interferes and dares to clash
 With indolence and luxury is trash ;
 While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
 Seems verging fast towards the female side.

Cowper.

967. EARNESTNESS. Duty of

FULL of vows and full of labour,
 All our days fresh duties bring ;
 First to God, and then our neighbour :
 Christian life is an earnest thing

Onward, ever onward pressing,
 Yet untried as angel's wing,
 Believing, doing, blest and blessing :
 Christian life is an earnest thing.

968. EARNESTNESS. Time for

WE are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time ;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.

Worlds are charging—Heaven beholding ;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight ;
 Love's pure banner now unfolding,
 On—right onward for the fight.

From the crimes that men are crushing,
 War's dire curse, and slavery's wrong,
 To deliver him, now rushing,
 Arm thee well—be strong—be strong.

Fear not ! spurn the worldling's laughter ;
 Friendship's favour trample thou ;
 Thou shalt find a long hereafter
 To be more than tempts thee now.

Oh ! let all the soul within you,
 For the truth's sake go abroad !
 Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God.—*A. C. Cox.*

969. EARTH: a vestibule.

I BELIEVE this earth on which we stand
 Is but the vestibule to glorious mansions,
 Through which a moving crowd for ever press.
Joanna Baillie.

970. EARTH. Dying view of

EARTH'S cup

Is poison'd ; her renown, most infamous ;
 Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust ;
 Her titles, slanderous names ; her praise, reproach ;
 Her strength, an idiot's boast ; her wisdom, blind ;
 Her gain, eternal loss ; her hope, a dream ;
 Her love, her friendship, enmity with God ;
 Her promises, a lie ; her smile, a harlot's ;
 Her beauty, paint, and rotten within ; her pleasures,
 Deadly assassins mask'd ; her laughter, grief ;
 Her breasts, the sting of Death ; her total sum,
 Her all, most utter vanity ; and all
 Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,
 And most insane, because they know it not.

Thus did the mighty reasoner, Death, declare ;
 And volumes more: and in one word confirm'd
 The Bible whole—Eternity is all.—*Pollok.*

971. EARTH. Enticements of

SOMETIMES we feel the wish across the mind,
 That we should join with God, and give the world
 The go-by ; but the world meantime turns round,
 And peeps us in the face, the wanton world ;

We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
The arm we raised to do for truth such wonders ;
We feel it softly bearing on our side ;
We feel it touch and thrill us through the body,
And we are fools, and there's an end of us.—*Bailey.*

972. EARTH : its beauties symbolic of Christ.

NOTHING fair on earth I see,
But I straightway think on Thee ;
Thou art fairest in mine eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies !

When I see the reddening dawn,
And the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To Thy glorious form Divine.

Of I think upon Thy light,
When the grey morn breaks the night ;
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all eternity !

When I see the moon arise,
'Mid heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think, more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I think in spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be !

When along the brook I wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to Thee, the purest Fount.

Sweetly sings the nightingale ;
Sweet the flute's soft, plaintive tale :
Sweeter than their richest tone
Is the name of Mary's Son.

Sweetly all the air is stir'd,
When the echo's call is heard ;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Belovèd's voice.

Come, then, fairest Lord, appear !
Come, let me behold Thee here !
I would see Thee face to face,
On Thy glorious light would gaze.

Take away these veils that blind,
Jesus, all my soul and mind ;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee truly as Thou art.

Angelus Silesius, tr. by Catharine Winkworth.
(See another translation, No. 485.)

973. EARTH. Leaning on the

LEAN not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
A broken reed at best ; but oft a spear ;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Young.

974. EARTH. Living on

OH, it is very sweet to live
Earth's glorious things among—
These fingers wrought by God to touch
The living harp He's strung.
'Tis sweet to feel life's warm, free tide
Gush through its thousand cells ;
And passing sweet the tide of soul
Refining as it swells.

Yet earth is but the porter's lodge,
Where we admittance wait
To those rich palaces which lie
Beyond the guarded gate ;
And this sweet life the wakening thrill
Felt faintly by a clod,
E'er yet to tread with Seraphim
The loftiest courts of God.—*Emily Judson.*

975. EARTH. Need of the

THE earth sad-sweet is deeply attaint with sin !
The pure air, which encloses
Her and her starry kin,
Still shudders with the unspent palpitating
Of a great Curse, that to its utmost shore
Thrills with a deadly shiver
Which has not ceased to quiver
Down all the ages, nathless the strong beating
Of Angel-wings, and the defiant roar
Of Earth's Titanic thunders.

Fair and sad,
In sin and beauty, our beloved Earth
Has need of all her sons to make her glad ;
Has need of martyrs to refire the hearth
Of her quench'd altars—of heroic men
With Freedom's sword, or Truth's supernal pen,
To shape the worn-out mould of nobleness again.
And she has need of Poets who can string
Their harps with steel to catch the lightning's
fire,
And pour her thunders from the clanging wire,
To cheer the hero, mingling with his cheer,
Arouse the laggard in the battle's rear,
Daunt the stern wicked, and from discord wring
Prevailing harmony, while the humblest soul
Who keeps the tune the warder angels sing
In golden choirs above,
And only wears, for crown and aureole,
The glow-worm light of lowliest human love,

Shall fill with low, sweet undertones the
chasms

Of silence, 'twixt the booming thunder-spasms.
And Earth has need of Prophets fiery-lipp'd
And deep-soul'd, to announce the glorious
dooms

Writ on the silent heavens in starry script,
And flashing fitfully from her shuddering
tombs—

Commission'd Angels of the new-born Faith,
To teach the immortality of Good,
The soul's God-likeness, Sin's coëval death,
And Man's indissoluble Brotherhood.

Yet never an age, when God has need of him,
Shall want its Man, predestined by that need,
To pour his life in fiery word or deed,—
The strong Archangel of the Elohim!

Earth's hollow want is prophet of his
coming;

In the low murmur of her famish'd cry,
And heavy sobs breathed up despairingly,
Ye hear the near invisible humming

Of his wide wings that fan the lurid sky
Into cool ripples of new life and hope,
While far in its dissolving ether ope
Deep beyond deeps, of sapphire calm, to cheer
With Sabbath gleams the troubled Now and
Here.

976. EARTH: not our home.

I WOULD not live away—live away below!
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of
God,

Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live away: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope when she paints her gay bow in the
air,

Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live away—thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine, ere I'm captive again;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:

The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live away—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
Where He deign'd to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallow'd bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live away? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,

And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the love of the Lord is the bliss of the soul.

That heavenly music! hark, sweet in the air
The notes of the harpers how clear ringing there!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all array'd in His beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove
To adore Him—be near Him—enrapt with His love;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord.

Mühlenberg.

977. EARTH: nothing wholly vile.

NOUGHT so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.

Shakespeare.

978. EARTH. Pleasures of

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy, '
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,

That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy—

'Pleasure must be dash'd with pain!'
And yet, with heedless haste,

The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere;
Earth has no unpolluted spring;

From the cursed soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;

The world has false, but flattering, charms:
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;

In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms,

We lose the pleasing dream.—*Watts.*

As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

979. EARTH. Prisoner of

YET man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;
Lingers celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes : wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death ex-
pire !

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.—*Young.*

980. EARTH. Riches of the

ALMIGHTY, hear Thy children raise
The voice of thankfulness and praise,
To Him whose wisdom deign'd to plan
This fair and bright abode for man.

For when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in Thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impress'd
A beam of heaven upon its breast.

Then rose the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between ;
Then stretch'd the plains to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in th' exploring eye.

Beneath that smile earth's blossoms glow'd,
Her fountains gush'd, her rivers flow'd,
And from the shadowy wood was heard
The pleasant sounds of breeze and bird.

Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun and set
Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while th' unsated gaze
Delighted on Thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.—*Bryant.*

981. EARTH : a shadow.

THIS is the desert, this the solitude,
How populous, how vital is the grave !
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
The land of apparitions, empty shades ;
All, all on earth is shadow ; all beyond
Is substance ; the reverse is Folly's creed :
How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule :
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.

Young.

982. EARTH : unconstant.

UNCONSTANT *Earth* ! why do not mortals cease
To build their hopes upon so short a lease ?
Uncertain lease, whose term but once begun,
Tells never when it ends till it be done :
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why,
And whiles we but prepare to live, we die :
We spring like flowers for a day's delight,
At noon we flourish, and we fade at night :
We toil for kingdoms, conquer crowns, and the
We that were gods but now, now less than men.
If wisdom, learning, knowledge, cannot dwell
Secure from change, vain bubble Earth, farewell.

Quarles.

983. EARTH AND HEAVEN. Beauty of

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky.
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are number'd.'

O God ! O Good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

Heber.

984. EARTH AND HEAVEN: contrasted.

Here bliss is short, imperfect, insecure ;
 But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here, time's a moment, short our happiest state ;
There, infinite duration is our date.
Here, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best ;
There, Satan's power extends not to the blest.
 In a weak, simple body, *here* I dwell ;
 But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here, my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and fear ;
 But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.
Here, my best duties are defiled with sin ;
There, all is ease without and peace within.
Here, feeble faith supplies my only light ;
There, faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.
Here, love of self my fairest works destroys ;
There, love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here, things, as in a glass, are darkly shown ;
There, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
 Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below ;
There, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.
Here, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind ;
 But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Condemn'd to starve at an unreal feast :
 A spark, which upwards tends by Nature's force ;
 A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
 A drop, dis sever'd from the boundless sea ;
 A moment, parted from eternity ;
 A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come ;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

Hannah More.

985. EASE.

LIKE a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
 Farthest retires—an idol at whose shrine
 Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.

Cowper.

986. EASE: in writing.

TRUE ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

Pope.

987. EASTER. Glad tidings of

I SAY to all men, far and near,
 That He is risen again ;
 That He is with us now and here,
 And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
 Go tell it to his friend,
 That soon in every place shall dawn
 His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
 Seems earth a fatherland ;
 A new and endless life they take
 With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
 Are whelm'd beneath the sea,
 And every heart now light and brave
 May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod
 To heaven at last shall come,
 And he who hearkens to His word
 Shall reach His Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
 Though his beloved sleep ;
 A happier meeting shall restore
 Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
 With new resolve may dare :
 A glorious harvest shall the seed
 In happier regions bear.

He lives: His presence hath not ceased,
 Though foes and fears be rife ;
 And thus we hail in Easter's feast
 A world renew'd to life !

Novalis, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

988. EASTER. Joy of

CHRIST from the dead is risen—dieth no more.
 Sing out, glad Earth, rejoice from shore to shore.
 First-fruits of them that slept ! O Life in death !
 Fair garden lilies, with their odorous breath,
 Salute with grace the world at Easter dawn.
 The tomb is oped, the captive loosed and gone,
 Christ from the dead is risen—dieth no more.
 Sing out, O Earth, rejoice from shore to shore.

O wondrous mystery of Love ! through Lenten hours
 What penitential tears have dimm'd these eyes of
 ours ;

What anguish'd sighs have breathed from tortured,
 quiv'ring hearts,

Pierced through by all the tempter's sore envenom'd
 darts.

Yet, glorious mystery of Love, the Lenten Fast
 Ends with an angel-minister'd, divine repast.
 Joy out of Sorrow blooms ; Passion's black, cheer-
 less night

Grows fair with glowing rays of Easter Day, alight.

Hail ! glorious morn ; Hail ! blessed Day of days.
 Glad o'er a sorrowing world shine forth thy healing
 rays.

Hark ! in the ambient glow of Easter morning fair,
Lo ! conqueror's psalms triumphant sound through
all the air :

'Jesus, our risen Lord, hath vanquish'd Death and
Hell,

Through the grave's pathway pass'd where angels
dwell,

Deliverance wrought, Death's sharpness done away,
And oped the Kingdom wide, on Easter Day.'

Mary E. C. Wyck.

989. EASTER. Joy of

'Tis the day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad !
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light :
And, list'ning to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All hail !' and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful !
Let earth her song begin !
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein :
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus, tr. by J. M. Neale.

990. EASTER. Joy of

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness !
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness ;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters ;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day :
Christ hath burst His prison ;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins
Long and dark, is flying

From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joys to render :
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal :
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus, tr. by J. M. Neale.

991. EASTER. Lessons of

SAY, my soul, what preparation
Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
Open'd through the tomb a way ?
Dwellest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love ?
Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
Raise thy thoughts to things above ?
Hast thou, borne on Faith's strong pinion,
Risen with the risen Lord ?
And, released from sin's dominion,
Into purer regions soar'd ?
Or art thou, in spite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and sin ?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Easter usher'd in ?

Oh, then, let not death o'ertake thee
By the shades of night o'erspread !
See ! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear ; the gracious Saviour cries,
'Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee ;
To new life at once arise.'

See, with looks of tender pity
He extends His wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's enthralling bands :
'Wait not for some future meetness,
Dread no punishment from me,
Rouse thyself, and taste the sweetness
Of the new life offer'd thee.'

Let no precious time be wasted,
 To new life arise at length :
 He who death for thee hath tasted,
 For new life will give new strength.
 Try to rise, at once bestir thee,
 Still press on and persevere ;
 Let no weariness deter thee,
 He who woke thee still is near.

Waste not so much time in weighing
 When and where thou shalt begin ;
 Too much thinking is delaying,
 Rivets but the chain of sin.
 He will help thee and provide thee
 With a courage not thine own,
 Bear thee in His arms and guide thee,
 Till thou learn'st to walk alone.

See ! thy Lord Himself is risen,
 That thou mightest also rise,
 And emerge from sin's dark prison
 To new life and open skies.
 Come to Him who can unbind thee,
 And reverse thy awful doom ;
 Come to Him, and leave behind thee
 Thy old life—an empty tomb !

Spitta, tr. by R. Massie.

992. EASTER. Prayer for

O RISEN Lord ! O conquering King !
 O Life of all that live !
 To-day that peace of Easter bring
 Which only Thou canst give !
 Once Death, our foe,
 Had laid Thee low :
 Now hast Thou rent his bonds in twain,
 Now art Thou risen who once wast slain !

The power of Thy great majesty
 Bursts rocks and tombs away,
 Thy victory raises us with Thee
 Into the glorious day ;
 Now Satan's might
 And Death's dark night
 Have lost their power this blessed morn,
 And we to higher life are born.

Oh that our hearts might inly know
 Thy victory over death,
 And gazing on Thy conflict glow
 With eager, dauntless faith !
 Thy quenchless light,
 Thy glorious might
 Still comfortless and lonely leave
 The soul that cannot yet believe.

Then break through our hard hearts Thy way,
 O Jesus, conquering King !
 Kindle the lamp of faith to-day ;
 Teach our faint hearts to sing
 For joy at length,
 That in Thy strength
 We, too, may rise whom sin had slain,
 And Thine eternal rest attain.

And, when our tears for sin o'erflow,
 Do Thou in love draw near,
 The precious gift of peace bestow,
 Shine on us bright and clear ;
 That so may we,
 O Christ ! from Thee
 Drink in the life that cannot die,
 And keep true Easter feasts on high.

Yes, let us truly know within
 Thy rising from the dead ;
 And quit the grave of death and sin,
 And keep that gift, our Head,
 That Thou didst leave
 For all who cleave
 To Thee through all this earthly strife :
 So shall we enter into life.

Boehmer, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

993. EASTER : the conquest of death.

THE shade and gloom of life are fled
 This Resurrection-day ;
 Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
 The grave hath no more prey :
 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
 In Christ we wake and rise ;
 And the sad tears death makes us weep,
 He wipes from all our eyes.

And every bird and every tree
 And every opening flower
 Proclaim His glorious victory,
 His resurrection-power :
 The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,
 With vernal verdure spread ;
 The little hills lift up their voice,
 And shout that Death is dead.

Then wake, glad heart ! awake ! awake !
 And seek thy risen Lord,
 Joy in His resurrection take,
 And comfort in His word ;
 And let thy life, through all its ways,
 One long thanksgiving be,
 Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
 'Christ died, and rose for me.'—*Monsell.*

994. EASTER. Triumphs of

THE foe behind, the deep before,
 Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea :
 And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
 And Israel's ransom'd tribes are free.
 Lift up, lift up your voices now !
 The whole wide world rejoices now !
 The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously !
 The Lord shall reign victoriously !

Happy morrow,
 Turning sorrow
 Into peace and mirth !
 Bondage ending
 Love descending
 O'er the earth !
 Seals assuring,
 Guards securing,
 Watch His earthly prison :
 Seals are shatter'd,
 Guards are scatter'd,
 CHRIST hath risen.

No longer must the mourners weep,
 Nor call departed Christians dead ;
 For Death is hallow'd into sleep,
 And every grave becomes a bed.
 Now once more
 Eden's door
 Open'd stands to mortal eyes ;
 For CHRIST hath risen, and man shall rise.
 Now at last,
 Old things past,
 Hope, and joy, and peace begin :
 For CHRIST hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :
 It is not sadness, peace from strife :
 To fall asleep is not to die :
 To dwell with CHRIST is better life.

Where our banner leads us,
 We may safely go :
 Where our Chief precedes us,
 We may face the foe :
 His right Arm is o'er us,
 He will guide us through :
 CHRIST hath gone before us,
 Christians, follow you.—*J. M. Neale.*

995. EASTER SUNDAY.

HAIL, Day of days ! in peals of praise
 Throughout all ages own'd,
 When Christ, our God, hell's empire trod,
 And high o'er heaven was throned.

This glorious morn the world new-born
 In rising beauty shows ;
 How, with her Lord to life restored,
 Her gifts and graces rose !

The spring serene in sparkling sheen
 The flower-clad earth arrays,
 Heaven's portal bright its radiant light
 In fuller flood displays.

The fiery sun in loftier noon,
 O'er heaven's high orbit shines,
 As o'er the tide of waters wide
 He rises and declines.

From hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
 The Lord in triumph soars ;
 The forests raise their leafy praise ;
 The flowery field adores.

As star by star He mounts afar,
 And hell imprison'd lies,
 Let stars and light, and depths and height
 In Hallelujahs rise.

Lo ! He Who died, the Crucified,
 God over all He reigns ;
 On Him we call, His creatures all,
 Who heaven and earth sustains.

Tr. from the Latin by Mrs Charles.

996. ECHO. Moral of the

YES, it was the mountain Echo,
 Solitary, clear, profound,
 Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
 Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply
 To a babbling wanderer sent ;
 Like her ordinary cry,
 Like, but, oh ! how different !

Hears not also mortal Life—
 Hear not we, unthinking creatures !
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
 Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we*, too ?—yes, we have
 Answers, and we know not whence ;
 Echoes from behind the grave,
 Recognized intelligence !

Such rebounds our inward ear
 Catches sometimes from afar ;
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;
 For of God—of God they are.

Wordsworth.

997. EDEN. Adam and Eve in

THUS they, the representatives of man,
Were placed in Eden—choicest spot on earth.
With royal honour, and with glory crown'd,
Adam, the lord of all, majestic walk'd,
With godlike countenance sublime, and form
Of lofty, towering strength; and by his side
Eve, fair as morning star, with modesty
Array'd, with virtue, grace, and perfect love;
In holy marriage wed, and eloquent
Of thought and comely words, to worship God
And sing His praise, the Giver of all good.
Glad, in each other glad, and glad in hope;
Rejoicing in their future happy race.
O lovely, happy, blest, immortal pair,
Pleased with the present, full of glorious hope;
But short, alas, the song that sings their bliss.

Pollok.

998. EDEN. Departure from

IN either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.—*Milton.*

999. EDEN. Memories of

IN restless pain we heave and toss
Like playthings of the Ocean,
And mourn with sharpest pangs of loss
Dead objects of devotion.
We follow light where'er it gleams,
Though marsh and mist encumber,
We reign, anointed kings—in dreams—
But wake forlorn, from slumber.

We grasp at grains of shining dust,
But in the grasp they perish;
We put in men's applause our trust—
It cheats the hopes we cherish.
Remorse, a ghostly shadow, blights
Each wreath we weave for pleasure;
But restless still we scale the heights,
Or search the mines for treasure.

Oh, nought of earth can e'er avail
While Eden-mem'ries haunt us!

Our longings are on larger scale
Than lower worlds can grant us.
We pant within the veil to be,
To roam in fields elysian,
And, 'in His beauty,' God to see,
Nor die beneath the vision.

W. Morley Punshon.

1000. EDUCATION. Advanced

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind:
But more advanced, behold the strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills creep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Pope.

1001. EDUCATION. Atheistic

All knowledge is not nourishment. The mind
May pine upon its food. In reckless thirst
The scholar sometimes kneels beside the stream
Polluted by the lepers of the mind.
The sceptic, with his doubts of all things good
And faith in all things evil, has been there,
And, as the stream was mingled, he has strown
The shore with all bright flowers to tempt the eye,
And sloped the banks down gently for the feet;
And Genius, like a fallen child of light,
Has fill'd the place with magic, and compell'd
Most beautiful creations into forms
And images of license, and they come
And tempt you with bewildering grace to kneel,
And drink of the wild waters; and behind
Stand the strong Passions, pleading to go in;
And the approving world looks silent on;
Till the pleased mind conspires against itself,
And finds a subtle reason why 'tis good.
We are deceived, though; even as we drink,
We taste the evil. In his sweetest tone,
The lying Tempter whispers in our ear,
'Though it may stain, 'twill strengthen your proud
wing;'
And in the wild ambition of the soul

We drink anew, and dream like Lucifer
To mount upon our daring draught to Heaven.

Willis.

1002. EDUCATION. Capacity of

THE heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the living tree
Of deeply planted sympathy ;
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwater'd desert are ;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturb'd that stubborn soil :
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought ;
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloom'd
Where truth and fancy lie entomb'd.

Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness ;
Than many a sin and many a stain
Forgotten—and impress'd again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow :
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This, as our duty, be our care !

And sweet it is, the growth to trace,
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labours first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.—*Bowering.*

1003. EDUCATION. Duty of

As wrapt and hidden in the stone's embrace
The future statue lies yet undefined ;
Till the nice chisel clears the form design'd,
The trunk, the moving limbs, the speaking face
Develops : so instruction's hand must trace
The intellectual form, which lies enshrined
'Mid nature's rude materials ; and the mind
Invest with due proportion, strength, and grace.

God to thy teaching delegates the art
To form the future man : the care be thine,
No shape unworthy from the marble start,
Reptile or monster ; but with just design
Copy the heavenly model, and impart,
As best thou canst, similitude divine.—*Mant.*

1004. EDUCATION. Early

INDUCE not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou
nourish vanity ;
Neither can a plant, forced in the hotbed, stand
against the frozen breath of winter.
The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multi-
tude of words is a clogging weight :
Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct
to the measure of capacity.
Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are
strong meat ;
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy
illustration winneth him ;
In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence,
till he learn of the bee and the ant ;
Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and
chrysalis have taught him ;
He will fear God in thunder, and worship His love-
liness in flowers ;
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines
seem dead mystery ;
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good
corn into the soil.—*Tupper.*

'Tis Education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Pope.

Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.
Dryden.

1005. EDUCATION. Neglected

LAWS hitherto are framed to punish crime.
All legislators have been slow to deal
With vice in its first elements ; and here
Lie the pernicious root and seeds of sin.
That children are permitted to grow up,
From infancy to youth, without instruction,
Is a grave wrong, and ne'er to be redeem'd
By penal statutes and the prisoner's cell.

1006. EFFORT. Duty of

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

1007. EFFORT. Encouragement to

WHAT if the little rain should say,
'So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields ;
I'll tarry in the sky ?'

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower ?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ?

Go then and strive to do thy share :
One talent—less than thine—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.—*Cutter.*

1008. EFFORT. Fruitless

OR shall I say, Vain word, false thought,
Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,
And Wisdom dictates not to do,
Till doing shall be not for nought ?

Not ours to give or lose is life :
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,
Remake her work ? or songs recall
Death's victim slain in useless strife ?

That rivers flow into the sea
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
Nor know that back they find their way,
Unseen, to where they went to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,
The river runneth still at hand,
Brave men are born into the land,
And whence, the foolish do not know.

No ! no vain voice did on me fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost :
'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.—*Clough.*

1009. ELECT. Fewness of the

FEW are the clear, strong spirits, who can bear
To look on Truth in her unclouded blaze ;
Few are the high, heroic souls, who dare,
Above the low pursuit of gain, to raise
Their firm, unbending purpose ; few can gaze
At Virtue, on her pure and awful throne—
Ah ! few can love the ethereal coin she pays—
But they must love it, for the souls alone
Who master self can claim our birthright as their
own.—*Percival.*

1010. ELIJAH. Voice to

ON Horeb's rock the Prophet stood ;
The Lord before him past.
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast.
The forests fell before its force,
The rocks were shiver'd in its course ;
God was not in the blast.

'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came muffling up the sun ;
When through the mountains deep and loud
An earthquake thunder'd on.
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair :
God was not in the stun.

'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far.

'Twas still again, and Nature stood
And calm'd her ruffled flame !
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to his depths the ocean fled,
The sick'ning sun look'd wan and dead :
Yet God fill'd not the flame.

'Twas but the terrors of His eye
That lighten'd through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill, that all
In heaven and earth might hear :
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
And God Himself was here.
For, oh, it was a Father's voice
That bade His trembling world rejoice.

1011. ELOQUENCE. Action is

IN such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears.—*Shakespeare.*

1012. ELOQUENCE. Dumb

HER humble gestures made the residue plain,
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.
Roscommon.

1013. ELOQUENCE. Effect of

WHEN he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
Shakespeare.

Every word he speaks is a syren's note,
To draw the careless hearer.—*Beaumont.*

Who talks of dying in a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it.—*Osway.*

His words seem'd oracles
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him.
You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.—*Croly.*

I've known the pregnant thinkers of this time,
And stood by breathless, hanging on their lips,
When some chromatic sequence of fine thought,
In learned modulation phrased itself
To an unconjectured harmony of truth.
And yet I've been more moved, more raised, I say,
By a simple word—a broken, easy thing,
A three-years' infant might say after you—
A look, a sigh, a touch upon the palm,
Which meant less than 'I love you' . . . than by all
The full-voiced rhetoric of those master-mouths.
E. B. Browning.

1014. ELOQUENCE. Female

MEN are more eloquent than women made;
But women are more powerful to persuade.
Randolph.

1015. ELOQUENCE. Method of

THERE'S a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lips to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen
word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd.

The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone:
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent One.
Mrs Welby.

1016. ELOQUENCE: misused.

HIS tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Matu'rest counsels.—*Milton.*

Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide,
By masks of eloquence, and veils of pride?—*Prior.*

O Eloquence! thou violated fair!
How art thou woo'd, and won to either bed
Of right or wrong! Oh when injustice folds thee,
Dost thou not curse thy charms for pleasing him,
And blush at conquest.—*Havard.*

1017. ELOQUENCE. Overmastering

THE charms of eloquence—the skill
To wake each secret string,
And from the bosom's chords at will
Life's mournful music bring;
The o'ermastr'ing strength of mind, which sways
The haughty and the free,
Whose might earth's mightiest ones obey,
This charm was given to thee.—*Mrs Embury.*

1018. ELOQUENCE. Persuasive

WHEN he spoke, what tender words he used!
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.—*Dryden.*

1019. ELOQUENCE. Power of

POWER above powers! O heavenly Eloquence,
That with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasures that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do so much more with one pen
Than all the powers of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory, then,
As th' immaterial fruit of shades, neglect?
Daniel.

1020. ELOQUENCE. Secret of

THE spell is thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.
Halleck.

1021. ELOQUENCE. Skilled

WHEN with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.—*Butler.*

But when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of *sound*, was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect.
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages :
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.—*Butler.*

1022. ELOQUENCE. True

FALSE eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads in every place :
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay :—
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.—*Pope.*

Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

Pope.

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell !

Moore.

His eloquence is classic in its style ;
Not brilliant with explosive coruscations
Of heterogeneous thoughts at random caught,
And scatter'd like a shower of shooting stars,
That end in darkness : no ; his noble mind
Is clear, and full, and stately, and serene.
His earnest and undazzled eye he keeps
Fix'd on the sun of Truth, and breathes his words
As easily as eagles cleave the air ;
And never pauses till the height is won ;
And all who listen follow where he leads.

Sarah F. Hale.

1023. EMINENCE. Ills of

OH think, my son, how wild and vain
Are all the dreams of earthly pride !
Shouldst thou the height of glory gain,
What countless ills the great betide !
Superior pomp, superior pain—
The madness of the insatiate brain,
That looks on earth with proud disdain,
And sighs for worlds beside !

Where is the meteor flash that shone
O'er Ecbatane and Babylon,

And smote the Persian from his throne ?

Where is the self-exalted god ?
The hero of immortal birth—
The lord of Macedon—and earth—
Is now a vile and nameless clod.
A few short hours, and they who bow'd,
The meanest of the servile crowd,
Had spurn'd the mass of lifeless clay,
As on its kindred earth it lay,
In loathsomeness of foul decay.
Great Cæsar rued the hour that gave
The free-born Roman for his slave ;
And who—for all his sated pride—
Would wish to die as Marius died ?
Know—heroes were by Heaven design'd,
(If heroes, men like these we call,)

To rise upon their country's fall,
To glut the grave, and scourge mankind.
And what their guilty toil repays ?
That falsehood of dissembled praise
Which Flattery's glozing tongue adorns,
And Vice extols—while Virtue mourns.
Yes, e'en the fame, for which was given
The love of man, the bliss of Heaven—
The tale of after-times—nay, worse—
Becomes a proverb and a curse.
Oh, spurn, my son, the hero's name,
And shun the infamy of fame ;
To thee let nobler praise be given,—
The friend of man ! the loved of Heaven !

Dale.

1024. EMPIRE.

EXTENDED empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.
Johnson.

1025. EMPLOYMENT: demanded.

MAN is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old ;
 The man is gone
 Before we do our wars unfold :
 So we freeze on,
 Until the grave increases our cold.

Herbert.

1026. EMPLOYMENT. Useful

LIVE for something ; be not idle ;
 Look about thee for employ ;
 Sit not down to useless dreaming ;
 Labour is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay ;
 Life for thee hath many duties ;
 Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway ;
 Gentle words and cheering smiles
 Better are than gold and silver
 With their grief-dispelling wiles.
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darken'd hearth.

Hearts there are oppress'd and weary ;
 Drop the tear of sympathy ;
 Whisper words of hope and comfort ;
 Give, and thy reward shall be
 Joy unto thy soul returning
 From this perfect fountain-head ;
 Freely as thou freely givest
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

1027. EMPLOYMENT. Use of

SEA would be pools without the brushing air
 To curl the waves ; and sure some little care
 Should weary Nature so, to make her want repose.
Dryden.

Life's cares are comforts ; such by Heaven design'd ;
 He that has none, must take them, or be wretched.
 Cares are employment ; and without employ
 The soul is on a rack ; the rack of rest,
 To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.—*Young.*

1028. ENCOURAGEMENT. Faith's

ONLY a few more burdens must we carry
 In heat and toil beneath the scorching sun ;
 Only a little longer must we tarry—
 Only a little longer 'till He come.'

Only a little more of life's long journey
 Through the world's desert till the day is done ;
 Only a few more desert scenes of conflict,
 Only a few more Marahs 'till He come.'

Only a little longer, thinking gladly
 Of the uprising of the brighter Sun ;
 Only a little longer, waiting sadly
 In the fast-falling twilight 'till He come.'

Only a few more billows wildly tossing,
 Beating us backward from the long'd-for shore ;
 Only a few more snares our pathway crossing—
 Then all the trials of the way 'll be o'er.

So let our eyes be on Him in His absence,
 Seeking to serve Him in this day of grace ;
 While the thought cheers us in our constant sadness,
 Soon He will come and meet us face to face.

A. S. Ormsby.

1029. ENCOURAGEMENT. Strong

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
 Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright 'for ever,'
 Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while !'

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to battle with the strong ;
 A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
 To pace with weary steps through noisy ways ;
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while, 'midst shadow and illusion,
 To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell ;
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 Then hail sight's verdict, 'He doth all things
 well.'

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed ;
 Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
 Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
 A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim ;
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
 To haste to meet Him with the bridal-hymn.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
 The future glory and the present smile,
 With the bright promise of the glad for ever
 Will light the shadows of the 'little while.'

Jane Crewdson.

1030. END. Ignorance of the

WHEN another life is added
 To the heaving, turbid mass ;
 When another breath of being
 Stains creation's tarnish'd glass ;

When the first cry, weak and piteous,
 Heralds long-enduring pain,
 And a soul from non-existence
 Springs, that ne'er can die again ;
 When the mother's passionate welcome,
 Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
 And a sire's self-gratulation
 Prophecies of future years—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end will be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
 Of his all-comprising home,
 Puts aside the arm maternal
 That unlocks him ere he roam ;
 When the canvas of his vessel
 Flutters to the favouring gale,
 Years of solitary exile
 Hid behind the sunny sail ;
 When his pulses beat with ardour,
 And his sinews stretch'd for toil,
 And a hundred bold enterprises
 Lure him to that eastern soil—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
 Greeted the expectant bridal pair,
 And the vow that lasts till dying
 Vibrates on the sacred air ;
 When man's lavish protestations
 Doubts of after-change defy,
 Comforting the frailer spirit
 Bound his servitor for aye ;
 When beneath love's silver moonbeams
 Many rocks in shadow sleep,
 Undiscover'd, till possession
 Shows the danger of the deep—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning
 That is wrought by human skill ;
 Every daring emanation
 Of the mind's ambitious will ;
 Every first impulse of passion,
 Gush of love or twinge of hate ;
 Every launch upon the waters
 Wide-horizon'd by our fate ;
 Every venture in the chances
 Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
 Whatsoever be our motive,
 Whatsoever be our aim—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

1031. END OF THE WORLD. Safety at the

STAND the omnipotent decree ;
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan.
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just :
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man ;
 At his Redeemer's beck
 Sure to emerge and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck.
 Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre ;
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire.

Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd ;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void ;
 Sees this universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial reign begun ;
 Shouts with all the sons of God
 Around the eternal throne.

Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up,
 To earthquake, plague, or sword :
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

1032. ENDEAVOUR. Benefit of

A MOANING cry, as the world rolls by,
 Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky,
 Rings in my ears for ever :
 And I know not what it profits a man
 To plough and sow, to study and plan,
 And reap the harvest never.
 'Abide, in truth abide,'
 Spake a low voice at my side,
 'Abide thou, and endeavour.'

And even though, after care and toil,
 I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
 Though late, yet blooming ever,
 Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
 Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
 Wins its true guerdon never.

'Abide, in love abide,'
The tender voice replied,
'Abide thou, and endeavour.'

'Strive, endeavour : it profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever ;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
Therefore in faith abide,'
The earnest voice still cried,
'Abide thou, and endeavour.'

1033. ENDURANCE. Angel of

A STRONG and mailèd angel,
With eyes serene and deep,
Unwearied and unwearying,
His patient watch doth keep.

A strong and mailèd angel
In the midnight and the day ;
Walking with me at my labour,
Kneeling by me when I pray.

What he says no other heareth ;
None listen save the stars,
That move in arm'd battalions,
Clad with the strength of Mars.

Low are the words he speaketh—
'Young dreamer, God is great !
'Tis glorious to suffer !
'Tis majesty to wait !'

Oh, Angel of Endurance !
Oh, saintly and sublime !
White are the armèd legions
That tread the halls of Time !

Blessed and brave, and holy !
The olive on my heart,
Baptized with Thy baptizing,
Shall never more depart.

Oh, strong and mailèd angel !
Thy trailing robes I see !
Read other souls the lesson
So meekly read to me !

Still chant the same grand anthem—
The beautiful and great—
'Tis glorious to suffer,
'Tis majesty to wait !'

1034. ENDURANCE. Reward of

A LITTLE longer still—patience, beloved :
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll

The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer ere life, true, immortal
(Not this our shadowy life), will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where wing'd archangels wor-
ship,
And trembling bow before the Great White Throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight ;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our days a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat for ever with a love divine ;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee :
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here ?

1035. ENDURANCE: the Christian's duty.

'HAVING done all, to stand'—the words ring down
Th' echoing corridors of time. No frown
Of adverse fortune when in fickle mood ;
No fear of foes that lie in wait for blood ;
The venom'd sting of friendship, false and dead
When sorest needed ; not the crushing tread
Of bitter grief upon the bleeding heart ;
Nor yet the great arch-fiend's most subtle dart
Could from those lips the smallest tribute wring,
That conquering cried : 'O Death ! where is thy
sting ?

O Grave ! where is thy victory ?' He stood fast
Through light and storm ; finish'd his course at last ;
And, having kept the faith, the battle won,
Received the crown from God's Eternal Son.

Should I then simply stand ; my work abate ?
Sit idly down, folding my hands, and wait ;
Trusting that God will order all things right ?
Not so ! Am I not call'd upon to fight ?
Something there is to do, for me, for all ;
The Christians' trumpets to a battle call.
And yet resistance wins. In years long fled,
When Carthage threaten'd Rome with vengeance
dread,

One man, when many others fought in vain,
By watchful waiting won a great campaign.

Often on some lone rock, amidst the roar
Of winds and waves that lash the savage shore,
With care and skill is rear'd the massive tower,
That bold defies the whirling tempest's power.

Scorning the foes that in the billows lurk,
Unawed it stands, and, standing, does its work ;
And, though it move not, yet amid the crash
Of warring elements, the welcome flash
Sends life and hope to thousands.

So may we,

With earnest, patient purpose, steadfastly
Stand and resist the billows tossing high ;
And, as the lighthouse lenses multiply
The feeble lamps, so, though our light be faint,
The young disciple and the strongest saint
Can thousand-fold intensity impart,
Reflected from the mirror of a heart
Burnish'd by love for God. Nor shines in vain,
If from the deep death of the angry main
One soul be saved, though hundreds, tempest-toss'd,
Heedless of warning, sink for ever lost.

Of all sad thoughts that through the memory roll,
The saddest this—I might have warn'd a soul.
So should we strive to keep the mirror bright,
That o'er life's sea may shine our feeble light ;
With childlike faith, holding our Father's hand,
Always look up, and, 'having done all, stand.'

R. K. Carter.

1036. ENEMIES.

SCORN no man's love, though of a mean degree :
Love is a present for a mighty king ;
Much less make any one thine enemy.—*Herbert.*

Though all things do to harm him what they can,
No greater en'my to himself than man.

Earl of Sterline.

I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him ;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice :
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest ;
His sword edged with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed
too,

And kill as deadly.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

'Tis, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

The fine and noble way to kill a foe,
Is not to kill him : you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so,
And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say
His pardons put his foes to death ; for when
He mortified their hate, he kill'd them then.

Aleyn.

So artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
By heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
From the kind warmth the metal learns to flow,
And pure from dross the silver runs below.

I never see a wounded enemy,
Or hear of foe slain on the battle-field,
But I bethink me of his pleasant home,
And how his mother and his sisters watch
For one who never more returns. Poor souls !
I've often wept to think how they must weep.

Mrs Hale.

1037. ENERGY. Want of

OUR remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

Shakespeare.

1038. ENGLAND. Freedom in

A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright at his call, the age of men effulged,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.

Thomson.

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's Isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-
tains smile.—*Addison.*

If to Judæa we our worship trace ;
If our best learning to Achaia's race ;
If Europe owes to Rome her noblest laws ;
The freedom of mankind is England's cause.
To law, to learning, to religion, she
Adds Heaven's own element of liberty.—*Bailey.*

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights ;
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stopt she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face ;

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes !—*Tennyson.*

1039. ENGLAND. Homes of

THE free, fair homes of England !
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd
 To guard each hallow'd wall !
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God !—*Mrs Hemans.*

1040. ENGLAND. Love of

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country ! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and, from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.—*Cowper.*

England ! my country, great and free !
 Heart of the world, I leap to thee !—*Bailey.*

1041. ENGLAND. Mission of

WHETHER this portion of the world were rent,
 By the rude ocean, from the continent,
 Or thus created ; it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind.—*Waller.*

1042. ENGLAND. Position of

I' THE world's volume
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
 In a great pool, a swan's nest.—*Shakespeare.*

This scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,

Against infection, and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall ;
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands.

Shakespeare.

1043. ENGLAND. Safety of

COME the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them ; nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.—*Shakespeare.*

England is safe, if true within itself.
 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
 Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
 Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Shakespeare.

England never did (nor never shall)
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.

Shakespeare.

Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession
 Secured by nature, laughs at foreign force ;
 Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dike,
 Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world.

Havard.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coast, set up,
 At once, the wonder, terror, and delight
 Of distant nations : Whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

Thomson.

1044. ENGLISH NATION.

THE English nation, like the sea it governs,
 Is bold and turbulent and easily moved ;
 And always beats against the shore that bounds it.
Crown.

1045. ENJOYMENT. Condition of

IT was, we own, the subject of much debate,
 And worthy men stood on opposing sides,
 Whether the cup of mortal life had more
 Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when ask'd
 In general terms, and worthy to be left
 Unsolved. If most was sour—the drinker, not
 The cup, we blame. Each in himself the means
 Possess'd to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
 To bitter ; hence from out the self-same fount,
 One nectar drank, another draughts of gall.

Hence from the self-same quarter of the sky,
 One saw ten thousand angels look, and smile ;
 Another saw as many demons frown.
 One discord heard, where harmony inclined
 Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste ;
 The beauty in the eye ; and in the ear
 The melody ; and in the man—for God
 Necessity of sinning laid on none—
 To form the taste, to purify the eye,
 And tune the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
 Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet, and fair.
 Who would, might groan ; who would, might sing
 for joy.—*Pollok.*

1046. ENJOYMENT. Lost

O WORLD, O life, O time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before :
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more ; oh, never more !
 Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight :
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—oh, never more !—*Shelley.*

1047. ENJOYMENT. Pursuit of

We all are children in our strife to seize
 Each petty pleasure, as it lures the sight ;
 And like the tall tree, swaying in the breeze,
 Our lofty wishes stoop their tow'ring flight,
 Till, when the prize is won, it seems no more
 Than gather'd shell from ocean's countless store,
 And ever those who would enjoyment gain,
 Must find it in the purpose they pursue.

Mrs Hale.

1048. ENNUI. Course of

It is the constant revolution, stale
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
 A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart
 Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
 Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
 No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
 Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
 The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
 Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits,
 Spectatrix both and spectacle, a sad
 And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.

Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
 Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,
 Through downright inability to rise,
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
 These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these
 Themselves love life, and cling to a twig.
 They love it, and yet loathe it ; fear to die,
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
 Then wherefore not renounce them ? No—the dread,
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
 And their inveterate habits, all forbid.—*Cowper.*

1049. ENNUI : its causes.

ALAS ! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found.—*Shelley.*

Social life is fill'd
 With doubts and vain aspirings ; solitude,
 When the imagination is dethroned,
 Is turn'd to weariness and ennui.

Miss Landon.

I am tired of looking on what is ;
 One might as well see beauty never more,
 As look upon it with an empty eye.
 I would this world were over. I am tired.

Bailey.

1050. ENNUI. Question for

AH ! how unjust to nature and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short :
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the lingering moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
 Art, brainless art ! our furious charioteer
 (For nature's voice, unstifled, would recall),
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of death !
 Death, most our dread ; death, thus more dreadful
 made :

Oh, what a riddle of absurdity !
 Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels :
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Bless'd leisure is our curse : like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement :
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,

From hateful time if prisons set us free.
 Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd,
 To man's false optics (from his folly false)
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
 Behold him when pass'd by ; what then is seen
 But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.
 O ye Lorenzos of our age ! who deem
 One moment unamused a misery
 Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud
 For every bawble drivell'd o'er by sense ;
 For rattles and conceits of every cast,
 For change of follies and relays of joy,
 To drag you patient through the tedious length
 Of a short winter's day—say, sages ! say,
 Wit's oracles ! say, dreamers of gay dreams !
 How will you weather an eternal night
 When such expedients fail ?—*Young.*

1051. ENTHUSIASM.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
 Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.
Cowper.

I gaze upon the thousand stars
 That fill the midnight sky ;
 And wish, so passionately wish,
 A light like theirs on high.
 I have such eagerness of hope
 To benefit my kind ;
 I feel as if immortal power
 Were given to my mind.—*Miss Landon.*

1052. ENVY : a kind of praise.

FOOLS may our scorn, not envy, raise :
 For envy is a kind of praise.—*Gay.*

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
Pope.

Slander'd in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes ;
 Let these from envy hate—from interest those !
 Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
 Since none can envy till he first admires ;
 And nature tells the last his crime is none
 Who to your interest but prefers his own.
Cumberland.

1053. ENVY : assails only the fortunate.

ENVY is but the smoke of low estate,
 Ascending still against the fortunate.—*Brooke.*

1054. ENVY. Causes of

FOR the true condition of envy, is,
Dolor aliena felicitatis ; to have
 Our eyes continually fix'd upon another
 Man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness,
 And to grieve at that.—*Jonson.*

With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate.

Churchill.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Thomson.

What made the man of envy what he was,
 Was worth in others, vileness in himself ;
 A lust of praise, with undeserving deeds,
 And conscious poverty of soul : and still
 It was his earnest work and daily toil,
 With lying tongue, to make the noble seem
 Mean as himself. On Fame's high hill he saw
 The laurel spread its everlasting green,
 And wish'd to climb ; but felt his knees too weak :
 And stood below, unhappy, laying hands
 Upon the strong, ascending gloriously
 The steps of honour, bent to draw them back ;
 Involving oft the brightness of their path
 In mists his breath had raised. Whene'er he heard,
 As oft he did, of joy and happiness,
 And great prosperity, and rising worth,
 'Twas like a wave of wormwood o'er his soul
 Rolling its bitterness. His joy was woe :
 The woe of others : when, from wealth to want,
 From praises to reproach, from peace to strife,
 From mirth to tears, he saw a brother fall,
 Or virtue make a slip—his dreams were sweet.

Pollok.

1055. ENVY : concealed.

COLD words that hide the envious thoughts.
Willis.

1056. ENVY. Cure for

CANST thou discern another's mind ?
 What is it you envy ? Envy's blind.
 Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
 That thousands want what you enjoy.—*Gay.*

1057. ENVY : degrading.

ENVY not greatness ; for thou mak'st thereby
 Thyself the worse ; and so the distance greater.
 Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy
 As hurts not others but makes thee better,
 Is a good spur.—*Herbert.*

1058. ENVY: destructive.

FOR everything contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption:
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak:
But *Envy*, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.

Cumberland.

1059. ENVY: disclaimed.

I ENVY not their hap
Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.
To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
To ruin run amain.—*Southwell.*

1060. ENVY. None exempt from

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.—*Shakespeare.*

For envy doth invade
Works breathing to eternity, and cast
Upon the fairest piece the greatest shade.

Alcyn.

1061. ENVY. Pleasure of

YET much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery.—*Young.*

1062. ENVY. Power of

ENVY's a sharper spur than pay,
And, unprovoked, 'twill court the fray.—*Gay.*

1063. EPITAPH. A Lady's

WOULDST thou hear what man can say
In a little?—reader, stay!
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth—
Th' other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.—*Jonson.*

1064. EQUALITY. Claim of

I CANNOT coldly pass him by,
Strip'd, wounded, left by thieves half-dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child:
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment-day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though 'Wretch' be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?

Montgomery.

1065. EQUALITY. Human

ARE we not brothers?
So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.—*Shakespeare.*

Consider, man, weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar are the same;
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.—*Gay.*

1066. EQUALITY: in emotions.

WELL, one may trail her silken robe,
And bind her locks with pearls,
And one may wreath the woodland rose
Among her floating curls;
And one may tread the dewy grass,
And one the marble floor,
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,
Nor broider'd corset more.—*Holmes.*

1067. EQUALITY: in freedom.

WHO can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power or splendour less,
In freedom equal?—*Milton.*

1068. EQUANIMITY.

WITH equal mind what happens let us bear ;
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care.—*Dryden*.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears,
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears ;
An equal temper in his mind he found
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
Dryden.

Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.—*Swift*.

1069. ERRING. Hope for the

NAY, deem not thus,—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line ;
Our truest steps are human still ;
To walk unswerving were divine !

Tuants from love, we dream of wrath ;
Oh, rather let us trust the more !
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door !—*Holmes*.

1070. ERROR. Avoid

You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way.—*Prior*.

1071. ERROR. Flight of

FOR look again on the past years ; behold,
How like the nightmare's dreams have flown away
Horrible in forms of worship, that, of old,
Held o'er the shuddering realms unquestion'd
sway.

See crimes, that fear'd not once the eye of day,
Rooted from men, without a name or place :
See nations blotted out from earth, to pay
The forfeit of deep guilt ; with glad embrace
The fair disburden'd lands welcome a nobler race.

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven ;
They fade, they fly—but Truth survives their
flight ;

Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven ;
Each ray that shone in early time, to light
The faltering footstep in the path of right,
Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to aid
In man's maturer days his bolder sight,
All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot
fade.—*Bryant*.

1072. ERROR : flourishes in every soil.

ERROR is a hardy plant ; it flourisheth in every soil ;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the
wicked and foolish :

For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it
some lines of truth :

Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some
wholesome use :

And the just man, enamour'd of the right, is blinded
by the speciousness of wrong,

And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is con-
tent to overlook the harm.

On all things created remaineth the half-effaced sig-
nature of God,

Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the
finger of corruption :

And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with
the streams of truth ;

And the adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby
many are decoy'd.—*Tupper*.

1073. ERROR. Perversity of

FIRST appetite enlists him, truth-sworn foe ;
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders ; that his error leads
To fatal ills ; that, though the path he treads
Be flowery, and he sees no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there :
In vain ; the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats ;
New raised objections with new quibbles meets,
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
But not the mischiefs ; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by every wind.
Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will ;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal size,
One leg by truth supported, one by lies,
They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.—*Cowper*.

1074. ERROR. Progress of

PLEASURE admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will,—nor leaves the judgment free.
'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice
Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their use ;
Ambition, avarice, and the lust of fame,
And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
The heart, surrender'd to the ruling power
Of some ungovern'd passion every hour,

Finds by degrees the truths that once bore sway,
 And all their deep impressions, wear away ;
 So coin grows smooth, in traffic current pass'd ;
 Till Cæsar's image is effaced at last.
 The breach, though small at first, soon opening wide,
 In rushes folly with a full-moon tide.
 Then welcome errors, of whatever size,
 To justify it by a thousand lies.
 As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon ;
 So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
 Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
 First wish to be imposed on, and then are,
 And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
 Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.
 Not more industrious are the just and true
 To give to virtue what is virtue's due,
 The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
 And call her charms to public notice forth,—
 Than vice's mean and disingenuous race
 To hide the shocking features of her face.
 Her form with dress and lotion they repair ;
 Then kiss their idol, and pronounce her fair.

Cowper.

1075. ERROR. Proneness of man to

SWIFTER than feather'd arrow in the wind,
 Than winged vessel on the yielding tide,
 Than river shooting down the mountain side,
 Than foot o'er champaign of the slender hind,
 To error's flowery vale, the headlong mind
 Is prone, without a curb, to fly aside ;
 Neither by dangers of the path untried,
 Nor roughest road, nor highest Alp confined.
 But if the way of truth upon the right
 It follows, like slow worm, or bird unfledged,
 At every twig it checks, and stone, and rill.
 Great Guide ! make strong my pinions for the flight !
 In that true course ; be every other hedged,
 And lift and bring me to Thy holy hill !

From the Italian of Tarsia.

1076. ERRORS: should be acknowledged.

SOME positive, persisting fools we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will need be always so ;
 But you with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critique on the last.—*Pope.*

1077. ETERNITY. Duration of

ETERNITY ! eternity !
 How long art thou, eternity !
 And yet to thee time hastes away,
 Like as the war-horse to the fray,

Or swift as couriers homeward go,
 Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
 Ponder, O man, eternity !

Eternity ! eternity !

How long art thou, eternity !
 For even as in a perfect sphere
 End nor beginning can appear,
 Even so, eternity, in thee,
 Entrance nor exit can there be.

Ponder, O man, eternity !

Eternity ! eternity !

How long art thou, eternity !
 A circle infinite art thou,
 Thy centre an eternal Now :
 Never we name thy outward bound,
 For never end therein is found.

Ponder, O man, eternity !

Eternity ! eternity !

How long art thou, eternity
 As long as God is God, so long
 Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
 So long the joys of heaven remain :
 O lasting joy ! O lasting pain !
 Ponder, O man, eternity !—*Wulffer.*

1078. ETERNITY: everlasting.

WHAT's time, when on eternity we think?
 A thousand ages in that sea must sink :
 Time's nothing but a word ; a million
 Is full as far from infinite as one.—*Denham.*

Oh ! who can strive
 To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
 Of the eternity that hath gone by,
 And not recoil from the dismaying sense
 Of human impotence ? The life of man
 Is summ'd in birthdays and in sepulchres :
 But the eternal God had no beginning ;
 He hath no end. Time had been with Him
 For everlasting, ere the dædal world
 Rose from the gulf in loveliness. Like Him,
 It knew no source ; like Him, 'twas uncreate.
 What is it, then ? The past eternity !
 We comprehend a future without end ;
 We feel it possible that even yon sun
 May roll for ever : but we shrink amazed—
 We stand aghast, when we reflect that time
 Knew no commencement—that, heap age on age
 And million upon million, without end,
 And we shall never span the void of days
 That were and are not but in retrospect.
 The Past is an unfathomable depth,
 Beyond the span of thought ; 'tis an elapse

Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.

Now, look on man
Myriads of ages hence. Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once he stood? The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His past is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Oh, who unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confused,
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in!—*Henry Kirke White.*

1079. ETERNITY: feared.

SURE there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.
Dryden.

1080. ETERNITY. Hastening to

My soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Him I love.
The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
'Rise up, and come away!'
With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
'Why tarries He?' I cry;
Let not the Saviour chide my haste,
For then would I reply:

'May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner, to be free?
A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent lord,
May sigh till he appear.

'I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows!
Would search the mystery of Thy love,
The depths of all Thy woes!
I fain would strike my harp divine,
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of Righteousness,
And sing what grace has done!'

R. C. Chapman.

1081. ETERNITY: incomprehensible.

WE strive with earthly imaginings to reach and understand
The wondrous and the fearful things of an eternal land.

We talk of amaranthine bowers and living groves of palm,
Of starry crowns and fadeless flowers and skies for ever calm.

We talk of wings and raiment white, and pillar'd thrones of gold,
And cities built with jewels bright, far in the heavens, of old.

Are these things more than fancy's play? are they, in very deed,
The free soul's guerdon, far away, its everlasting meed?

Or shall the spirit, in its flight beyond the stars sublime,
See nothing but the radiance white of never-ending time?

Shall things material change again, and wholly be forgot?
And round us only God remain, a universe of thought?

We know not well—we cannot know: our reason's glimmering light
Can nothing but the darkness show of our surrounding night.

But soon the doubt and toil and strife of earth shall all be done,
And knowledge of our endless life be in a moment won.—*Curry.*

1082. ETERNITY. Launching into

It was a brave attempt, adventurous he
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine; the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:

He steers the wingèd boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves his mortal land,
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm ; she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore ;
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease.
Her faith can govern death : she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies :
Now vast eternity fills all her sight ;
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

Watts.

1083. ETERNITY. Living for

So live that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renew'd
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight.

1084. ETERNITY. Premonitions of

AND as the better spirit, when she doth bear
A scorn of death, doth show she cannot die ;
So when the wicked soul death's face doth fear,
Even then she proves her own eternity.

Davies.

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.—*Addison.*

1085. ETERNITY. Responsibility for

ETERNITY ! Eternity !
That boundless, soundless, tideless sea,
Of mysteries the mystery,
What is eternity to me ?

Infinite bliss or misery,
Woe past, woe present, woe to be ;
The fulness of felicity ;
These are eternity to me.

Two voices from eternity !
A voice from heaven comes down to me,
A voice from hell breaks dolefully,
'Life, death, O man ! are offer'd thee.'

The abyss is moved, even wrath cries 'Flee !'
The height expands, and love cries, 'See

What God hath here prepared for thee ;
Choose thou thine own eternity !'

Montgomery.

1086. ETERNITY. Sailing to

ETERNITY's vast ocean lies before thee.
Give thy mind sea-room ; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal ; cut thy cord ;
Weigh anchor ; spread thy sails ; call every wind ;
Eye thy great Pole-star ; make the land of life.

Young.

1087. ETERNITY : unknown.

ETERNITY ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Addison.

1088. EVANESCENCE. Emblem of

SEE yonder cloud along the west
In gay, fantastic splendour dress'd ;
Fancy's bright visions charm the eye,
Sweet fairy bowers in prospect lie,
And blooming fields smile from the sky,
Deck'd in the hues of even ;
But short its evanescent stay,
Its brilliant masses fade away,
The breeze floats off its visions gay,
And clears the face of heaven.

Thus to fond man does Life's fair scene
Delusive spread its cheerful green ;
Before his path shine pleasure's bowers,
Each smiling field seems drest in flowers,
Hope leads him on, and shows his hours
For peace and pleasure given.
But one by one his hopes decay,
Each flattering vision fades away,
Each cheering scene charms to betray,
And nought remains but heaven.

Esther C. Beecher.

1089. EVANESCENT. Clinging to the

ALL that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall ;
The flower that drops in springing ;
These, alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching ?

Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light, and see
That light for ever flying.—*Moore.*

1090. EVENING. Duty for

MORN is the time to act, noon to endure;
But oh! if thou would'st keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path, by worldlings trod,
Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with God.
Mrs Embury.

1091. EVENING. Moral of

BEHOLD the sun, that seem'd but now
Enthroned overhead,
Beginneth to decline below
The globe whereon we tread;
And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave:
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain;
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain!
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine!—*George Wilher.*

1092. EVENING. Prayer at

Nor on a prayerless bed, nor on a prayerless bed
Compose the weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppress'd,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplex'd
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant! Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wakest and weepst?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer!
For He that slumbereth not is there;
His ear is open to their cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven:
Chosen, redeem'd, forgiven!
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crown'd, on blessed bed.

Margaret Mercer.

1093. EVENING. Prayer for

FATHER! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour.
Light has vanish'd, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,

Father! guard our couch from ill,
Lull Thy children to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

1094. EVENING. Prayer for

I COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,
And dare to crave communion high with Thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all,—the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human spirit in its weary hours,
Now, at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bow'd the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If I have turn'd away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore;
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast call'd Thine own.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake!

1095. EVENING. Retirement of

THEN is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks,—*Thomson.*

1096. EVENING. Thanks for

FATHER of heaven and earth!
I bless Thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest;
The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'erwearied one,
Bless Thee, O God, O Father of the oppress'd!
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!
Yes, ere I sink to rest
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and heaven!
I bless Thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers the night,
The soft, still, holy night!—*Mrs Hemans.*

1097. EVIL. Abstain from

WITH caution taste the sweet Circæan cup;
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed; but when they strive
To strip them off 'tis being flay'd alive.
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
But if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
Die then, if power Almighty save you not.
There hardening by degrees, till double steel'd,
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveal'd;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before,
And, joining the free-thinkers' brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense,
The Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense.
If clemency revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.
Some dream that they can silence, when they will,
The storm of passion, and say, 'Peace, be still:'
But, 'Thus far and no farther,' when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.—*Cowper.*

1098. EVIL. Compensation of

PAIN and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters
for good ;
The weapons of evil are turned against itself fighting
under better banners :
The leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked
loveth to do harm,
But the wise Physician of the universe useth that ill
tendency for health.
Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy
and kindness ;
Patience, humility, and faith spring not seldom from
thine own ;
An enemy, humbled by his own sorrows, cannot be
far from thy forgiveness,
A friend, who hath tasted of calamity, shall fan the
dying incense of thy love :
And for thyself, is it a small thing so to learn thy
frailty,
That from an aching bone thou savest the whole
body ?
The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it re-
fineth thy soul,
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years
of torment. — *Tupper.*

1099. EVIL: enduring.

THE evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
Shakespeare.

1100. EVIL. Fruitfulness of

OH, how will crime engender crime ! throw guilt
Upon the soul, and like a stone cast on
The troubled waters of a lake,
'Twill form in circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the first. — *Colman.*

This is the curse of every evil deed,
That propagating still, it brings forth evil.
Coleridge.

1101. EVIL: its origin.

THE fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric saint,
And at his side we urge to-day
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given, —
From sea or earth comes no reply ;
Hush'd as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly question'd, bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife, —
From all we grasp the meaning slips ;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before and guilt behind ;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.
From age to age descends uncheck'd
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect, —
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh ! why, and whither ? God knows all ;
I only know that He is good,
And that whatever may befall,
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
A Father's face I still discern,
As Moses look'd of old on Him,
And saw His glory into goodness turn.

For He is merciful as just ;
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before His will, and trust,
Howe'er they seem, He doeth all things right.
Whittier.

1102. EVIL: limited.

EVIL is limited. One cannot form
A scheme for universal evil. — *Bailey.*

1103. EVIL. Uprooting

A SPROUT of evil, ere it has struck root,
With thumb and finger one up-pulls :
To start it, when grown up and full of fruit,
Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1104. EVIL: works good.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain,
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain ;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain,
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue,
The glaring sunshine never knew. — *Whittier.*

1105. EVIL REPORTS.

THEY say—ah ! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove this story true ?
Suspensions may arise from nought
But malice, envy, want of thought ;
Why count yourself among the 'they'
Who whisper what they dare not say ?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to 'go and sin no more'?

They say—oh! pause and look within:
See how thy heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

1106. EVILS. Anticipating

SOME of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!
From the French, tr. by Emerson.

1107. EVILS. Imaginary

LET to-morrow take care of to-morrow,—
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?—
Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferr'd;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occur'd.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His Spirit supported and gladden'd,
Be ne'er by forebodings deterr'd;
But think how oft hearts have been sadden'd
By fear of what never occur'd.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow:
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,—
Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferr'd
Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occur'd.—*Charles Swain.*

1108. EVILS. Improvement of

THERE is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers;
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end,
That we may gather honey from the sweet,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Shakespeare.

1109. EXAMPLE. Influence of

No age hath been, since Nature first began
To work Jove's wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man,
Which more than threatful laws have men inclined:
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind;
Mirrors tie thoughts to virtue's due respects;
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins.

Dryden.

Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey.

Sedley.

A fault doth never with remorse
Our minds so deeply move,
As when another's guiltless life
Our error doth reprove.—*Brandon.*

For as the light
Not only serves to show but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Chapman.

On the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
The sinking stone at first a circle makes:
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
Pope.

1110. EXAMPLE. Influence of

STILL shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt;
Each sainted memory, Christ-like, drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain
Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
The fall of summer dew !

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of His truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
In golden-skied decline,
His angel met thee on the way,
And lent his arm to thine.—*Whittier.*

1111. EXAMPLE. License of

If apostolic gravity be free
To play the fool on Sundays, why not we ?
If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
As inoffensive, what offence in cards ?
Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay !
Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.
Cowper.

1112. EXAMPLE. Need of

THE sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.—*Emerson.*

1113. EXAMPLE: of the great.

His faults, that in a private station sits,
Do mainly harm him only that commits :
Those placed on high a bright example owe,—
Much to themselves, more to the crowd below.

A paltry watch, in private pocket borne,
Misleads but him alone by whom 'tis worn :
But the town-clock that domes or towers display,
By going wrong, leads half the world astray.

Colton.

1114. EXAMPLE. Power of

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,—
Thou workest never alone ;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet ;
And, when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In the garden so fair to see :
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of His own for thee.—*Mrs Charles.*

1115. EXAMPLE. Present

PRESENT example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition ; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast.
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe ;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man ! A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril ; safety dwells
Remote from multitude. The world's a school
Of wrong ; and what proficients swarm around !
We must or imitate or disapprove ;
Must list as their accomplices or foes :
That stains our innocence, this wounds our peace.
Young.

1116. EXAMPLE. Regard for

ONCE Sultan Nushirvan the Just, hunting,
Stopp'd in an open field to take a lunch.
He wanted salt, and to a servant said,
'Go get some at the nearest house, but pay
The price the peasant asks.' 'Great King,' ex-
claim'd
The servant, 'thou art lord o'er all this realm ;
Why take the pains to *buy* a little salt ?'
'It is a little thing,' said Nushirvan,
'And so, at first, was all the evil whose
Most monstrous load now presses so the world.
Were there no little wrongs, no great could be.
If I from off a poor man's tree should pluck
A single apple, straight my slaves would rob
The whole tree to its root : if I should seize
Five eggs, my ministers at once would snatch
A hundred hens. Therefore strict justice must
I, even in unimportant acts, observe.
Bring salt, but pay the peasant what he asks.'

Oriental.

1117. EXAMPLE. Reward of

If men of good lives,
Who, by their virtuous actions, stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess ; what may they feel
In height of torment, and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But set a light up to show men to hell ?

Middleton.

1118. EXAMPLE. The great

YE who look for great examples
 O'er the wide historic page,—
 Teachers, who with good ensamples,
 Would the thoughts of youth engage !
 To the Sacred Record turning,
 There behold the perfect man !
 There the light, for ever burning ;
 Match its lustre if you can !
 Imitate the Great Example,
 Humbly as a Christian should,
 Ever, like that bright Ensamples,
 Speaking well and doing good.—*Egmont.*

1119. EXAMPLE. Use of

HEAVEN me such uses send ;
 Not to pick bad from bad ; but by bad, mend !
Shakespeare.

1120. EXCELLENCE. Attainment of

SAINT Augustine ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !
 All common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.
 The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less ;
 The revel of the ruddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess ;
 The longing for ignoble things ;
 The strife for triumph more than truth ;
 The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;
 All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will ;—
 All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain.
 We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.
 The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
 When nearer seen, and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
 Their solid bastions to the skies,
 Are cross'd by pathways, that appear
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reach'd and kept
 Were not attain'd by sudden flight ;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
 We may discern—unseen before—
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain.—*Longfellow.*

1121. EXCELLENCE. Cost of

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
 To light on man as from the passing air ;
 The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;
 And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
 Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
 That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
 Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.
Wilcox.

1122. EXCELLENCE : possible.

EVEN in a palace, life may be led well !
 So spoke the imperial sage, purest of men,
 Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
 Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,
 Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
 And drudge under some foolish master's ken,
 Who rates us, if we peer outside our pen,—
 Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell ?

Even in a palace ! On his truth sincere,
 Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came ;
 And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame
 Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
 I'll stop, and say : ' There were no succour here !
 The aids to noble life are all within.'

Matthew Arnold.

1123. EXCESS. Avoiding

MODERATE tasks and moderate leisure,
 Quiet living, strict-kept measure,
 Both in suffering and in pleasure,—
 'Tis for this thy nature yearns.

But so many books thou readest,
But so many schemes thou breedest,
But so many wishes feedest,
That thy poor head almost turns.

And (the world's so madly fangled,
Human things so fast entangled,)
Nature's wish must now be strangled
For that best which she discerns.

So it *must* be! yet while leading
A strain'd life, while over-feeding,
Like the rest, his wit with reading,
No small profit that man earns,

Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him!
Who each day more surely learns

That an impulse, from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence,
To the words 'Hope, Light, Persistence,'
Strongly stirs and truly burns!

Matthew Arnold.

1124. EXCESS. Penalty of

VIOLENT fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

Shakespeare.

1125. EXCITEMENT. Caution against

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss;
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheek'd maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run like a man, but don't be work'd to death;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.—*Holmes.*

1126. EXERCISE.

WEARINESS

Can snore upon the flint, when resty Sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—*Shakespeare.*

He does allot for every exercise
A sev'ral hour; for Sloth, the nurse of vices,
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.

Massinger.

The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made His work for man to mend.

Dryden.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation: e'en the oak
Thrives indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder; but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns—
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need; the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name,
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
E'en age itself seems privileged in them,
With clear exemption from its own defects;
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and, gracing a grey beard
With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.—*Cowper.*

1127. EXILE. Bitterness of

HOME, kindred, friends, and country—these
Are ties with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart:
But, oh! 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When these must all be left behind!

J. Montgomery.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
In sunshine dwell? Ah! when was exile blest?
When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer air
Chase from his soul the fever of unrest.

Mrs Hemans.

1128. EXILE: impossible to the Christian.

ALL countries are my Father's lands—
Thy sun, Thy love, doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on Thee call.

What if in prison I must dwell,—
May I not there converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell,
Call me Thy child, and I am free.

No walls or bars can keep Thee out;
None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of heaven it walks about,
None can its liberty control.

Richard Baxter.

1129. EXILE. Influence of

AND they who before were strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other.—*Longfellow.*

1130. EXILE. The first

SOME natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.—*Milton.*

1131. EXILE. The: his consolation.

My home in heaven alone to me remains:
The floods of faction o'er my country sweep;
For my uncertain feet, the land retains
No resting-place, no friend to weep;
No child to soothe the homeless poor forlorn;
I wander day by day with trembling limbs and torn.

What lot awaits me? What my mortal doom?
Where shall this jaded body find its rest?
Shall this poor trembling flesh e'er find a tomb?
By whom shall these dim eyes in death be blest?
Will any watch? Will any pity me?
Will they be Christian watchers? Or shall sinners
see?

Or shall no grave inclose this mortal frame,
When laid a heavy breathless corpse of clay?
Cast on the rock uncover'd and in shame,
Or toss'd in scorn to birds and beasts of prey?
Or burnt to ashes, given to the air?
Or thrown into the weedy deep to perish there?

Thy will be done, O Lord! That day shall spring,
When at Thy word this clay shall reappear!
No death I dread but that which sin will bring;
No fire or flood without Thy wrath I fear;

For Thou, O Christ, my Lord: art fatherland to me,
My wealth and might and rest, my all I find in Thee.

Gregory of Nazianzen, tr. by Schaff.

1132. EXISTENCE. Animal

THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their places,
And swallow corn and carcasses,
Then if their tombstone, when they die,
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said
Than that 'they've eat up all their bread,
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed.'—*Watts.*

1133. EXPECTATION. Disappointed

THE distant prospect always seem more fair,
And when attain'd, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

Henry Kirke White.

1134. EXPECTATION. Influence of

So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.—*Shakespeare.*
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear.—*Pope.*

1135. EXPECTATION. Promise of

OFt expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
Shakespeare.

1136. EXPECTATION. Suspense of

OH how impatience gains upon the soul,
When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear

Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize ;
 All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear !
 Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,
 While the scarce-trusted bliss seems but to cheat the
 eyes. — *Mrs Tighe.*

1137. EXPENDITURE. Rules for

BE thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
 Then live, and use it : else, it is not true
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
 Even with the year : but age, if it will hit,
 Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
 As the day lessens, and his life with it.
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call ;
 Before thy journey fairly part with all. — *Herbert.*

1138. EXPERIENCE. Discipline of

How false is found, as on in life we go,
 Our early estimate of bliss and woe !
 Some sparkling joy attracts us, that we fain
 Would sell a precious birth-right to obtain.
 There all our hopes of happiness are placed ;
 Life looks without it like a joyless waste ;
 No good is prized, no comfort sought beside ;
 Prayers, tears implore, and will not be denied.
 Heaven pitying hears the intemperate, rude appeal,
 And suits its answer to our truest weal.
 The self-sought idol, if at last bestow'd,
 Proves, what our wilfulness required, a goad ;
 Ne'er but as needful chastisement, is given
 The wish thus forced, and torn, and storm'd from
 Heaven :

But if withheld in pity, from our prayer,
 We rave, awhile, of torment and despair,
 Refuse each proffer'd comfort with disdain,
 And slight the thousand blessings that remain.
 Meantime Heaven bears the grievous wrong, and
 waits

In patient pity till the storm abates ;
 Applies with gentlest hand the healing balm,
 Or speaks the ruffled mind into a calm ;
 Deigning, perhaps, to show the mourner soon,
 'Twas special mercy that denied the boon.
 Our blasted hopes, our aims and wishes cross'd,
 Are worth the tears and agonies they cost ;
 When the poor mind, by fruitless efforts spent,
 With food and raiment learns to be content.
 Bounding with youthful hope, the restless mind
 Leaves that Divine monition far behind :

But tamed at length by suffering, comprehends
 The tranquil happiness to which it tends,
 Perceives the high-wrought bliss it aims to share,
 Demands a richer soil, a purer air ;
 That 'tis not fitted, and would strangely grace
 The mean condition of our mortal race ;
 And all we need, in this terrestrial spot,
 Is calm contentment with 'the common lot.'

Jane Taylor.

1139. EXPERIENCE : gives authority.

I KNOW thy loyal heart, and prudent head ;
 Upon whose hairs, time's child, experience, hangs
 A milk-white badge of wisdom ; and canst wield
 Thy tongue in senate, and thy hands in field.

True Trojans.

1140. EXPERIENCE : how it is gained.

EXPERIENCE is by industry achieved,
 And perfected by the swift course of time.

Shakespeare.

1141. EXPERIENCE. Learning from

'TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours !
 And ask them what report they bore to heaven ;
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.
 Their answer forms what men experience call ;
 If wisdom's friend, her best ; if not, worst foe.

Young.

1142. EXPERIENCE. Teachings of

To wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters. — *Shakespeare.*

Experience wounded is the school
 Where man learns piercing wisdom, out of smart.

Lord Brook.

Oh teach him, while your lessons last,
 To judge the present by the past ;
 Remind him of each wish pursued,
 How rich it glow'd with promised good ;
 Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
 How soon his hopes possession cloy'd ! — *Scott.*

1143. EXPERIENCE. Usefulness of

EXPERIENCE join'd with common sense,
 To mortals is a providence. — *Gray.*

1144. EXTASY.

MELANCHOLY

Is not, as you conceive, an indisposition
 Of body, but the mind's disease ; so extasy,
 Fantastic dotage, madness, frenzy, rapture,

Of mere imagination, differ partly
From melancholy ; which is briefly this :
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow ; first begat i' th' brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence, derived
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.—*Ford.*

1145. EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.—*Young.*

Mansions once
Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,
That had survived the father, served the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,
And soon to be supplanted. He that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile,
Then advertised and auctioneer'd away.—*Crowper.*

1146. EXTREMES. End of

THESE violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die : like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—*Shakespeare.*

Those edges soonest turn that are most keen,
A sober moderation stands sure,
No violent extremes endure.—*Aleyn.*

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift ;

'Tis haste
Makes waste ;

Extremes have still their fault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slipp'ry sand,
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

Herrick.

1147. EXTREMES : meet.

EXTREMES, though contrary, have the like effects ;
Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold ;
Extreme love breeds satiety, as well
As extreme hatred ; and too violent rigour
Tempts chastity as much as too much license.

Chapman.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing ; therefore it

Is no mean happiness to be seated
In the mean ; superfluity comes sooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.
Shakespeare.

'Tis in worldly accidents,
As in the world itself, where things most distant
Meet one another : Thus the east and west,
Upon the globe a mathematical point
Only divides : Thus happiness and misery,
And all extremes, are still contiguous.

Denham.

1148. EXTREMES : to be avoided.

AVOID extremes, and shun the faults of such
Who still are pleased too little, or too much.
Pope.

1149. EYES. The

SOUNDS which address the ear are lost and die
In one short hour ; but that which strikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind ; the faithful sight
Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light.
Watts.

Those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky,
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks :
Prayer's voiceless service.—*Wordsworth.*

1150. FACTION.

SELDOM is faction's ire in haughty minds
Extinguish'd but by death : it oft, like fire
Suppress'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.
May.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave ;
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,
Calls saucy, loud sedition public zeal :
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.—*Otway.*

1151. FAILURE : deplored.

IT is so little, and so poorly done,
This work of mine, yet now the evening sun
Is low out in the west,
And I must give a truthful record in,
Of all I strove to gain, and fail'd to win,
Ere I may ask for rest.

I had so many dreams when first the light
Broke in the waiting east, and now 'tis night,
Still they are dreams unwrought ;
I would have made them deeds, all strong and true,
But I grew tired, and the hours were few,
So they remain but thought.

So now through falling mists that cling and chill,
And deepening, purple shadows, long and still,
Groping my way, I come ;
Within sweet meadows where the bloom is dim,
I hear the labourers chant an evening hymn,
But, Lord, my lips are dumb !

For I have fail'd : my day is lost and spent,
Thy sorrowing look, reproachful, gives assent,
I know my shame at length.
Thy pardon, Lord ? ' My child, thy faith was meek,
Thy aim was good—thou in *thyself* wast weak.
Daughter, I had the strength.'

Juliet C. Marsh.

The time for toil has pass'd, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest ! and my spirit grieves
That I am burden'd, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain :
Master, behold my sheaves !

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stay'd and toil'd till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and wither'd
leaves ;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
' Master, behold my sheaves !'

Yet do I gather strength and hope anew ;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did but what I strove to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.—*Elisabeth Akers.*

1152. FAILURE. Scorn of

OSCE more in the matter of wealth : if thou throw
thine all on a chance,
Men will come around thee, and wait and watch the
turning of the wheel ;
And if, in the lottery of life, thou hast drawn a splen-
did prize,
That foresight hadst thou, and skill ! yes, what
enterprise and wisdom !
But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy
perilous endeavour,

Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the
right harvest of his folly,
And the world will be gladly accused, nor will reach
out his finger to help ;
For why should this speculative dullard be a whirl-
pool to all around him ?
Go to, let him sink by himself ; we knew what the
end of it would be :
For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows
look no farther.—*M. F. Tupper.*

1153. FAITH. A living and a dead

NOR words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for His own ;
Nor will a soul by grace restored
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

Cowper.

1154. FAITH: and good works.

A LIVELY faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Dryden.

1155. FAITH: and tradition.

FAITH loves to lean on time's destroying arm,
And age, like distance, lends a double charm.
O. W. Holmes.

1156. FAITH. Basis of

FAITH, like an unsuspecting child
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on His bosom, and expects no harm.

Receives with joy the promises He makes,
Nor questions of His purpose or His power ;
She does not doubting ask, ' Can this be so ?'
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not :
Where reason would examine, faith obeys,
And ' It is written ' answers every doubt.

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round ;
So faith, unmoved amid surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

Caroline Fry.

1157. FAITH. Cheerfulness of

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs ;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

Isaac Williams.

1158. FAITH. Clew of

HALLELUJAH ! I believe !
Now the giddy world stands fast,
Now my soul has found an anchor
Till the night of storm is past.
All the gloomy mists are rising,
And the clew is in my hand,
Through earth's labyrinth to guide me
To a bright and heavenly land.

Hallelujah ! I believe !
Sorrow's bitterness is o'er,
And affliction's heavy burden
Weighs my spirit down no more.
On the cross the mystic writing
Now reveal'd before me lies,
And I read the words of comfort,
'As a father, I chastise.'

Hallelujah ! I believe !
Now no longer on my soul
All the debt of sin is lying :
One great Friend has paid the whole !
Ice-bound fields of legal labour
I have left with all their toil,
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.

Hallelujah ! I believe !
Now life's mystery is gone ;
Gladly through its fleeting shadows
To the end I journey on.
Through the tempest or the sunshine,
Over flowers or ruins led,
Still the path is *homeward* hasting,
Where all sorrow shall have fled.

Hallelujah ! I believe !
Now, O Love ! I know Thy power
Thine no false or fragile fetters,
Not the rose-wreaths of an hour !
Christian bonds of holy union
Death itself does not destroy ;
Yes, to live and love for ever,
Is our heritage of joy !—*Möwrs.*

1159. FAITH. Christian

HEAR, then, what faith,
True, Christian faith, which brought salvation, was
Belief in all that God reveal'd to men :
Observe—in all that God reveal'd to men ;
In all He promised, threaten'd, commanded, said,
Without exception, and without a doubt.
Who thus believed, being by the Spirit touch'd,
As naturally the fruits of faith produced—
Truth, temperance, meekness, holiness, and love—
As human eye from darkness sought the light.
How could he else ? If he who had firm faith
The morrow's sun should rise, order'd affairs
Accordingly ; if he who had firm faith
That spring, and summer, and autumnal days
Should pass away, and winter really come,
Prepared accordingly ; if he who saw
A bolt of death approaching, turn'd aside
And let it pass ; as surely did the man
Who verily believed the word of God,
Though erring whiles, its general laws obey,
Turn back from hell, and take the way to heaven.

Pollok.

1160. FAITH. Consolation of

BELOVED, it is well :
God's ways are always right ;
And love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.
Beloved, it is well :
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds, who knows and cares
To heal the broken heart.

Beloved, it is well :
Though grief benight our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear
That comes with dawning day.

Beloved, it is well :
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

1161. FAITH. Co-operating with

Lo! when the boatman stems the flowing tide,
And aims direct his little boat to guide ;
With both oars working he can headway make,
And leave the waters foaming in his wake ;
But if one oar within the boat he lays,
In useless circles round and round he plays.
So faith and works, when both together brought,
With mighty power and heavenly life are fraught,
To help the Christian on his arduous road,
And urge him forward on his way to God :
If faith or works, no matter which, he drops,
Short of his journey's end he surely stops.—*Holmes.*

1162. FAITH. Deeds of

NEVER was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had
sprung of faith ;
Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the
root of the achievement ;
Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is
faith.
Leonidas fought in human faith as Joshua in divine :
Xenophon trusted to his skill, and the sons of Matta-
thias to their cause ;
In faith Columbus found a path across those untried
waters :
The heroines of Arc and Saragossa fought in earthly
faith :
Margaret by faith was valiant for her son, and Wal-
lace mighty for his people :
Faith in his reason made Socrates sublime, as faith
in his science, Galileo :
Ambassadors in faith are bold, and unproved for
boldness ;
Faith urged Fabius to delays, and sent forth Hanni-
bal to Cannæ ;
Cæsar at the Rubicon, Miltiades at Marathon ; both
were sped by faith.—*Tupper.*

1163. FAITH. Defective

His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong, his life I'm sure was in the right.
Cowley.

1164. FAITH. Elevation of

THE pious man
In this bad world, where mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields

Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapours ; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all ;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays.—*Henry Kirke White.*

1165. FAITH : essential to happiness.

IF forced from faith, for ever miserable :
For what is misery but want of God ?
And God is lost if faith be overthrown.
Soliman and Perseda.

1166. FAITH. Gift of

O FAITH, thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how or when.
O gift of gifts ! O grace of faith !
My God ! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me ?
There was a place, there was a time,
Whither by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.
How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine !
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine !
Ah, grace ! unto unlikeliest hearts
It is Thy boast to come,
The glory of Thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief ?
The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.
O happy, happy that I am !
If thou canst be, O faith !
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death ?

F. W. Faber.

1167. FAITH. Growth of

FROM purer manners to sublimer faith
Is nature's unavoidable ascent ;

An honest deist, where the gospel shines,
Matured to nobler, in the Christian ends.

Young.

1168. FAITH : independent of forms.

TRUE faith nor biddeth nor abideth form.
The bended knee, the eye uplift, is all
Which man need render ; all which God can bear.
What to the faith are forms ? A passing speck,
A crow upon the sky.—*Bailey.*

1169. FAITH : independent of reason and tradition.

IF faith with reason never doth advise,
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From heaven inspired ; and secretly grows wise
Above the schools, we know not how, nor when.
Davenant.

1170. FAITH : its vision intermittent.

How should I praise Thee, Lord ! how should my
rhymes

Gladly engrave Thy love on steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some fourtie heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peere above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent !
Those distances belong to Thee :
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost
stretch

A crumme of dust from heaven to hell ?
Will great God measure such a wretch ?
Shall he Thy stature spell ?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there !
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way ; for sure Thy way is best :
Stretch or contract me, Thy poore debtor ;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there ;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.—*George Herbert.*

1171. FAITH. Lesson of

TAULER, the preacher, walk'd, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn miracle of life ;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walk'd he pray'd. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groan'd : ' Have pity upon me, Lord !
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind—
Send me a man who can direct my steps !'

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden leaves ; and looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

' Peace be unto thee, father !' Tauler said ;
' God give thee a good day !' The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes : ' I thank thee, son ;
But all my days are good, and none are ill.'

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
' God give thee happy life !' The old man smiled,
' I never am unhappy.'

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse, grey sleeve :
' Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and His life
Sad as the grave it leads to.' ' Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs : for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is :
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty power.'

Silently wondering for a little space,
Stood the great preacher ; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has follow'd whispering through the
dark,
Strange terrors, drags it shrieking, into light :
' What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell ?'

' Then,' said the stranger, cheerily, ' be it so.
What Hell may be, I know not ; this I know :
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord ;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon

His dear Humanity ; the other, Love,
Clasps His Divinity. So where I go
He goes ; and better fire-wall'd Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without.'

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walk'd
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Seem'd like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bow'd his head, and said :
'My prayer is answer'd. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew.'

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Harden'd to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lacework, chisell'd by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon brightness the great minster's tower,
Jewell'd with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. 'Behold!' he said,
'The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone,
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ;
And what is dark below is light in heaven.'

Whittier.

1172. FAITH. Life of

If I could live on lofty heights
Of holiness and prayer—
If there were noble deeds to do,
Or dangers I might dare—

Ah, then my Christian life would seem
More truly worth the name ;
Each outward act might then express
Some high and heavenly aim.

But mine are just the common tasks
That daily must be done ;
And simple duties fill the hours
From morn till set of sun.

No martyr's crown for me may glow,
No hero's fame be mine ;
Yet I would walk as He directs,
Who is my Guide Divine.

If I may hold the hand of Faith,
I will not ask to see ;
Though I but glean where others reap,
Content I still will be ;

Nor murmur that to me God's will
The higher task denies ;
Though lowly be the way He points,
That way my duty lies.—*Buck.*

1173. FAITH. Offspring of

THEREFORE love and believe, for works will follow
spontaneous,
Even as the day the sun ; the right from the good is
an offspring,
Love is a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no
more than
Animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.—*Longfellow.*

1174. FAITH. Our Fathers'

FAITH of our fathers ! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word ;
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife ;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life ;
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.—*Faber.*

1175. FAITH : our present portion.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest death ; and lo ! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him,—Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and Divine ;
 The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day, and cease to be :
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow !

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock Thee when we do not fear ;
 But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light !

Tennyson.

1176. FAITH. Power of

FAITH builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
 To break the shock which nature cannot shun,
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.

Young.

Triumphant faith !

Who, from the distant earth, looks up to heaven,
 Seeing invisibility, suspending
 Eternity from the breath of God.
 She can pluck mountains from their rooted thrones,
 And hurl them into ocean ; and from pain,
 And prisons, and contempt, extort the palm
 Of everlasting triumph. She doth tread
 Upon the neck of pride, like the free wind
 On angry ocean. Lo ! with step erect
 She walks o'er whirlpool waves and martyr fires,
 And depths of darkness and chaotic voids ;
 Dissolving worlds, rent heavens, and dying suns ;
 Yea, and o'er paradises of earth's bliss,
 And oceans of earth's gold, and pyramids
 And temples of earth's glory ; all these she spurns
 With feet fire-shod, because her hand is placed
 Immovably in God's ; her eye doth rest
 Unchangeably on His : nor will she stop
 Till, having cross'd the stormy waves of pain
 And fiery trial, she may lay her head
 Upon her Father's breast and take the crown
 From love's rejoicing hand.—*Tatham.*

1177. FAITH. Prayer for

I ASK not, take away this weight of care ;
 No, for that love I pray, that all can bear ;
 And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall

Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
 Since from my Father's heart, most rich in love,
 And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still ;
 No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will ;
 I ask but for a quiet child-like heart ;
 Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
 Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine ;
 Draw it from earth and fix it where Thou art.

I ask Thee not to finish soon the strife,
 The toil, the trouble of this earthly life ;
 No, be my peace amid its grief and pain ;
 I pray not, grant me now Thy realm on high ;
 No, ere I die let me to evil die,
 And through Thy Cross my sins be wholly slain.

Spitta.

1178. FAITH. Reasonable

WHEN the soul grants what reason makes her see,
 That is true faith, what's more's credulity.

Fane.

1179. FAITH. Reasons for

I'LL ne'er distrust my God for cloth and bread,
 While lilies flourish, and the raven's fed.

Quarles.

1180. FAITH. Reverent

THY throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight ;
 Oh teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no further than Thyself reveal'd.

Dryden.

1181. FAITH. Rewards of

NOW God be praised, that to believing souls
 Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

Shakespeare.

The childlike faith that asks not sight,
 Waits not for wonder or for sign,
 Believes, because it loves, aright,
 Shall see things greater, things Divine.
 Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
 And brightest angels to and fro
 On messages of love shall glide
 'Twixt God and Christ below.—*Kemble.*

1182. FAITH. Salvation by

If bliss had lain in art or strength,
 None but the wise and strong had gain'd it :
 Where now by faith all arms are of a length ;
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
 As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.

Thus dost Thou make proud knowledge bend and couch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.—*Herbert.*

1183. FAITH. Saved by

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaim'd that noble captive: 'Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!'

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest,—for around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

'But what fear'st thou?' cried the caliph; 'is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

'Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water,—this reprieve is thine—no more!'

Quick the satrap dash'd the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

'Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drain'd; then bid thy servants that spill'd water gather up!'

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirr'd;
Then exclaim'd, 'For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

'Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish,—now I bid thee drink and live!'*—Trench.*

1184. FAITH: triumphing.

I WILL not let Thee go, Thou Help in time of need!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still,
E'en when it seems as Thou would'st slay indeed!
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee;
Hide Thou Thy face,—yet, Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!

I will not let Thee go.—Should I forsake my bliss?
No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,
And I am Thine,
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with the light;
O Thou my Sun, should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let Thee go!

I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
Not death can tear
Me from His care,
Who for my sake His soul in death outpour'd.
Thou diedst for love to me;
I say, in love to Thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life,
my Lord,
I will not let Thee go!

1185. FAITH. Triumph of

THE pious man

In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapours, and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, which hides
The earth's fair breast; that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all,
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glowing sunbeams play.—*H. K. White.*

1186. FAITH: unites us to God.

FAITH is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

Mrs E. O. Smith.

1187. FAITH. Walking by

WE walk by faith and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side
Nor follow where He trod ;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, ' My Lord and God ! '

Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief:
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found :

That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.—*Alford.*

1188. FAITHFULNESS. Angelic

THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

Milton.

1189. FAITHFULNESS. Example of

EACH day his face grew thinner, and sweeter,
saintlier grew,
And day by day they saw the soul fast burning into
view :
And higher, each day higher, did the life-flame
heavenward climb,
Like sad, sweet sunshine up the wall, that for the
sunset time
Still watches, and the signal that shall call it hence
is given
Even so his spirit kept the watch till beckon'd home
to heaven.
War-worn and wasted ! yet his eyes were soft and
satisfied ;
His work was done : and in the arms of Victory he
died ;
Dropping the flesh-robe, with a smile, so gently did
he pass—
Gently as spirits of the flowers from out the new-
mown grass :
' Havelock's dead ! ' and darkness fell on every up-
turn'd face ;
The Shadow of an Angel going from its earthly
place.

Honour to Henry Havelock ! though not of kingly
blood,
He wore the double royalty of being Great and
Good.

He lean'd a trusting hand on Heaven, a gentle heart
on Home ;

In secret he grew ready, ere the Judgment-hour had
come.

He rose up in our cruel need, and towering on he
trod,

Baring his brow to battle bold as humbly to his
God !

He rose, and reach'd the topmost height, our Hero
lowly born !

So from the lowly grass hath grown the proud em-
battled corn.

No swerving, as he walk'd along the roaring earth-
quake ridge :

He made a way for victory : his body was her
bridge.

One of the Chivalry of Christ ! he taught us how to
stand

With rootage like the Palm, amid the maddest whirl
of sand.

He did his work, nor thought of nations ringing with
his name,

He walk'd with God, and talk'd with God, nor cared
if following Fame

Should find him working in the field, or sleeping
underground :

Nor did he mind what resting-place, with Heaven
embracing round.—*Gerald Massey.*

1190. FAITHFULNESS. Reward of

THE deeds which selfish hearts approve

And fame's loud trumpet sings,
Secure no praise, where truth and love
Are counted noblest things ;
And work which godless folly deems
Worthless, obscure, and lowly,
To Heaven's ennobling vision seems
Most god-like, grand, and holy.

Then murmur not, if toils obscure,
And thorny paths be thine ;

To God be true—they shall secure
The joy of life Divine

Who in the darkest, sternest sphere

For Him their powers employ ;

The toils condemn'd and slighted here
Shall yield the purest joy.

When endless day dispels the strife
Which blinds and darkens now,

Perchance the brightest crown of life
 Shall deck some lowly brow.
 Then learn, despite thy boding fears,
 From seed with sorrow sown,
 In lone obscurity and tears
 The richest sheaves are grown.—*Dewart.*

1191. FALL. Compensation of the

O LIFE! without thy checker'd scene
 Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
 Success and failure, could a ground
 For magnanimity be found;
 For Faith, 'mid ruin'd hopes, serene?
 Or whence could virtue flow?
 Pain enter'd through a ghastly breach—
 Nor while sin lasts, must effort cease;
 Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
 But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
 Mercy has placed within our reach
 A portion of God's peace.—*Wordsworth.*

1192. FALL. Responsibility of the

HIM God beholding from His prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future He beholds,
 Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake:
 'Only begotten Son, seest Thou what rage
 Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
 Directly tow'rd's the new created world,
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
 For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
 He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of Me
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' ethereal powers
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who
 fail'd;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
 Not what they would? what praise could they re-
 ceive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice),
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had served necessity,
 Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if predestination overruled
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom: they themselves ordain'd their fall.'

Milton.

1193. FALL. Surviving the

WHAT is the greatness of a fallen king?
 This—that his fall avails not to abate
 His spirit to a level with his fate,
 Or inward fall along with it to bring;
 That he disdains to stoop his former wing,
 But keeps in exile and in want the law
 Of kingship yet, and counts it scorn to draw
 Comfort indign from any meaner thing.
 Soul, that art fallen from thine ancient place,
 Mayest thou in this mean world find nothing great,
 Nor aught that shall the memories efface
 Of that true greatness which was once thine own,
 As knowing thou must keep thy kingly state,
 As if thou wouldst reascend thy kingly throne.

Trench.

1194. FALLEN. Treatment of the

GRIM-HEARTED world, that look'st with Levite eyes
 On those poor fallen by too much faith in man,
 She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,
 Starved to more sinning by thy savage ban,—
 Seeking that refuge because foulest vice
 More godlike than thy virtue is, whose span
 Shuts out the wretched only,—is more free
 From all her crimes than thou wilt ever be.
 Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
 With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
 Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sit'st at meat
 With him who made her such, and speak'st him
 fair,

Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
 Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air ;
 Thou hast made prison'd virtue show more wan
 And haggard, than a vice to look upon. — *Lowell.*

1195. FALSEHOOD.

How false are men, both in their heads and hearts ;
 And there is falsehood in all trades and arts.
 Lawyers deceive their clients by false law ;
 Priests, by false gods, keep all the world in awe.
 For their false tongues such flatt'ring knaves are
 raised,
 For their false wit, scribblers by fools are praised.
Crown.

Every man in this age has not a soul
 Of crystal for all men to read their actions
 Through : men's hearts and faces are so far asunder,
 That they hold no intelligence.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

What wit so sharp is found in age or youth,
 That can distinguish truth from treachery ?
 Falsehood puts on the face of simple truth,
 And masks i' th' habit of plain honesty,
 When she in heart intends most villany.

Mirror for Magistrates.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
 Say things at first because they're pleasing ;
 Then prove what they have once asserted,
 Nor care to have their lie deserted :
 Till their own dreams at length deceive them,
 And, oft repeating, they believe them. — *Prior.*

So the false spider, when her nets are spread.
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie.

Dryden.

Observe the wretch who hath his faith forsook,
 How clear his voice, and how assured his look !
 Like innocence, and as serenely bold
 As truth, how loudly he forswears thy gold !

Dryden.

I scorn this hated scene
 Of masking and disguise,
 Where men on men still gleam,
 With falseness in their eyes ;
 Where all is counterfeit,
 And truth hath never say ;
 Where hearts themselves do cheat,
 Concealing hope's decay. — *Motherwell.*

The man of pure and simple heart
 Through life disdains a double part,
 He never needs the screen of lies
 His inward bosom to disguise. — *Gay.*

1196. FAME. Brevity of

WHERE is the fame
 Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
 Seek to eternize ? Oh ! the faintest sound
 From time's light footfall, the minutest wave
 That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
 The unsubstantial bubble. Aye, to-day
 Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
 That flashes desolation, strong the arm
 That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes !
 That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
 In ages past ; that gaze, a transient flash
 On which the midnight closed, and on that arm
 The worm has made his meal. — *Shelley.*

Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
 With all-subduing time ; her cankering hand
 With calm deliberate malice wasteth them :
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady, to the steel, gives up its charge.
 Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down the hand and reddens at the tale.
Blair.

Absurd ! to think to over-reach the grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours :
 The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
 Die fast away : only themselves die faster.
 The far-famed sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
 Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain. — *Blair.*

And what is fame ? the meanest have their day ;
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Pope.

' Stern sons of war ! ' sad Wilfrid sigh'd,
 ' Behold the boast of Roman pride !
 What now of all your toils are known ?
 A grassy trench, a broken stone ! ' — *Scott.*

The very generations of the dead
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
 Until the memory of an age is fled,
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom.
Byron.

1197. FAME: deserved.

BUT there are deeds which should not pass away,
 And names that must not wither, though the earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and
 birth ;
 The high, the mountain majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,

And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.—*Byron.*

Yet vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,
By pointing out on history's fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage,
While Franklin's quiet mem'ry climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence had riven,
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth ;
While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.—*Byron.*

1198. FAME. Earthly

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought ; but gabbled ever on ;
Applauding most what least deserved applause ;
The motive, the result was nought to her :
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steep'd in widow's tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talk'd of such,
And roar'd around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually : and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hiss'd him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such :
But, oh ! her voice was sweet to mortal ears ;
And touch'd so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought to live without her song
Was rather death than life : to live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenown'd ! to die unpraised !
Unepitaph'd ! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms,
And leave no whispering of a name on earth !
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chill'd
The blood. Who could endure it ? who could choose,
Without a struggle, to be swept away
From all remembrance, and have part no more
With living men ? Philosophy fail'd here ;
And self-approving pride. Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name—to leave some vestige as they pass'd,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth, and acted something there.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried :

But all in vain. Who grasp'd at earthly fame,
Grasp'd wind : nay, worse, a serpent grasp'd, that
through

His hand slid smoothly, and was gone ; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain :
For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,
By which he charm'd the foolish soul to death.

Pollok.

1199. FAME : excites detraction and envy.

KNOWS he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can ?
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet ? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all ?—*Young.*

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;
The man that makes a character, makes foes.

Young.

1200. FAME : folly of its pursuit.

TALK not to me of fond renown, the rude,
Inconstant blast of the base multitude :
Their breaths, nor souls, can satisfaction make,
For half the joys I part with for their sake.

Crown.

Vain empty words

Of honour, glory, and immortal fame,
Can these recall the spirit from its place,
Or re-inspire the breathless clay with life ?
What though your fame, with all its thousand
trumpets,

Sound o'er the sepulchres, will that awake
The sleeping dead ?—*Sewell.*

How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life for this they must resign ;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !
The great man's curse without the gain endure ;
Be envied, wretched ; and be flatter'd, poor.

Pope.

What so foolish as the chase of fame ?
How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim !
For what are men, who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour ?

Young.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd,—it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure :
And is this all ? cried Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted.—*Young.*

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour:
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their 'midnight
 taper,'
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

Byron.

'Tis as a snow-ball which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
 Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
 But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

Byron.

Gaze

Upon the shade of those distinguish'd men,
 Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise—
 The praise of persecution. Gaze again
 On the most favour'd; and amidst the blaze
 Of sunset haloes o'er the laurel-brow'd,
 What can ye recognize? a gilded cloud.

Byron.

Fame! Fame! thou canst not be the stay
 Unto the drooping reed,
 The cool fresh fountain in the day
 Of the soul's feverish need:
 Where must the lone one turn or flee?
 Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

Mrs Hemans.

1201. FAME: leads men to crime.

GLORY grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart.

Shakespeare.

Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
 Has drawn destruction on the multitude.

Dryden.

1202. FAME. Lust of

IN all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh
 lust of fame;
 The savage and the sage alike regard their labours
 proudly:
 Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumined by the
 hope of reputation,
 And the stricken warrior is glad, that his wounds
 are salved with glory.
 The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better
 immortality,
 The industrious and deserving as a symbol of just
 appreciation,

The selfish as a promise of advancement, at least to
 a man's own kin,
 And common minds as a flattering fact, that men
 have been told of their existence.—*Tupper.*

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
 Disowning every crime for which he dies,
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
 Nature has wove into the human mind
 This anxious care of names we leave behind,
 To extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
 And give an earnest of a life to come;
 For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,
 Why think of what posterity shall say?
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

Soame Jennyns.

1203. FAME: must be merited.

THE fame that a man wins himself is best;
 That he may call his own: honours put on him
 Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
 Which are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth
 The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
 So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.

Middleton.

1204. FAME: must be waited for.

OF boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
 A soldier should be modest as a maid:
 Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy;
 Who strive to grasp it, as they touch destroy;
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
 But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Young.

1205. FAME: of the wicked.

HE left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.—*Johnson.*

1206. FAME: partial.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,
 While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.

Shenstone.

Will fortune, fame, my present ills relieve?
 And what is fame, that flutt'ring noisy sound,
 But the cold lie of universal vogue?
 Thousands of men fall in the field of honour,
 Whose glorious deeds die in inglorious silence,
 Whilst vaunting cowards, favour'd by blind fortune

Reap all the fruit of their successful toils,
And build their fame upon their noble ruins.

H. Smith.

1207. FAME. Posthumous

TRUE fame's a plant that seems to need
A body buried—for its seed ;
And ere the churlish sucklings thrive,
The parent-stock must cease to live.

The good, the great, the wise, the just,
Are little valued till they're dust,
Nor till they mutter 'Earth to earth,'
Can men perceive another's worth.—*Colton.*

1208. FAME. Power of

OH ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name ?
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part ?

Oh ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name ?
When but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare, a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

Joanna Baillie.

1209. FAME. Qualities of

WHAT'S fame ?—a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside as much an empty shade
A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead ;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what to oblivion better were resign'd
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind,
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.—*Pope.*

1210. FAME: robs men of rest.

A NOBLE emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest :
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.

Dryden.

1211. FAME: seldom won.

IN stress of weather, most ; some sink outright ;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd ;
It floats a moment and is seen no more :
One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot.—*Young.*

1212. FAME. Spur of

FAME is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.—*Milton.*

I courted fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds ; and who despises fame
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

Mallet.

1213. FAME: strangely won.

THE aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

Cibber.

1214. FAMILY: a Book.

THE family is like a book,
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover that
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank, and smooth, and fair ;
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust ;
Oh break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

1215. FAMILY: inseparable.

'TIS but one family—the sound is balm,
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart,
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

An honest deist, where the gospel shines,
Matured to nobler, in the Christian ends.

Young.

1168. FAITH : independent of forms.

TRUE faith nor biddeth nor abideth form.
The bended knee, the eye uplift, is all
Which man need render ; all which God can bear.
What to the faith are forms ? A passing speck,
A crow upon the sky.—*Bailey.*

1169. FAITH : independent of reason and tradition.

IF faith with reason never doth advise,
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From heaven inspired ; and secretly grows wise
Above the schools, we know not how, nor when.
Davenant.

1170. FAITH : its vision intermittent.

How should I praise Thee, Lord ! how should my
rhymes

Gladly engrave Thy love on steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some fourtie heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peere above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent !
Those distances belong to Thee :
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost
stretch

A crumme of dust from heaven to hell ?
Will great God measure such a wretch ?
Shall he Thy stature spell ?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there !
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way ; for sure Thy way is best :
Stretch or contract me, Thy poore debtor ;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there ;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.—*George Herbert.*

1171. FAITH. Lesson of

TAULER, the preacher, walk'd, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn miracle of life ;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walk'd he pray'd. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groan'd : ' Have pity upon me, Lord !
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind—
Send me a man who can direct my steps !'

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden leaves ; and looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

' Peace be unto thee, father !' Tauler said ;
' God give thee a good day !' The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes : ' I thank thee, son ;
But all my days are good, and none are ill.'

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
' God give thee happy life !' The old man smiled,
' I never am unhappy.'

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse, grey sleeve :
' Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and His life
Sad as the grave it leads to.' ' Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs : for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is :
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty power.'

Silently wondering for a little space,
Stood the great preacher ; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has follow'd whispering through the
dark,
Strange terrors, drags it shrieking, into light :
' What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell ?'

' Then,' said the stranger, cheerily, ' be it so.
What Hell may be, I know not ; this I know :
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord ;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon

His dear Humanity ; the other, Love,
Clasps His Divinity. So where I go
He goes ; and better fire-wall'd Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without.'

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walk'd
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Seem'd like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bow'd his head, and said :
'My prayer is answer'd. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew.'

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Harden'd to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lacework, chisell'd by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon brightness the great minster's tower,
Jewell'd with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. 'Behold!' he said,
'The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone,
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ;
And what is dark below is light in heaven.'

Whittier.

1172. FAITH. Life of

If I could live on lofty heights
Of holiness and prayer—
If there were noble deeds to do,
Or dangers I might dare—

Ah, then my Christian life would seem
More truly worth the name ;
Each outward act might then express
Some high and heavenly aim.

But mine are just the common tasks
That daily must be done ;
And simple duties fill the hours
From morn till set of sun.

No martyr's crown for me may glow,
No hero's fame be mine ;
Yet I would walk as He directs,
Who is my Guide Divine.

If I may hold the hand of Faith,
I will not ask to see ;
Though I but glean where others reap,
Content I still will be ;

Nor murmur that to me God's will
The higher task denies ;
Though lowly be the way He points,
That way my duty lies.—*Buck.*

1173. FAITH. Offspring of

THEREFORE love and believe, for works will follow
spontaneous,
Even as the day the sun ; the right from the good is
an offspring,
Love is a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no
more than
Animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.—*Longfellow.*

1174. FAITH. Our Fathers'

FAITH of our fathers ! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word ;
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife ;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life ;
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.—*Faber.*

1175. FAITH: our present portion.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest death ; and lo ! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him,—Thou art just.

Reason as chief : among these fancy next
Her office holds ; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion.—*Milton*.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from reason's hand the reins.—*Scott*.

1223. FAREWELL. Dread of

NAV, shrink not from the word 'farewell,'
As if 'twere friendship's final knell ;

Such fears may prove but vain :
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever hope may say,
'We part to meet again !'

Even the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable woe,

To souls that heavenward soar ;
For humble faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet to part no more.—*Barton*.

1224. FAREWELL. Welcome and

TIME is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer ; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.—*Shakespeare*.

1225. FASHION. Ban of

FASHION, leader of a chattering train,
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her votary to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue ;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentlemen whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable, fix'd decree,
That none could frame or ratify but she,
That heaven and hell, and righteousness and sin,
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and His attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray),
Fruits of His love and wonders of His might,
Be never named in ears esteem'd polite.
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,
Shall stand proscribed, a madman or a knave,

A close designer not to be believed,
Or, if excused that charge, at least deceived.

Cowper.

1226. FASHION. Compliance with

NOTHING exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out ;
His passion for absurdity's so strong
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply : more sense is
shown

In wearing others' follies than our own.—*Young*.

1227. FASHION. Folly of

THE rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early grey, but never wise ;
There form connections, but acquire no friend ;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success ;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest who dissemble best
Their weariness ; and they the most polite
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)
Make just reprisals ; and with cringe and shrug,
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,
On Fortune's velvet altar offering up
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all that held their routs in heathen's heaven.
So fare we in this prison-house, the world ;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again.

Cowper.

1228. FASHION. Fool of

WITH scrupulous care exact, he walk'd the rounds
Of fashionable duty ; laugh'd when sad ;
When merry, wept ; deceiving, was deceived ;
And flattering, flatter'd. Fashion was his god.
Obsequiously he fell before its shrine,
In slavish plight, and trembled to offend.
If graveness suited, he was grave ; if else,
He travail'd sorely, and made brief repose,
To work the proper quantity of sin.

In all submissive to its changing shape,
 Still changing, girded he his vexed frame,
 And laughter made to men of sounder head.
 Most circumspect he was of bows, and nods,
 And salutations; and most seriously
 And deeply meditated he of dress;
 And in his dreams saw lace and ribands fly.
 His soul was naught—he damn'd it every day
 Unceremoniously. Oh! fool of fools!
 Pleased with a painted smile, he flutter'd on,
 Like fly of gaudy plume, by fashion driven,
 As faded leaves by Autumn's wind, till Death
 Put forth his hand and drew him out of sight.
 Oh! fool of fools! polite to man; to God
 Most rude: yet had he many rivals, who,
 Age after age, great striving made to be
 Ridiculous, and to forget they had
 Immortal souls.—*Pollok.*

1229. FASHION: slavishly followed.

NEW customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Shakespeare.

1230. FASHION. Woman of

THE distaff, needle, all domestic cares,
 Religion, children, husband, home, were things
 She could not bear the thought of; bitter drugs
 That sicken'd her soul. The house of wanton mirth
 And revelry, the mask, the dance, she loved,
 And in their service soul and body spent
 Most cheerfully; a little admiration,
 Or true, or false, no matter which, pleased her,
 And o'er the wreck of fortune lost, and health,
 And peace, and an eternity of bliss
 Lost, made her sweetly smile. She was convinced
 That God had made her greatly out of taste,
 And took much pains to make herself anew.
 Bedaub'd with paint, and hung with ornaments
 Of curious selection—gaudy toy!
 A show unpaid for, paying to be seen!
 As beggar by the way, most humbly asking
 The alms of public gaze—she went abroad;
 Folly admired, and indication gave
 Of envy; cold Civility made bows,
 And smoothly flatter'd; Wisdom shook his head,
 And Laughter shaped his lip into a smile;
 Sobriety did stare; Forethought grew pale;
 And Modesty hung down the head and blush'd;
 And Pity wept, as on the frothy surge
 Of fashion toss'd, she pass'd them by, like sail
 Before some devilish blast, and got no time
 To think, and never thought, till on the rock
 She dash'd of ruin, anguish, and despair.—*Pollok.*

1231. FASTING. Acceptable

Is fasting then the thing that God requires?
 Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
 That sin hath blown to such a mighty flame?
 Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?
 Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge thy offence?
 Or do thy hands make Heaven a recompense
 By strewing dust upon thy briny face?
 Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?—
 No! though thou pine thyself with willing want,
 Or face look thin, or carcass ne'er so gaunt;
 Although thou worse weeds than sackcloth wear,
 Or naked go, or sleep in shirts of hair;
 Or though thou choose an ash-tub for thy bed,
 Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,—
 Thy labour is not poised with equal gains,
 For thou hast naught but labour for thy pains.
 Such holy madness God rejects and loathes,
 That sinks no deeper than the skin or clothes.
 'Tis not thine eyes, which, taught to weep by art,
 Look red with tears (not guilty of thy heart);
 'Tis not the holding of thy hands so high,
 Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;
 'Tis not your mimic mouths, your antic faces,
 Your Scripture phrases, or affected graces,
 Nor prodigal upbanning of thine eyes,
 Whose gashful balls do seem to pelt the skies;
 'Tis not the strict reforming of your hair,
 So close that all the neighbour skull be bare;
 'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
 Nor yet the lowering of thy sullen brow;
 Nor wolfish howling that disturbs the air,
 Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer:
 No, no! 'tis none of this that God regards—
 Such sort of fools their own applause rewards;
 Such puppet-plays to heaven are strange and quaint;
 Their service is unsweet, and foully tainted;
 Their words fall fruitless from their idle brain—
 But true repentance runs in other strain:
 Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
 Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
 Of past offences—hates the bosom sin
 The most which the soul took pleasure in.
 No crime unsifted, no sin unrepresented,
 Can lurk unseen; and seen, none unlamented.
 The troubled soul's amazed with dire aspects
 Of lesser sins committed, and detects
 The wounded conscience; it cries amain
 For mercy, mercy—cries, and cries again;
 It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;
 It yearns for grace, reforms, returns, repents.
 Aye, this is incense whose accepted savour
 Mounts up the heavenly Throne, and findeth favour;
 Aye, this is it whose valour never fails—
 With God it stoutly wrestles and prevails;

Aye, this is it that pierces heaven above,
Never returning home, like Noah's dove,
But brings an olive leaf, or some incense
That works salvation, and eternal peace.—*Quarles.*

1232. FASTING. Private

WHEN thou a fast would'st keep,
Make not thy homage cheap
By publishing its signs to every eye ;
But let it be between
Thyself and the Unseen,
So shall it gain acceptance from on high.

Barton.

1233. FASTING. True

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show

A downcast look, and sour ?

No ! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumsise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent ;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—

And that's to keep thy Lent.—*Herrick.*

1234. FATE : conquered.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—*Campbell.*

1235. FATE. Impartial

WITH equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate :
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy destined years ;
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

Horace.

1236. FATE : inevitable.

WHAT fates impose, that men must needs abide ;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Shakespeare.

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done ;
And better bear like men than vainly seek to shun.

Dryden.

1237. FATE. Limit of

ON what strange grounds we build our hopes and
fears !

Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.

If fate be not, then what can we foresee ?
And how can we avoid it if it be ?

If by free will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by decrees above ?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours ; if good, the act of Heaven.

Dryden.

1238. FATHER. Affection of the

FATHERS alone a father's heart can know ;
What secret tides of sweet enjoyment flow
When brothers love ! But if then hate succeeds,
They wage the war, but 'tis the father bleeds.

Young.

1239. FATHER. Confidence in a

'Twas when the sea's tremendous roar
A little bark assail'd ;
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevail'd :

Save one, the captain's darling son,
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

'Why sporting thus,' a seaman cried,
'Whilst dangers overwhelm ?'

'Why yield to grief?' the boy replied,
'My Father's at the helm.'

1240. FATHER. First duty of a

YET be not surety if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it : rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to Nature's ends ;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

George Herbert.

1241. FATHER. Influence of a

WHAT is there like a father to a son ?
A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,

Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honour, perfect in example,
Stamp'd with authority!—*Sheridan Knowles.*

1242. FAULTS. Correction of

GENTLY I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave : do thou the same.

If a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it ; thine the gains :
Give him the rotten timber for his pains !

Coleridge.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own ;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone ;
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

1243. FAULTS. Discovery of

A LITTLE mind looketh on the lily with a micro-
scopic eye,
Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of
purity ;
But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his
brightness.—*Tupper.*

1244. FAULTS. Effect of

FAULTS in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these, reciprocally, those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint ;
Each sire and dam, of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base

Cowper.

1245. FAVOUR. Deceit of

DOST thou not know
That of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
Favour is most deceitful ? 'Tis a beam,
Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment !
The faint, precarious, fickle shine of power,
Given without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
No trifle is so small as what obtains,
Save that which loses favour ; 'tis a breath,
Which hangs upon a smile ! A look, a word,
A frown, the air-built tower of Fortune shakes,
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls.

Hannah More.

1246. FAVOUR. Human

O MOMENTARY grace of mortal man
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God,
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.—*Shakespeare.*

1247. FEAR. Cultivation of

THE weakness we lament, ourselves create.
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark,
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief
And folly, frighten'd at our own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.—*Johnson.*

1248. FEAR. Deliverance from

THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear ;
For when they least expect His aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found : he raised the knife ;
God saw, and said, ' Forbear !
Yon ram shall yield his meener life ;
Behold the victim there.'

Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey ;
But hark ! the foe's at hand ;
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more ;
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Wait for His seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait :
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late —*Cowper.*

1249. FEAR. Desperation of

MEN as resolute appear
With too much as too little fear ;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying ;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.—*Butler.*

1250. FEAR : disclaimed.

• WHY, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?—*Shakespeare.*

1251. FEAR : enfeebles.

DESPONDING fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Thomson.

1252. FEAR. Exaggeration of

WHEN the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death:
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons.
Echoes, the very leaving of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to huge Olympus,
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.—*Lee.*

His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleetest than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.—*Butler.*

1253. FEAR. Folly of

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe.
Shakespeare.

1254. FEAR. Guilty

FEAR on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness;
The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.—*Havard.*

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.
Swell.

1255. FEAR : leads to hatred.

FEAR is the last of ills:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
Shakespeare.

1256. FEAR. Occasions for

OH fear not thou to die!
For rather fear to live, for Life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of Death;
But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

Oh fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within:
But fear, oh! rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest, in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope, o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair;
And deems itself the unforgiven
Predestined child of care.

1257. FEAR. Refuge from

WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am press'd by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and He died
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coin'd, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know His grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep and wide:
This is my best theology,—
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, 'Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee.'—*Bathune.*

1258. FEARFUL. Encouragement for the

'FORWARD let the people go,'
Israel's God will have it so;

Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?
He who bids thee pass the waters,
Will be with His sons and daughters.

Israel, art thou sorely tried?
Art thou press'd on every side?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour?
Wherefore art thou thus dishearten'd?
Is the arm that saves thee shorten'd?

Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more,
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
Thine to tell the wondrous story.

Yes! thy God shall yet be known,
Far and wide as God alone;
At His feet shall idols fall,
For thy God is Lord of all;
His is strength and His salvation—
He shall reign o'er every nation.

1259. FEAST. Cheerfulness essential to a

CHEERFUL looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.—*Massinger*.

1260. FEAST. Lesson for a

FIVE hundred princely guests before
Haroun Al Raschid sate:
Five hundred princely guests or more
Admired his royal state;

For never had the glory been
So royally display'd,
Nor ever such a gorgeous scene
Had eye of man survey'd.

He, most times meek of heart, yet now
Of spirit too elate,
Exclaim'd, 'Before me Cæsars bow,
On me two empires wait.

'Yet all our glories something lack,
We do our triumphs wrong,
Until to us reflected back
In mirrors clear of song.

'Call him, then, unto whom this power
Is given, this skill sublime—
Now win from us some splendid dower
With song that fits the time.'

'My King, as I behold thee now,
• May I behold thee still,

While prostrate worlds before thee bow,
And wait upon thy will!

'May evermore this clear, pure heaven,
Whence every speck and stain
Of trouble far away is driven,
Above thy head remain!'

The caliph cried: 'Thou wishest well,
There waits thee golden store
For this—but, oh! resume the spell,
I fain would listen more.'

'Drink thou life's sweetest goblet up,
O King, and may its wine,
For others' lips a mingled cup,
Be all unmix'd for thine.

'Live long—the shadow of no grief
Come ever near to thee:
As thou in height of place art chief,
So chief in gladness be.'

Haroun Al Raschid cried again,
'I thank thee—but proceed,
And now take up a higher strain,
And win a higher meed.'

Around that high, magnificent hall
One glance the poet threw
On courtiers, king, and festival,
And did the strain renew:

'And yet, and yet—shalt thou at last
Lie stretch'd on bed of death:
Then, when thou drawest thick and fast
With sobs thy painful breath,

'When Azrael glides through guarded gate,
Through hosts that camp around
Their lord in vain—and will not wait,
When thou art sadly bound

'Unto thine house of dust alone,
O King, when thou must die,
This pomp a shadow thou shalt own,
This glory all a lie.'

Then darkness on all faces hung,
And through the banquet went
Low sounds the murmuring guests among
Of angry discontent;

And him anon they fiercely urge—

'What guerdon shall be thine? .
What does it, this untimely dirge,
'Mid feasts, and flowers, and wine?

'Our lord demanded in his mirth
A strain to heighten glee;
But lo! at thine his tears came forth
In current swift and free.'

'Peace! not to him rebukes belong,
But rather highest grace;
He gave me what I ask'd—a song
To fit the time and place.'

All voices at that voice were still'd;
Again the caliph cried,
'He saw our mouths with laughter fill'd,
He saw us drunk with pride;

'And bade us know that every road,
By monarch trod or slave,
Thick set with thorns, with roses strew'd,
Must issue in the grave.'

Oriental, tr. by Trench.

1261. FEAST. Sorrow at a

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board;
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care!
But ask thou not if happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throes,
Or if the brow the heart's true living wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

Scott.

1262. FEAST. The best

'Tis not the food, but the content,
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eat
The platters there as soon as meat.
A little pipkin, with a bit
Of mutton or of veal in it,
Set on my table trouble-free,
More than a feast contenteth me.—*Herrick.*

1263. FEASTS. Simple

BLEST be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

Goldsmith.

1264. FEASTING: is with some men the great
end of life.

SUCH whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

Dryden.

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives,—that is—to dine.

Young.

1265. FEASTING. Unwise

SATED with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortured from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!—*Armstrong.*

1266. FELLOWSHIP. Bond of

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one—
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.—*Robinson.*

1267. FELLOWSHIP. Christian

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When Nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.—*Mrs Barbauld.*

1268. FELLOWSHIP. Heavenly

'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where His name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne!

When we adore Him there,
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need :
Love will absorb us quite,
Love in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.

Oh ! what sweet company
We then shall hear and see !
What harmony will there abound !
When souls unnumber'd sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found !

With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be fill'd, nor wish for more ;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.

Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home ;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the Church below
To heaven at once I go,
And there commune in perfect love !
Joseph Swain.

1269. FELLOWSHIP. Incense of

MORE sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest—
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk,
Or bowers wherein they rest.—*Wordsworth.*

1270. FELLOWSHIP. Sympathetic

THE heart—the heart ! oh ! let it spare
A sigh for others' pain ;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throb at gentlest touch,
Or Sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than never ache at all.
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.—*Eliza Cook.*

1271. FICKLENESS.

As I blow this feather from my face,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greatest gust ,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
Shakespeare.

1272. FIDELITY. Tests of

WELL hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence.—*Milton.*

1273. FIDELITY. Test of

HIS courtiers of the caliph crave—
'Oh, say how this may be,
That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved by thee ?

'For he is hideous as the night :
Yet when has ever chose
A nightingale for its delight
A hueless, scentless rose ?'

The caliph then, 'No features fair,
No comely mien are his ;
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And love his glory is.

'Once when a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken casket roll'd amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

'I nodding to my slaves that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

'One only at my side remain'd—
Beside this Ethiop, none :
He moveless as the steed he rein'd,
Behind me sat alone.

"What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side ?"
'My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee," he cried.

'True servant's title he may wear,
He only, who has not,
For his lord's gifts, how rich soe'er,
His lord himself forgot !'

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside Himself to claim

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to His gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to His throne.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above
In vain—the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love
Thine own will never be.

Oriental, tr. by Trench.

1274. FIRMNESS. Power of

Be firm ! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck :
See yon tall shaft ; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

Holmes.

1275. FLATTERERS.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant ;
And of all tame—a flatterer.—*Jonson.*

There are, who to my person pay their court ;
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, sir ! you have an eye !
Go on, obliging creature, make me see,
All that disgraced my betters, met in me ;
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
Just so immortal Maro held his head ;
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Pope.

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve
Whatever I would say.—*Miss Landon.*

1276. FLATTERY. Baseness of

No adulation ; 'tis the death of virtue !
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flatterer.

Hannah More.

1277. FLATTERY : creates distrust.

I WOULD give worlds, could I believe
One half that is profess'd me ;
Affection ! could I think it thee,
When Flattery has caress'd me.

Miss Landon.

1278. FLATTERY : delusive.

GIVE me flattery ;
Flattery, the food of courts ! that I may rock him,
And lull him in down of his desires.—*Beaumont.*

1279. FLATTERY : distasteful to the truly great.

MINDS
By nature great are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.
Rowe.

1280. FLATTERY : insincere.

ALAS ! the praise given to the ear
Ne'er was nor ne'er can be sincere.

Miss Landon.

1281. FLATTERY : its power.

THE firmest purpose of a woman's heart
To well-timed, artful flattery may yield.—*Lillo.*

All-potent Flattery, universal lord !
Reviled, yet courted ; censured, yet adored !
How thy strong spell each human bosom draws
The very echo to our self-applause !—*Pope.*

1282. FLATTERY. Last refinement of

WHEN I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flatter'd.

Shakespeare.

1283. FLATTERY : loved.

OH, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

Shakespeare.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

But flattery never seems absurd ;
The flatter'd always take your word ;
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust ;
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.—*Gay.*

1284. FLATTERY. Meanness of

FLATTERY but ill becomes a soldier's mouth ;
Leave we the practice of those meaner arts
To smooth-tongued statesmen and betraying cour-
tiers.—*Marsh.*

No flattery, boy ! an honest man can't live by 't :
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with 't ;
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Otway.

Let me be grateful ; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs.—*Philips*.

1285. FLATTERY. Mirror of

A BEGGAR of Shiraz once had a looking-glass
That by his magic power all others did surpass,—
Which many dames would wish their mirrors too
could share—

To show an ugly face as if it were most fair !
The beggar held this glass in front of every one
From whom he begg'd ; and copious guerdons thus
he won.

For each with gladness gave who saw himself so
fair :

The gay young lord, the foul old hag, both looking
there.

At last the beggar, lying sick, gave to his son
The glass, and said, ' Make use of it as I have done.'
But with the glass at night all empty came he back :
For he had made a different use of it, alack !

He held not up the glass before each passing wight,
But saw his own face there and linger'd on the sight.
The father said, ' The foolish fruits of idle pride,
My son, no human heart has ever satisfied.

Who shows the world in Flattery's glass, is one
shrewd elf ;

He is a fool who looks therein to see himself.'

Oriental.

1286. FLATTERY : selfish.

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
Shakespeare.

1287. FLATTERY : the peril of the great.

THAT subtle serpent, servile flattery,
Seldom infects the meaner man, that fears
No change of state, through fortune's treachery ;
She spits her poison at the mightiest peers,
And with her charms enchants the prince's ears :
In sweetest wood the worm doth soonest breed,
The caterpillar on best buds doth feed.

Mirror for Magistrates.

To feed, and clothe thee ? why should the poor be
flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them, but, passing through the eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture

From every channel ; and still bears a relish
Of flattery or private ends.—*Denham.*

1288. FLOWERS : do not bloom in vain.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook ;
The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters, with their beauty gay—
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !

I never thought to ask ; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.—*Emerson.*

1289. FLOWERS : fading.

FADE, flowers, fade ; nature will have it so ;

'Tis but what we must in our autumn do.

Waller.

1290. FLOWERS. Field

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true ;
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you ;

For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.—*Campbell.*

1291. FLOWERS. Teaching of the

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines !

Horace Smith.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower ;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Cunningham.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,
 Hay-scented, whispering round,
 Yon path-side rose, that down the vale
 Breathes incense from the ground,
 Methinks should from the dullest clod
 Invite the thankful heart to God.—*Nidds.*

1292. FLOWERS: the stars of earth.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Longfellow.

1293. FLOWERS. Use of the

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
 For every want of ours,
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 And dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashion'd with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high;
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then, wherefore had they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth:

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
 Whene'er his faith is dim;
 For who so careth for the flower
 Will much more care for Him!

Mary Howitt.

1294. FOES. A Christian's

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host;
 Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatening stands,
 Mustering his pale terrific bands;
 There pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield;
 Put on the armour from above
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
 The Man of Calvary triumph'd here,
 Why should His faithful followers fear?

Mrs Barbauld.

1295. FOLLIES. Unsuspected

WHOSE follies, blazed about, to all are known,
 And are a secret to himself alone.—*Graville.*

1296. FOLLOWING CHRIST.

If Jesus came to earth again,
 And walk'd and talk'd in field and street,
 Who would not lay his human pain
 Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
 And leave the volume on the shelf,
 To follow Him, unquestioning, mute,
 If 'twere the Lord Himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
 How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
 How many a youth with woe forlorn,
 How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize
 Which fails the earthly, weak endeavour,
 To gaze into those holy eyes,
 And drink content for ever!

And I where'er He went would go,
 Nor question where the path might lead:
 Enough to know that here below
 I walk'd with God indeed!

If this be thus, O Lord of mine,
 In absence is Thy love forgot?
 And must I, when I walk, repine,
 Because I see Thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
And our poor prayers yet reach Thee, Lord,
Since we are weak, once more to us
Reveal the Living Word !

Oh, nearer to me in the dark
Of life's low hours one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
The moving of Thy hand.—*Owen Meredith.*

1297. FOOD. Daily

O KING of earth, and air, and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep :
To Thee the lions roaring call ;
The common Father, kind to all :
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine ;
But God, Thou carest still for Thine ;
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray,
For daily bread from day to day.

And oh ! when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !—*Heber.*

1298. FOOD. Poisonous

DEATH in the pot ! 'tis always there,
The bane of all our food,
When we partake it without fear,
Without an eye to God.

Unless He sanctify the meat,
And bless us from the sky,
Unless we to His glory eat,
Our souls by eating die.—*Charles Wesley.*

1299. FOOD. Provision of

By the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustain'd ;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.

It seem'd as if from day to day
They were to eat and die ;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to His poor He still will give
Just for the present hour ;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon His word and power.

No barn nor storehouse they possess
On which they can depend ;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their Friend.—*Newton.*

1300. FOOLS. Rashness of

FOR fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Pope.

1301. FORBEARANCE: necessary to domestic happiness.

ALAS ! and is domestic strife,
That sores ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd
As to be wantonly incur'd
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation ?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive :
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state ;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar
And tumult and intestine war.—*Cowper.*

1302. FOREST. Music of the

MY soul is growing sick—I will away
And gather balm from a sweet forest walk !
There, as the breezes through the branches sweep,
Is heard ærial minstrelsy, like harps
Untouch'd, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
Pour out their numbers till they lull in peace
The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice
Of music in the rustling of the leaves :
And the green boughs are hung with living lutes,
Whose strings will only vibrate to His hand
Who made them, while they sound His untaught
praise !

The whole wild wood is one vast instrument

Of thousand, thousand keys ; and all its notes
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays
To celebrate the presence of her God.

Hannah F. Gould.

1303. FOREST. Teachings of the

FATHER, Thy hand
Hath rear'd these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here,—Thou
fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music ; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship : nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steepes the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.—*Bryant.*

1304. FORGIVENESS. Alternative of

O GOD ! my sins are manifold ; against my life they
cry,
And all my guilty-deeds foregone up to Thy temple
fly.

Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair
is driven ?

'Forgive !' a blessed voice replied, 'and thou shalt
be forgiven.'

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell ; they spurn me
in their pride ;

They render evil for my good ; my patience they
deride ;

Arise ! my King ! and be the proud in righteous ruin
driven !

'Forgive !' the awful answer came, 'as thou wouldst
be forgiven !'

Seven times, O Lord, I've pardon'd them ; seven
times they've sinn'd again ;

They practise still to work me woe, and triumph in
my pain ;

But let them dread my vengeance now, to just re-
sentment driven !

'Forgive !' the voice in thunder spake, 'or never be
forgiven !'—*Heber.*

1305. FORGIVENESS. Bliss of

TREMBLING before Thine awful throne,
O Lord ! in dust my sins I own :
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend !—O smile, and heal the strife !

The Saviour smiles ! Upon my soul
New-tides of hope tumultuous roll :
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound !

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels ! never dimm'd your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfil ;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song,—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain :
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine :
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear !—*Hillhouse.*

1306. FORGIVENESS : divine.

GOOD nature and good sense must ever join :
To err is human ; to forgive, divine.—*Pope.*

1307. FORGIVENESS : enjoined.

FORGIVE thy foe ;—nor that alone,
His evil deed with good repay ;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
From the Persian.

1308. FORGIVENESS. Generous

'Tis easier for the generous to forgive
Than for offence to ask it.—*Thomson.*

1309. FORGIVENESS : granted.

KNEEL not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : live
And deal with others better.—*Shakespeare.*

I'll not chide thee :
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
Mend when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure.
Shakespeare.

1310. FORGIVENESS. Human

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloom'd so beauteously,
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns ;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again !
ONE had it—but He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betray'd ;
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's dark pang He sigh'd,
Pray'd for His murderers, and died.

Edmeston.

1311. FORGIVENESS : needed daily.

UP the long slope of this low sandy shore
Are roll'd the tidal waters day by day ;
Traces of wandering feet are wash'd away,
Relics of busy hands are seen no more.

The soil'd and trampled surface is smooth'd o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey ;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.

Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul
Sin-stain'd and care-worn, let Thy heavenly grace
A blest, atoning flood—Divinely roll,
And all the footsteps of the world efface ;
That like the wave-wash'd sand this soul of mine,
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine !

1312. FORGIVENESS : never practised by the
wrong-doer.

FORGIVENESS to the injured does belong ;
But they ne'er pardon, who commit the wrong.
Dryden.

1313. FORGIVENESS. Nobility of

THOUGH with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance.—*Shakespeare.*

Some grave their wrongs on marble ; he, more just,
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them on the dust :
Trode under-foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind ;
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape th' Almighty's eye.
Madden.

1314. FORGIVENESS. Prayer for

THOUGH in the secret paths of sin I trod,
Yet do not quite forsake me, O my God !
'Tis Thou alone canst ease me of my pain,
Thy healing hand can wash out every stain,
Can cleanse my soul, and make the leper clean.
Speak, Love Divine, and bid the suppliant live,
Oh, let mine ear but hail the word, 'Forgive !'
Daniel.

1315. FORGIVENESS. Restitution essential to

OH, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
Shakespeare.

1316. FORMALISTS.

THERE are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

Shakespeare.

Oh! I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,—

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart!—*Tennyson.*

1317. FORMALITY. Church

A MAN may cry church! church! at every word,
With no more piety than other people,—
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple;
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour,
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!—*Hood.*

1318. FORTITUDE. Advantage of

WISE men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still: is it meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on a rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

Shakespeare.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves:
There is a nobleness of mind, that heals
Wounds beyond salves.—*Cartwright.*

1319. FORTITUDE. Cultivating

EXISTENCE may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In base and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence: not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.

Byron.

1320. FORTITUDE. Incentive to

OH, never from thy tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart!
When disappointment fills the cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail, and justice show
Her tardy honours, sure though slow.
Bear on—bear bravely on!

Bear on! Our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born for lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labour which shall fit for heaven;
When duty calls, let love grow warm;
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on—bear bravely on!

1321. FORTITUDE. Philosophic

YET well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock the shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.
Byron.

1322. FORTITUDE: revealed by adversity.

THERE is strength
Deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?—*Mrs Hemans.*

1323. FORTITUDE. True

TRUE fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Addison.

1324. FORTUNE. Blaming

LOOK into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd you'll find they are unwise:
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
Which brought another language into use.
Young.

1325. FORTUNE. Change of

WHEN Fortune smiles and looks serene,
 'Tis 'Pray, sir, how d'ye do,
 Your family are well, I hope ;
 Can I serve them or you ?'

But if, perchance, her scale should turn,
 And with it change your plight,
 'Tis then, 'I'm sorry for your fate,
 But times are hard—good-night.'

1326. FORTUNE. Counterpoise of

WILL Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach and no food,—
 Such are the poor in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such the rich,
 That have abundance and enjoy it not.—*Shakespeare.*

1327. FORTUNE. Extremes of

EXTREMES of fortune are true wisdom's test,
 And he's of men most wise who bears them best.
Cumberland.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
 Then show a brave and present mind ;
 And when with too indulgent gales
 She swells too much, then furl thy sails.

Creek.

1328. FORTUNE. Folly of idle waiting on

WISDOM, whose strong-built plots
 Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power ;
 Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
 Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
 Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward :
 Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies
 Before the threshold, gaping for thy dole,
 And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth ;
 The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
 Makes thee his state, disburthens all the follies
 Of his misguided actions on thy shoulders.—*Carew.*

1329. FORTUNE. Frowns of

WHEN Fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
Shakespeare.

Let not one look of Fortune cast you down ;
 She were not Fortune if she did not frown :
 Such as do braveliest bear her scorns awhile
 Are those on whom at last she most will smile.
Orrery.

1330. FORTUNE : her gifts.

ALAS ! the joys that Fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay ;
 And those who prize the trifling things,
 More trifling still than they.—*Goldsmith.*

1331. FORTUNE. Ill-gotten

THAT fortune still must be with ill maintain'd,
 Which at the first with any ill is gain'd.
Lord Brook.

1332. FORTUNE. Reverses of

IN losing fortune, many a lucky elf
 Has found himself ;
 As all our moral bitters are design'd
 To brace the mind,
 And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
 Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.
Horace Smith.

1333. FORTUNE. Seizing

THE old Scythians
 Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings,
 To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
 Which, if her favourite be not swift to take,
 He loses them for ever.—*Chapman.*

1334. FORTUNE. Superiority to

BLEST are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please.—*Shakespeare.*

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
 I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
 Fate was not mine : nor am I Fate's :
 Souls know no conquerors.—*Dryden.*

The weak low spirit Fortune makes her slave ;
 But she's a drudge when hector'd by the brave.
Dryden.

Fortune's an under-power, that is herself
 Commanded by desert. 'Tis a mere vainness
 Of our credulity to give her more
 Than her due attribute ; which is but servant
 To an heroic spirit.—*Nabb.*

1335. FORTUNE : turns on little things.

WHAT trivial influences hold dominion
 O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire !
 The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
 Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,

Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
And the light lasting of a woman's will ;
As if the Lord of nature should delight
To hang this ponderous globe upon a hair,
And bid it dance before a breath of wind.—*Rowe.*

Oft, what seems
A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,
In some nice situation, turns the scale
Of fate, and rules the most important actions.
Thomson.

1336. FORTUNE. Uncertainty of

WHO thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity?
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?—*Pope.*

All human projects are so faintly framed,
So feebly plann'd, so liable to change,
So mix'd with error in their very form,
That mutable and mortal are the same.
Hannah More.

1337. FORTUNE. Undeserved

MANY dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours.—*Shakespeare.*

1338. FORTUNE. Unkindness of

FOR herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty.—*Shakespeare.*

1339. FORTUNE. Waiting on

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.—*Burns.*

1340. FORTUNE. Winning

FORTUNES are made, if I the facts may state—
Though poor myself, I know the fortunate :
First, there's a knowledge of the way from whence
Good fortune comes—and this is sterling sense :
Then perseverance, never to decline
The chase of riches till the prey is thine ;

And firmness never to be drawn away
By any passion from that noble prey—
By love, ambition, study, travel, fame,
Or the vain hope that lives upon a name.—*Crabbe.*

1341. FOUNDATION. The Sure

WHY build ye on the unsteady sand,
A worthless house that cannot stand?
Behold, in winter's stormy day,
That frail support will glide away,
And rising billows lightly sweep
Your fortress to the yawning deep.
God hath a sure foundation given,
Fix'd as the firm decrees of heaven :
The changeless, everlasting rock,
That braves the storm, and bides the shock ;
There build : the gates of hell in vain
Against that Rock their war maintain.
Christ is the Rock, the Corner Stone,
Faith rears her beauteous house thereon ;
Adorn'd with works of willing love,
And pointing to the scenes above ;
Where faith and hope their sway resign,
Swallow'd in sight, and joy divine.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

1342. FOUNDATIONS. Deep

LET them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair,
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the sky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks, to lay his groundwork low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.
Harvey.

1343. FOUNDATIONS. Unsafe

BUILD'ST thou on Wealth?—its wings are ever spread
Its trusting votaries to elude and fail ;
On Science?—see! his favourite sons have fled
Like the pale lamp that lit their midnight toil,
Forgotten as the flower that deck'd the vernal soil.
Build'st thou on Love?—the simple heart it cheers
When high in health, and all around is gay,
Yet leads to folly, vanity, and tears :
Build'st thou on Fame?—the dancing meteor's ray
Glides not more swift, more unperceived away.

Ah! why on sands like these thy temple rear?
How shall its base the storms and billows shun?
Seek the Eternal Rock with humble fear,
And on the tablet of each setting sun
Grave with a diamond's point some deed of duty
done.

1344. FRAILTY. Grades of

FRAIL creatures are we all ! To be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have :
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.

Coleridge.

1345. FRAILTY. Human

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view ;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.—*Cowper.*

1346. FRATERNITY. Triumph of

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter ;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder ;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice in living thunder—
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story :
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory !
They pass'd, nor see the work they wrought ;
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom !
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom—
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful !
And it shall write the future's page
To our humanity more truthful !
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of 'brother ;'
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other—
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Fraternity ! Love's other name !
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being !
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing ;
Then shall unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey ;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart
And Love's own world with smiles more sunny—
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming.

Ay, it must come ! The tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted :
The sword earth's mighty ones have leant on
Is canker'd, with our heart's blood crusted.

Room ! for the men of mind make way !
Ye robber rulers, pause no longer,
Ye cannot stay the opening day !
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The people's advent's coming !

Gerald Massey.

1347. FREEDOM. Christian

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature ; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valley his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all !'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man ?
Yes, ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good

In senseless riot ; but ye will not find
 In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer use of yours than you.
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
 Of no mean city, plann'd or e'er the hills
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in every state ;
 And no condition of this changeful life,
 So manifold in cares, whose every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less.
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury can cripple or confine ;
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
 His body bound ; but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

Cowper.

1348. FREEDOM. Dying for

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
 He's dead alone who lacks her light !

Campbell.

1349. FREEDOM : essential to true happiness.

BUT what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?—*Addison.*

No ! Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

Cowper.

Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
 With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,
 Than bow the head and bend the knee
 In the proudest palace of slavery.—*Moore.*

1350. FREEDOM. Foes of

AND Freedom thus, of old, so often fell
 Before Ambition, when the herd, that crawls
 Within the crowded haunt, the sordid hell
 Where luxury and lust have built their walls,
 Sunk in each vice that deadens and enthralls,
 Barter'd their unprized liberty for gold ;—
 As the pure stream upon the palate palls,
 When wine has fired the senses, so they sold
 The rights, that prouder hearts than being dearer
 hold.—*Percival.*

1351. FREEDOM : from the passions.

WHERE honour or where conscience does not bind,
 No other tie shall shackle me ;
 Slave to myself I will not be ;
 Nor shall my future actions be confined
 By my own present mind.—*Cowley.*

Restraining others, yet himself not free ;
 Made impotent by power, debased by dignity.
Dryden.

1352. FREEDOM. Hope of

SLAVES who once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for ;—spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
 The surest presage of the good they seek.

Wordsworth.

1353. FREEDOM : how it is to be won.

HEREDITARY bondsmen ! know ye not,
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?

Byron.

1354. FREEDOM. Love of

FREEDOM who loves, must first be wise and good ;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

Milton.

1355. FREEDOM : must be transmitted to our children.

LET freedom never perish in your hands,
 But piously transmit it to your children.

Addison.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
 Let me not see my country's honour fade ;
 Oh ! let me see our land retain its soul !
 Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's shade.
Keats.

1356. FREEDOM : needs to be defended.

OH ! not yet
 May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
 Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom ! close thy lids
 In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps.
 And thou must watch and combat, till the day
 Of the new Earth and Heaven.—*Bryant.*

1357. FREEDOM : not always loved.

NATIONS grown corrupt
 Love bondage more than liberty ;
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty.

Milton.

1358. FREEDOM. Personification of

O FREEDOM !—thou art not as poets dream—
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
 With which the Roman master crown'd his slave
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
 Arm'd to the teeth, art thou ; one mail'd hand
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy
 brow,
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
 With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has
 launch'd
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
 They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven ;
 Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
 And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
 Have forged thy chain ; yet while he deems thee
 bound,
 The links are shiver'd, and the prison-walls
 Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,
 And shoutest to the nations, who return
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Bryant.

1359. FREEDOM. Preciousness of

WHAT art thou, Freedom ? Oh ! could slaves
 Answer from their living graves
 This demand, tyrants would flee
 Like a dream's dim imagery !
 Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
 May thy righteous laws be sold,
 As laws are in England : thou
 Shieldest alike high and low.
 Thou art Peace—never by thee
 Would blood and treasure wasted be,
 As tyrants wasted them when all
 Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul !
 Thou art Love : the rich have kist
 Thy feet, and like him following Christ,
 Given their substance to be free,
 And through the world have follow'd thee.

Shelley.

1360. FREEDOM. Progress of

I WATCH the circle of the eternal years,
 And read for ever in the storied page
 One lengthen'd roll of blood, and wrong, and tears—
 One onward step of truth from age to age.
 The poor are crush'd, the tyrants link their chain ;
 The poet sings through narrow dungeon-grates ;
 Man's hope lies quench'd ;—and, lo ! with steadfast
 gain
 Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets ; faggot, rack, and cross
 Make up the groaning record of the past ;
 But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
 And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.

Lowell.

1361. FREEDOM : the heritage of the innocent.

STONE walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an heritage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace—To Althea, from prison.

1362. FREEDOM. True

TRUE freedom is where no restraint is known,
 That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown,
 Where only vice and injury are tied,
 And all from shore to shore is free beside.

Cowper.

1363. FREE GRACE. Message of

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
 To the first man thou mayest meet
 In lane, highway, or open street—
 That he and we and all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above ;
 That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
 And anguish, all are shadows vain,
 That death itself shall not remain ;
 That weary deserts we may tread,
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,
 Through dark ways underground be led ;
 Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,
 Shall issue out in heavenly day ;
 And we, on divers shores now cast,
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
 All in our Father's house at last.
 And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
 Yet one word more they only miss,
 The winning of that final bliss,
 Who will not count it true, that Love,
 Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
 And that in it we live and move.
 And one thing further make him know,
 That to believe these things are so,
 This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.—*Trench.*

1364. FREE-WILL. Discussions concerning

OTHERS apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute ;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Milton.

1365. FREE-WILL : distinguishes man from the lower animals.

TH' Eternal when He did the world create
All other agents did necessitate ;
So what He order'd they by nature do ;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go :

Man only boasts an arbitrary state.—*Dryden.*

1366. FREE-WILL : essential to virtue.

OUR voluntary service He requires,
Not our necessitated ; such with Him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose ?—*Milton.*

Man shall be bless'd, as far as man permits.
Not man alone—all rationals, Heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous power
To counteract its own most gracious ends ;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice.
That power denied, men, angels, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise or blame.
A nature rational implies the power
Of being bless'd or wretched, as we please—
Else idle reason would have nought to do ;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heaven wills our happiness—allows our doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not compels ;
Heaven but persuades—almighty man decrees.
Man is the maker of immortal fates.—*Young.*

Where had been
The test of Faith if the expanded arm
Of Heaven, in glory and in power display'd,
Had curb'd the freedom of the human will,
Nor left the scope of choice !—*Hayes.*

1367. FREE-WILL. Foreknowledge and

MAN (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himself of all that makes this vale

Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foresees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Must be determined, or the knowledge fail ;
Thus liberty's destroy'd, and all we do
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.
Say, fool, with too much subtilty misled,
Who reasonest but to err, does Prescience change
The property of things? Is aught thou seest
Caused by thy vision, not thy vision caused
By forms that previously exist? To God
This mode of seeing future deeds extends,
And freedom with foreknowledge may exist.

Bally.

1368. FREE-WILL : implies the power to err.

FAULTLESS thou dropt from His unerring skill,
With the base power to sin, since free of will ;
Yet charge not with thy guilt His bounteous love ;
For who has power to walk, has power to rove.

Arbutnot.

1369. FREE-WILL : in what it consists.

FOR what is freedom, but the unfetter'd use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, Him first, Him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil His blaze.

Coleridge.

1370. FREE-WILL. Inference of

WE drive the furrow with the share of faith
Through the waste fields of life, and our own hands
Sow thick the seeds that spring to weeds or flowers ;
And never strong necessity nor fate
Trammels the soul that firmly says *I will !*
Else are we playthings, and 'tis Satan's mock
To preach to us repentance and belief.—*Alice Cary.*

1371. FREE-WILL. Issues of

So from the heights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.
From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea !—*Holmes.*

1372. FREE-WILL : leaves man without excuse for his sins.

MAN seduced,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker : no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall.—*Milton.*

Perverse mankind ! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree ;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.—*Pope*.

Grace leads the right way : if you choose the wrong,
Take it, and perish, but restrain your tongue ;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree.—*Cowper*.

1373. FREE-WILL : lost.

By original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells,
Twined, and from her hath no dividual being.
Milton.

1374. FREE-WILL : the basis of responsibility.

GOD made thee perfect, not immutable,
And good He made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power ; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not overruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.—*Milton*.

Heaven made us agents, free to good or ill ;
And forced it not, though He foresaw the will :
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
Dryden.

Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse ;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man ?
With nought in charge he could betray no trust ;
And if he fell, would fall because he must ;
If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.—*Cowper*.

Each had his conscience, each his reason, will,
And understanding for himself to search,
To choose, reject, believe, consider, act ;
And God proclaim'd from heaven, and by an oath
Confirm'd, that each should answer for himself ;
And as his own peculiar work should be
Done by his proper self, should live or die.
Pollok.

1375. FRETFULNESS. Traits of

SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much :
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.

The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;
What, sole ?—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both ;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can—
Alas ! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.—*Cowper*.

1376. FRIEND. Confidence in a

RESERVE will wound it ; and distrust destroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself :
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix :
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee :
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
'Poor is the friendless master of a world :
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.'—*Young*.

1377. FRIEND. A Constant

WHEN adversities flow,
Then love ebbs : but friendship standeth stiffly
In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair
Face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery,
Nor place, nor destiny, can alter or
Diminish. O friendship ! of all things the
Most rare, and therefore most rare because most
Excellent ; whose comforts in misery
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in
Prosperity are ever fortunate.
Vain love ! that only coming near to friendship
In name, would seem to be the same, or better,
In nature.—*Lilly*.

1378. FRIEND. A Departed

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarn'd us of decay ;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps press'd,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look ;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move ;
The breathing of an inward psalm ;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet ' Good-night ! '

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.—*Whittier.*

1379. FRIEND. The Candid

GIVE me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe ;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, Thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh ! save me from the Candid Friend.

Canwing.

1380. FRIEND. The True

THE true friend is not he who holds up Flattery's
mirror,
In which the face to thy conceit most pleasing
hovers ;

But he who kindly shows thee all thy vices, Sirrah !
And helps thee mend them ere an enemy discovers.

Oriental, tr. by Alger.

1381. FRIENDS. Best

LET others boast them as they may
Of spirits kind and true,
Whose gentle words and loving smiles
Have cheer'd them on life through ;
And though they count of friends a host,
To bless the paths they've trod,
These are the ones have loved *me* most,
My mother, wife, and God !

Richard Coe, Jr.

1382. FRIENDS. Choice of

TURN him, and see his threads : look, if he be
Friend to himself, that would be friend to thee :
For that is first required, a man to be his own ;
But he that's too much that, is friend to none.

Jonson.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice : nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue :
Let them be good that love, although but few.

Jonson.

Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well born, well disciplined, who, placed apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And (though the world may think the ingredients
odd)

The love of virtue, and the fear of God !
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene.—*Cowper.*

1383. FRIENDS. Christ's

CHRIST had His friends—His eye could trace
In the long train of coming years,

The chosen children of His grace,
The full reward of all His tears.
These are His friends, and these are thine,
If thou to Him hast bow'd the knee ;
And where these ransom'd millions shine
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

1384. FRIENDS. Dying

WE tread one path to glory,
Are guided by One hand,
And led in faith and patience
Unto one Fatherland !
Then let this hour of parting
No bitter grief record,
But be an hour of union
More blessed with our Lord !
With Him to guide and save us,
No changes that await,
No earthly separations,
Can leave us desolate !—*Spitta*.

1385. FRIENDS: easily separated.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.—*Moore*.

1386. FRIENDS. Faithful

MUCH beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun ; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend ; fairest when seen
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear ;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend ;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ;
My early friends, friends of my evil day ;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
Companions of my young desires ; in doubt
My oracles ; my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours ;
Our burning words, that utter'd all the soul ;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;

Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.—*Pollok*.

1387. FRIENDS. False and True

FALSE friends, like insects in a summer's day,
Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower ;
Uncertain visitants, they fly away,
E'en when misfortune's cloud begins to lower.

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall ;
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

1388. FRIENDS. Lack of

A RARE thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel
among men,
Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they be-
lieve when they doubt.
Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing
affection,
For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of
the mind.
Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson
by example ;
For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort
unkindly upon thee.
There be some that never had a friend, because they
were gross and selfish :
Worldliness, and apathy, and pride leave not many
that are worthy,
But one who meriteth esteem need never lack a
friend ;
For as thistle-down fieth abroad, and casteth its
anchor in the soil,
So philanthropy yearneth for a heart where it may
take root and blossom.
For alas ! how few be friends, of whom charity hath
hoped well !
How few there be among men who forget themselves
for others !
Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his
brethren as rivals,
Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret
ends.
And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath
wronged that sacred name,
For it calleth any man friend who is not known for
an enemy ;
And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty
sitteth at thy board.—*Tupper*.

1389. FRIENDS. Lost

IF thou hast lost a friend
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go call him to thy heart again ;
 Let pride no more be heard.
 Remind him of those happy days,
 Too beautiful to last ;
 Ask, if a word should cancel years
 Of truth and friendship past.
 Oh ! if thou'st lost a friend
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go call him to thy heart again ;
 Let pride no more be heard.

Oh ! tell him, from thy thought
 The light of joy hath fled ;
 That, in thy sad and silent breast,
 Thy lonely heart seems dead :
 That mount and vale, each path ye trod
 By morn or evening dim,
 Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
 And ask your soul for him.
 Then, if thou'st lost a friend
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go call him to thy heart again ;
 Let pride no more be heard.

Charles Swain.

1390. FRIENDS. Mercenary

As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave :
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away : leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—*Shakespeare.*

1391. FRIENDS : must be honoured.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Wordsworth.

1392. FRIENDS. Parting of

FRIEND after friend departs :
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affection transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone :
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away,
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night—
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
 Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
 How grows in Paradise our store.—*Kobb.*

Oh ! sweet bond of friendship, whate'er may betide
 us,
 Though on life's stormy billows our barks may be
 driven,
 Though distance, or trial, or death may divide us,
 Eternal re-union awaits us in heaven.

1393. FRIENDS. Prayer for

FATHER, who to us hast given
 Love and friends as summer flowers,
 Who hath brought the once sad-hearted
 To the joys of many hours,
 Hear us, Friend of love Divine,
 Let the friends we love be Thine.

Lo ! they gather at the fireside—
 Happy hearts, and shining eyes ;
 And they walk along the valleys,
 Cheering us with sympathies ;
 But we ask Thee evermore,
 Let them all Thy Name adore.

Look upon the merry children,
 Look upon the happy young ;
 And by their sweet, ringing voices,
 Let Thy words of praise be sung,
 That their happy lives may be
 Given alone, O Lord, to Thee.

When shall fall the evening shadows,
 And the sunset dyes are deep,

And Thy children, safely shelter'd,
Calm and happy, fall asleep,
And hands unclung that held us fast,
Let not that parting be the last.

Let us meet again in heaven,
Undivided families ;
Heart to heart in happy greeting,
And unbroken sympathies,
In Thy home and near to Thee,
Let us with our dear ones be.

Marianne Farningham.

1394. FRIENDS. Quality of

ESSENTIAL honour must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro ;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin, though sure that none should
know.

Where friendship speaks, honesty's understood ;
For none can be a friend that is not good.

Catherine Phillips.

1395. FRIENDS. Quarrels of

O WORLD, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin as 'twere in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity.—*Shakespeare.*

1396. FRIENDS. Retain thy

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hook of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

Shakespeare.

1397. FRIENDS: should neither borrow nor
lend.

NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Shakespeare.

1398. FRIENDS. Vulgar

THE man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,

Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.—*Cowper.*

1399. FRIENDSHIP. Boon of

HAIL, friendship ! since the world began,
Heaven's kindest, noblest boon for man.
All other joys with meteor fire
Quench'd in the mists of time expire ;
But thou, unhurt by fortune's blast,
Shin'st brightest, clearest, at the last !
The dreary heart, unwarm'd by thee,
Broods o'er a sullen destiny ;
Heaven's fairest gift would fail to bless
That cold and wintry haunt of cheerless selfish-
ness.—*Miss Holford.*

1400. FRIENDSHIP. Broken

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth :
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, 'as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline !
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother ;
They parted,—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder !
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Coleridge.

1401. FRIENDSHIP. Course of

TWO barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had still'd the tide ;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept ;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were link'd, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
Oh, brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown !

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose,

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore ;
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—Oh, never more !

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe ;
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are form'd below.—*Mrs Hemans.*

1402. FRIENDSHIP: denied to the great.

FRIENDSHIP's the privilege
Of private men ; for wretched greatness knows
No blessing so substantial.—*Tate.*

1403. FRIENDSHIP. Different kinds of

BEWARE of sudden friendship,—'tis a flower
That thrives but in the sun ; its bud is fair,
And it may blossom in the summer hour,
But winter's withering tempests will not bear.
'Tis like the gilded insect through the air
That flits, on fragile wing, from sweet to sweet,
Yet stays on none, still fluttering onward, where
Fresh hues, fresh forms, and fragrance it may meet.
True friendship is a tree, whose lasting strength
Is slow of growth, but proves, whate'er befall,
Through life our hope and haven, and at length
Yields but to death—the power that conquers all.

1404. FRIENDSHIP. Duties of

A FRIEND should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are,
Shakespeare.

He who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend,
Who friendship's secrets knows not to conceal—
That man is vile.—*Francis.*

1405. FRIENDSHIP. Effect of absence on

WE need the clasp of hand in hand,
The light flash'd warm from neighbouring eyes ;
Or else as weary seasons pass—
Alas ! alas !
Our tenderest love grows wan and dies.

The fateful years like seas expand
'Twixt souls that long have dwelt apart,
Till, broadening o'er our being's verge,
The ruthless surge
Love's memory sweeps from out the heart.

O Absence ! thou unreverenced Death !
Thy dense, unconsecrated clay
Inurns affection past regret ;
No hint is set
Thereon of Resurrection Day.—*Hayne.*

1406. FRIENDSHIP. False

YOU'LL find the friendship of the world a show !
Mere outward show ! 'tis like the harlot's tears,
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all.—*Savage.*

I have too deeply read mankind
To be amused with friendship ; 'tis a name
Invented merely to betray credulity :
'Tis intercourse of interest—not of souls.
Howard.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.
Addison.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep !
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep !
Goldsmith.

1407. FRIENDSHIP. Growth of

FRIENDSHIP is no plant of hasty growth ;
Though planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.—*Joanna Baillie.*

1408. FRIENDSHIP. Ill-founded

WHERE you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.—*Shakespeare.*

That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change
As if it ne'er had been.—*Massinger.*

1409. FRIENDSHIP : implies sacrifice.

He who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor frozen churl.

Joanna Baillie.

1410. FRIENDSHIP. Intimate

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—Oh, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder?

Shakespeare.

1411. FRIENDSHIP : its joys.

I COUNT myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

Shakespeare.

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and
strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.—*Rousseau.*

Angels from friendship gather half their joy.

Young.

To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heaven decrees
To all, the gift of ministering to ease:
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all praise above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault,
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought;
On these Heaven bade the sweets of life depend,
And crush'd ill fortune when she gave a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;

And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the breast he
loves,
Smoothes not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.—*Hannah More.*

1412. FRIENDSHIP. Likeness essential to

IN companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There needs must be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Shakespeare.

1413. FRIENDSHIP. Nature of

FRIENDSHIP's an abstract of love's noble flame,
'Tis love refined, and purged from all its dross;
The next to angels' love, if not the same;
As strong as passion is, though not so gross;
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is a heaven in epitome.—*Catherine Phillips.*

1414. FRIENDSHIP : of great souls.

FRIENDSHIP is still accompanied with virtue,
And always lodged in great and generous minds.

Trapp.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

Addison.

1415. FRIENDSHIP. Perfect

I HAD a friend that loved me:
I was his soul: he lived not but in me:
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,
As meeting streams—both to ourselves were lost.
We were one mass, we could not give or take,
But from the same: for he was I; I, he:
Return my better half, and give me all myself,
For thou art all!
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself: methinks I rob
Thee of thy part.—*Dryden.*

1416. FRIENDSHIP. Philosophy of

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even
such is self-interest to friendship:
For confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is
porter at the gate.
If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be
sure of his honesty;
And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged
the reliance of thy friend.

Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship
sitteth at his board ;

And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candour is
bid glad welcome ;

For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual
trust,

And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought
for a purpose.

A man may be good to thee at times, and render
thee mighty service,

Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a
friend ;

For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the
weightier masses,

A man refuse thee not his purse, nay, his all in thine
utmost need,

Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth
with thine own,

Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render
him a heart full of gratitude.

A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of
his brother ;

A common mind will soon depart from the dull com-
panionship of wisdom.

A weak soul dareth not to follow in the track of
vigour and decision ;

And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming
foolishness of faith.

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of
little matters.

And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is
crumbled into dust.—*Tupper.*

1417. FRIENDSHIP. Power of

WHAT might be done if men were wise—

What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,

Would they unite

In love and right,

And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued

With kindling drops of loving-kindness ;

And knowledge pour,

From shore to shore,

Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,

All vice and crime, might die together ;

And wine and corn,

To each man born,

Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,

The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,

Might stand erect

In self-respect,

And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,

And more than this—my suffering brother,

More than the tongue

E'er said or sung,

If men were wise and loved each other.

Mackay.

1418. FRIENDSHIP. Price of

HOPE not to find

A friend, but what has found a friend in thee ;

All like the purchase, few the price will pay ;

And this makes friends such miracles below.

Young.

1419. FRIENDSHIP: should neither be formed nor broken rashly.

A GOLDEN treasure is the tried friend ;

But who may gold from counterfeits defend ?

Trust not too soon, nor yet too soon mistrust :

With th' one thyself, with th' other thy friend thou
hurt'st,

Who twines betwixt, and steers the golden mean,
Nor rashly loveth, nor mistrusts in vain.

Mirror for Magistrates.

1420. FRIENDSHIP: superior to love.

IN folly's heart love's shortlived blaze may glow,

Wisdom alone can purer friendship know.

Love is a sudden blaze, which soon decays ;

Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays ;

Not daily benefits exhaust the flame ;

It still is giving, and still burns the same.—*Gay.*

1421. FRIENDSHIP. Tested

SHEIK SCHUBLI, taken sick, was borne one day

Unto the hospital. A host the way

Behind him throng'd. ' Who are you ? ' Schubli
cried.

' We are your friends,' the multitude replied.

Sheik Schubli threw a stone at them ; they fled.

' Come back, ye false pretenders ! ' then he said ;

' A friend is one who, rank'd among his foes

By him he loves, and stoned, and beat with blows,

Will still remain as friendly as before,

And to his friendship only add the more.'

Oriental, tr. by Alger.

1422. FRIENDSHIP: tested by adversity.

WHAT the declined is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

Shakespeare.

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' autumn of adversity!—*Massinger.*

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.—*Moore.*

1423. FRIENDSHIP. Trust in

TRUST is the strongest bond upon the soul ;
That sacred tie has virtue oft begot ;
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.
Earl of Orrery.

1424. FRIENDSHIP. Uses of

SUCH is the use and noble end of friendship,
To bear a part in every storm of fate,
And, by dividing, make the lighter weight.
Higsons.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

Denham.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene ;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.—*Young.*

Friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.
H. Kirke White.

1425. FRUGALITY. Rule of

By no means run in debt : take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty : he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this ; therefore set out so
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
Say not, then, this with that lace will do well ;
But, this with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.
George Herbert.

1426. FRUITFULNESS. Moral

BY nature peccable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled ; to vice, to error prone ;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns alone
Are left to spring ; good seed hath there been sown
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone ;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.
Southey.

1427. FRUITFULNESS. Prayer for

LORD, I have lain
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to Thee ;
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence :
That when I come
At harvest to be reap'd, and brought home,
Thine angels may
My soul in Thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy and bliss
Eternal is.

If to entreat
A crop of purest wheat
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to hear,
Lord, make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take
What Thou dost make,
And not disdain
To house me, though among Thy coarsest grain :
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by Thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content.—*Quarles.*

1428. FUNERAL. Hymn for a

COME forth ! come on, with solemn song !
The road is short, the rest is long !
The Lord brought here, He calls away !
Make no delay ;
This home was for a passing day.
Here in an inn a stranger dwelt ;
Here joy and grief by turns he felt ;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door !
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possess'd,
He goes to seek a deeper rest ;

Good-night ! the day was sultry here,
 In toil and fear ;
 Good-night ! the night is cool and clear.
 Chime on, ye bells ! Again begin,
 And ring the Sabbath morning in ;
 The labourer's week-day work is done,
 The rest begun,
 Which Christ has for His people won !—*Sach.*

1429. FUNERALS. Costly

WHY is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plumes of ostrich crown'd ?
 No : the dead know it not, nor profit gain ;
 It only serves to prove the living vain.—*Gay.*

1430. FUTURE. Anticipations of the

THERE is a history in all men's lives,
 Fig'ring the nature of the times deceased,
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie entreaured.

Shakespeare.

1431. FUTURE. Anxiety concerning the

WHAT avails it that indulgent Heaven
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares
 Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
 Appal the shortest hour that life bestows.
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Armstrong.

1432. FUTURE. Blindness to the

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.—*Pope.*

1433. FUTURE. Hope for the

FOIL'D by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,
 And, *patience !* in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne !

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
 The world's poor, routed leavings ; or will they,
 Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn ?

No, no ! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun ;
 And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
 From strength to strength advancing—only he,
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold.

1434. FUTURE. Hue of the

A FEW days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust :
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
 Yes, all such reasonings are amiss !
 The voice of nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies ;
 That on this frail, uncertain state
 Hang matters of eternal weight ;
 That future life, in worlds unknown,
 Must take its hue from this alone,
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woeful night.—*Burns.*

1435. FUTURE. Ignorance of the

I FEEL the mighty current sweep me on,
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars ; the very hour
 He knows when they shall darken or grow bright ;
 Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
 Come unforewarn'd. Who next, of those I love,
 Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
 From virtue ? Strife with foes, or bitter strife
 With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
 Which who can bear ?—or the fierce rack of pain—
 Lie they within my path ? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my age ?
 Or do the portals of another life
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me ? Oh ! beyond that bourne,

In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.—*Bryant.*

1436. FUTURE. Obscurity of the

ETERNITY, thou awful gulf of time,
This wide creation on thy surface floats.
Of life—of death—what is—or what shall be,
I nothing know. The world is all a dream,
The consciousness of something that exists,
Yet is not what it seems. Then what am I?
Death must unfold the mystery!—*Dowe.*

Search starry mysteries overhead,
Where wonders gleam; yet hear in mind
That EARTH's our planet, firm to tread,
Nor in the star-dance left behind.

For nothing is withheld, be sure,
Our being needed to have shown;
The far was meant to be obscure,
The near was placed so to be known.

Cast we no astrologic scheme
To map the course we must pursue;
But use the lights whene'er they beam,
And every trusty landmark too.

The Future let us not permit
To choke us in its shadow's clasp;
It cannot touch us, nor we it;
The present moment's in our grasp.

Allingham.

1437. FUTURE. Present and

WHEN these brief trial-days are spent, there dawns a
glad eternity;

There, lost in measureless content, our tears and
sorrows cease to be:

Here virtue toils with earnest care;
Her glorious crown awaits her there!

Here I must seek; there I shall find; for there shall
virtue all unfold

Before my holier, purer mind, her worth so great, so
manifold;

The God of Love, whom I adore,
I there shall worship more and more.

There, in that light, shall I discern what here on
earth I dimly saw;

Those deep and wondrous counsels learn, whose
mystery fill'd me here with awe;

There trace, with gratitude intense,
The hidden links of Providence.

Perchance—ah, would that this might be!—will
some blest soul in that abode

Cry 'Hail! for thou hast rescued me, and won my
heart to heaven and God!'

O God! what exquisite delight

To save a soul from sin and night!—*Gellert.*

1438. FUTURE. Promises of the

AND there lives not a victim of Pride and Power

But hopes in the Future to win release;

But dreams of some bright and golden hour,

When the reign of Oppression and Wrong shall
cease;

And Truth and Love, with their beauty and might,
Shall banish the sombre-hued shadows of night.

Not a toiler who plods 'neath a burden of care,

But dreams of relief and liberty there;

Not a weary seeker for truth and light,

But waits for a morning tranquil and bright,

When the shadows of Doubt and Darkness shall fly,

And visions of beauty shall gladden his eye.

Oh, who could endure the burdens of life;

The heart-aches of Falsehood, of Envy, and Strife;

The gloom-laden years of misfortune and grief;

The baffled schemes that are void of relief,

Who heard not the joy-notes of Hope, as she sings

Of the benisons Time on his pathway flings?

There is bread for the hungry, and wealth for the
poor,

And fountains of pleasure whose waters are pure;

Rest for the weary, and sight for the blind,

And freedom from all that o'ershadows the mind.

There is solace for Sorrow's woe-laden plaint,

Truth for the seeker, and strength for the faint.

Dewart.

1439. FUTURE. Shaping the

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear

Of which the coming life is made,

And fill our future's atmosphere

With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be

We weave with colours all our own,

And in the field of destiny

We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call

The shadows which it gather'd here,

And, painted on the eternal wall,

The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
 Has vanish'd from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;
 Or warmly touch'd, or coldly dim,
 The pictures of the past remain—
 Man's works shall follow him!—*Whittier.*

1440. FUTURE. The: hidden from us.

WHAT though before me it is dark,
 Too dark for me to see?
 I ask but light for one step more;
 'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little, humble step I take,
 The gloom clears from the next;
 So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
 I never am perplex'd.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
 So close I fear to stray,
 Patient I wait a little while,
 And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
 For mercy veils it so;
 My present steps might harder be
 Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
 Thorny, and hard, and steep;
 And knowing this, my strength might fail
 Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
 A smooth and flowery way;
 But seeing this I might despise
 The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
 My journey nearly done,
 And I might tremble at the thought
 Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
 Of road that I must wend,
 Fainting, I'd think, 'My feeble powers
 Will fail me ere the end.'

And so I do not wish to see
 My journey or its length;
 Assured that, through my Father's love,
 Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
 Not looking far before;
 Trusting that I shall always have
 Light for just 'one step more.'

1441. FUTURE. The: its revelations.

THOU knowest not; for here we see but darkly
 The outlines of His grace;
 The rest is learnt in heaven's eternal glory,
 And face to face.

Thou knowest not; thou canst not trace His foot-
 steps—
 His way is on the sea;
 And but the dashing of the trodden waters
 Is heard of thee.

Thou knowest not; and so oftentimes thou doubtest
 That gracious Hand above,
 Which guideth every step of thy life journey
 In perfect love.

Thou knowest not; yet art in thy repining
 Proud and rebellious still;
 Thou wilt not wait to let the great 'hereafter'
 Explain His will.

For thou shalt know, when all the clouds and
 shadows
 That dim thy feeble sight
 Are chased away in that refulgent splendour
 Where God is light,—

Then thou shalt know; that passionless 'hereafter'
 Shall solve all mystery.
 Dream not that life could hold the tide of wonder
 In store for thee.

Life were too short; yet there are many lessons
 Which earth is meant to teach;
 Why miss them, striving for that hidden knowledge
 Beyond thy reach?

For time thy Father cares; and since He careth,
 Enough, enough thou hast;
 Oh joy to know that for His child He keepeth
The best till last!

1442. FUTURE. The: mercifully hidden from us.

OH, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth—viewing his progress through
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
Shakespeare.

Too curious man! why dost thou seek to know
 Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are woe?
 Th' all-seeing Power that made thee mortal, gave
 Thee everything a mortal state should have.
 Foreknowledge only is enjoy'd by Heaven;
 And, for his peace of mind, to man forbidden:

Wretched were life if he foreknew his doom ;
 Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,
 And griefs assured are felt before they come.

Dryden.

1443. FUTURE. The : what it has in store for
 us.

What then? Why, then another pilgrim song ;
 And then a hush to rest, divinely granted ;
 And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long !)
 And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent ;
 And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny ;
 And then some sweet and tender message, sent
 To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
 A feverish sleep, a heart oppress'd and aching ;
 And then a little water-cruise to find
 Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire ;
 I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow ;
 And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
 And saying, 'I will answer for the morrow.'

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace ;
 For all my wants and woes, His lovingkindness ;
 For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
 And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim ;
 And then, a deep and darkly rolling river ;
 And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
 And God's own smile for ever and for ever !

Jane Crewdson.

1444. FUTURE. The Christian's

AFTER the Christian's tears,
 After his fights and fears,
 After his weary cross,
 All things below but loss—
 What then?

Oh ! then—a holy calm,
 Resting on Jesus' arm,
 Oh ! then—a deeper love
 For the holy home above.

After this holy calm,
 This rest on Jesus' arm,
 After this deepen'd love
 For the pure home above—
 What then?

Oh ! then—work for Him,
 Perishing souls to win,
 Then Jesus' presence near,
 Death's darkest hour will cheer.

And when the work is done,
 When the last soul is won,
 When Jesus' love and power
 Have cheer'd the dying hour—
 What then?

Oh ! then—the crown is given !
 Oh ! then—the rest in heaven !
 Endless life, in endless day,
 Sin and sorrow pass'd away.

1445. FUTURE. The Worldling's

AFTER the joys of earth,
 After its songs of mirth,
 After its hours of light,
 After its dreams so bright—
 What then?

Only an empty name,
 Only a weary frame,
 Only a conscious smart,
 Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
 After this weary frame,
 After this conscious smart,
 After this aching heart—
 What then?

After this sad farewell
 To a world loved too well,
 After this silent bed
 With the forgotten dead—
 What then?

Oh ! then—the judgment throne !
 Oh ! then—the last hope—gone !
 Then, all the woes that dwell
 In an eternal hell.

1446. FUTURE. Uncertainty of the

DARKLY we move, we press upon the brink
 Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not :
 Yes, it may be, that nearer than we think
 Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
Mrs Hemans.

1447. FUTURE. Veil over the

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
 To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
 That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our
 love,
 And expect not the beams that shall dry up our
 tears.

Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland
 Will forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;

Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand
Will be joyfully forward in 'casting the stone ;'

Did we know the affection engrossing our breast
Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain ;
That the passionate soul will but hazard its rest,
And be wreck'd on the shore it is panting to gain ;

Oh ! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom ;
All light would be quench'd in youth's eloquent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the
tomb.—*Elisa Cook.*

1448. FUTURE STATE. Certainty of a

OUR reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
When God's all-righteous ways will be declared.
Dryden.

Sure there is none but fears a future state ;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boastful tongues.
Dryden.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
No : heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of love's triumphant
reign.—*Beattie.*

Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, tell, if thou knowest,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world
Where wickedness shall weep ? Why in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids ?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good ? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death ?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires ?

Glynn.

1449. GAIN. Criminal

YOUR hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just ;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gain of crime
Is dust and dross ;
It ventures on the waves of time,
Foredoom'd to loss.—*Whittier.*

1450. GAMBLING. Objects of

SOME play for gain ; to pass time others play
For nothing ; both do play the fool, I say :
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend ;
Who gets by play proves loser in the end.
Heath.

1451. GARDEN. Formal

His gardens next your admiration call ;
On every side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other ;
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.
Pope.

1452. GAYETY. Innocent

WHOM call we gay ? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshot his humble nest.
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed ;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;
From gayety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.
Cooper.

1453. GENIUS: a gift of nature.

TIME, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
Dryden.

A happy genius is the gift of nature.—*Dryden.*

1454. GENIUS. Hope and

BRIGHT as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star :

So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is the star, her light is ever thine.

Campbell.

1455. GENIUS. Impediments of

GENIUS! thou gift of Heaven! thou light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy noble efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest!) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom;
To life's low cares will thy proud thought confine,
And make her sufferings—her impatience—thine.

Crabbe.

O born of heaven, thou child of magic song!
What pangs, what cutting hardships wait on thee,
When thou art doom'd to cramping poverty;
The pois'nous shafts from defamation's tongue,—
The jeers and tauntings of the blockhead throng,
Who joy to see thy bold exertions fail;
While hunger, pinching as December's gale,
Brings moody dark despondency along.
And should'st thou strive fame's lofty mount to scale,
The steps of its ascent are cut in sand;
And half-way up—a snake-scourge in her hand,
Lurks pallid Envy, ready to assail
And last, if thou the top expiring gain,
When fame applauds, thou hearest not the strain.

Millhouse.

1456. GENIUS: limited in its range.

ONE science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before
By vain ambition still to make them more.—*Pope.*

1457. GENIUS: often misunderstood.

As were a golden bird of Paradise
Turn'd loose among the daws, these straight would
fly
Upon him with sharp beaks and cries of rage,
And peck the beauteous stranger till he died;
So likewise, 'tis the fate of genius rare
To rouse most bitter envy and dislike
Among the busy throng, to whom he seems
A rival—an enigma—a reproach;
While he, in truth, can scarcely comprehend
The feeling, nor conceive that it can be;
But, in his lone simplicity, believes
That all mankind are even as himself.
And oft, indeed, this very trustfulness—
This hopeful spirit makes the wondrous charm

Of all that genius does or says or thinks;
Nor is destroy'd by age, but lasts through life,
And even helps to renovate, each day,
The wear and tear that pain and baffled wish
And oft-repeated disappointments cause.

Lady Chatterton.

1458. GENIUS. Piety and

How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness! Oh! how divinely swell
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
By the soft hand of piety, and hung
Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God.

1459. GENTILITY.

NOR stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.—*Jonson.*

1460. GENTLEMAN. Behaviour of a

FOR your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or observance; give no man honour but
Upon equal terms; for look how much thou
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou
Tak'st from thyself.—*Chapman.*

He that bears himself like a gentleman, is
Worthy to have been born a gentleman.

Chapman.

1461. GENTLEMAN. Nature's

WHOM do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the
fool, the brute,
If they but own full tithe of gold and wear a courtly
suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the
knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her*
nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank
to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half
divine,
And cries exulting, 'Who can make a gentleman like
mine?'

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's
offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his
cell.

He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.

The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,

Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door ;

His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—

An honest name his jewell'd star, and truth his ermine robe.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,

No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard :

He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,

With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his speech.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves Him in each deed ;

He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed ;

Justice and mercy form his code ; he puts his trust in Heaven ;

His prayer is, 'If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven !'

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,

Each shining in his hallow'd sphere as virtue's polar star.

Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,

Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn ; lit by Promethean spark,

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or pride,

Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd by adverse tide ;

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace.

Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.—*Eliza Cook.*

1462. GENTLEMAN. Qualities of a

He is a noble gentleman ; withal
Happy in 's endeavours : the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example :
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his title.—*Ford.*

1463. GENTLENESS. Power of

SWEET speaking oft a currish heart reclaims.
Sidney.

His sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness prattiseth.—*Jonson.*

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the firelight
She, and my friends here, this delightful night,
That power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth ;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health ;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see ;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty ;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon or else they rise ;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile :
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun ;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond what'er was
spoken.—*Leigh Hunt.*

1464. GENTLENESS. Words of

SPEAK gently ! it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild ;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard ;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ; know
They may have toil'd in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, ' Peace, be still ! '

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.—*D. Bates.*

1465. GEOLOGY. Atheistic

SEARCHING those edges of the universe,
We leave the central fields, a fallow part ;
To feed the eye more precious things amerce,
And starve the darken'd heart.

Then all goes wrong ; the old foundations rock ;
One scorns at him of old who gazed unshod ;
One striking with a pick-axe thinks the shock
Shall move the seat of God.—*Jean Ingelow.*

1466. GETHSEMANE. Agony in

On His pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasp'd, His eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas, and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calm'd the tempest, and who raised the dead ?
There is ! there is ! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dead weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him who deign'd to dwell
A man with men, that He might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and break the captives' yoke—
But oh, of that dread strife what words can tell ?
Tace, only those which broke, with many a groan,
From His full heart—' O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day ;
Yet, Father, not My will, but Thine, be done ! '
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure and strong to save ;
Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.—*Dale.*

1467. GETHSEMANE. Christ in

The moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
With the morning-star, was not yet dim ;

And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'Twas the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolved
In visible stillness ; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of His disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindness
Of His deep love was pour'd, He felt the need
Of near communion, for His gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hush'd silentness,
Alone with God, He fell upon His face,
And as His heart was broken with the rush
Of His surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to Him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave His sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of His soul, breathed out the prayer,
' Father, if it be possible with Thee,
Let this cup pass from Me.' Oh, how a word,
Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
Stilleth the press of human agony !
The Saviour felt its quiet in His soul ;
And though His strength was weakness, and the
light

Which led Him on till now was sorely dim,
He breathed a new submission—' Not my will,
But Thine, be done, O Father ! ' As He spoke,
Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky,
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light,
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within His eye, bow'd down to Him,
And nerved Him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough—and with His god-like brow
Re-written of His Father's messenger,
With meekness whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, He return'd again
To His disciples, and awaked their sleep,
For ' he that should betray Him was at hand.

Willis.

1468. GETHSEMANE. Lesson of

WOULDST thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain ?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to Himself again ?

Come, poor sinner, come with me ;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love ?
Seek it not beside the throne ;
List not angels' praise above,
But come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
Wake within thee thoughts of care—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffer'd in Gethsemane !

Hate the sin that cost so dear ;
Love the God that loved thee so ;
Weep if thou wilt, but likewise fear
To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gush'd so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.—*Monsell.*

1469. GETHSEMANE. View of

BRING the thrilling scene
Home to my inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
'Father, if it be possible, this cup
Take Thou away. Yet not My will, but Thine :'
The sleeping friends who could not watch one hour,
The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's kiss,
The astonish'd angel, with the tear of heaven
Upon His cheek, still striving to assuage
Those fearful pangs that bow'd the Son of God
Like a bruised reed. Thou who hast power to look
Thus at Gethsemane, be still ! be still !
What are thine insect-woes compared to His
Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
As the dust atom on life's chariot-wheels,
And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.

Mrs Sigourney.

1470. GIFTS. Influence of

POLICY counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the
influence of gifts.
The lover unsmiled before, is welcomed for his
jewell'd bauble :
The righteous cause without a fee must yield to
bounteous guilt.
How fair is a man in thine esteem whose just dis-
crimination seeketh thee,
And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts !
Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive
clear and unspurious,

As given unto one who cannot help, or proving
honest thanks.

There liveth not one among a million who is proof
against the charm of liberality,
And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with
the wisest.—*Tupper.*

1471. GIFTS: may be rendered valueless.

Hamlet. I never gave you aught.

Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did ;

And with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Shakespeare.

1472. GIFTS. Spiritual

COULD I command with voice or pen
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass :
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor ;
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep,
What were such zeal, such power to me,
Without the grace of charity ?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future as the things gone by ;
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span,
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind,
Charity bears a humble mind,
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all,
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought,
But charity shall never fail,
Her anchor is within the veil.

James Montgomery.

1473. GIVING. Analogies of

GIVE ! as the morning that flows out of heaven ;
Give ! as the waves when their channel is riven ;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
 Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
 Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
 Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea,
 Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
 Look to the life that was lavish'd for thee!

1474. GIVING. Grounds for

BUT what or who are we, alas!
 That we in giving are so free?
 Thine own before our offering was,
 And all we have we have from Thee.
 For we are guests and strangers here,
 As were our fathers in Thy sight;
 Our days but shadow-like appear,
 And suddenly they take their flight.
George Wither.

1475. GIVING: must be performed discreetly.

Yet once more, heed thou this: give to the poor
 discreetly,
 Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:
 To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit
 occasion;
 Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the
 casual lottery of gifts.
 The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liber-
 ality would palsy;
 Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendi-
 cant asketh with a heavy spirit.
 A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more
 than money,
 And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh
 man less happy.—*Tupper.*

1476. GIVING. Reward of

SEE the rivers flowing
 Downward to the sea,
 Pouring all their treasures
 Bountiful and free;
 Yet to help their giving
 Hidden springs arise;
 Or, if need be, showers
 Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
 Their rich fragrance spread,
 Load the air with perfumes
 From their beauty shed;
 Yet their lavish spending
 Leaves them not in dearth,
 With fresh life replenish'd
 By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures!
 From fair nature learn;
 Give thy love—and ask not,
 Wait not a return.
 And the more thou spendest
 From thy little store,
 With a double bounty,
 God will give thee more.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

1477. GIVING: the condition of getting.

A BEGGAR ask'd an alms
 One day at an abbey-door,
 Said Luther; but seized with qualms,
 The abbot replied, 'We're poor!
 'Poor, who had plenty once
 When gifts fell thick as rain:
 But they give us nought for nonce,
 And how should we give again?'

Then the beggar, 'See your sins!
 Of old, unless I err,
 Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
 Date and Dabitor.

'While Date was in good case
 Dabitor flourish'd too:
 For Dabitor's lenten face,
 No wonder if Date rue.

'Would ye retrieve the one?
 Try and make plump the other!
 When Date's penance is done,
 Dabitor helps his brother.

'Only, beware relapse!'
 The Abbot hung his head.
 'This beggar might be, perhaps,
 An angel,' Luther said.—*Browning.*

1478. GLORY: brings little happiness.

GLORIES, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
 But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.
Webster.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, and a breath o'erthrows.
Pope.

Think ye the notes of holy song
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
 Has vanish'd from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;
 Or warmly touch'd, or coldly dim,
 The pictures of the past remain—
 Man's works shall follow him!— *Whittier.*

1440. FUTURE. The: hidden from us.

WHAT though before me it is dark,
 Too dark for me to see?
 I ask but light for one step more;
 'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little, humble step I take,
 The gloom clears from the next;
 So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
 I never am perplex'd.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
 So close I fear to stray,
 Patient I wait a little while,
 And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
 For mercy veils it so;
 My present steps might harder be
 Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
 Thorny, and hard, and steep;
 And knowing this, my strength might fail
 Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
 A smooth and flowery way;
 But seeing this I might despise
 The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
 My journey nearly done,
 And I might tremble at the thought
 Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
 Of road that I must wend,
 Fainting, I'd think, 'My feeble powers
 Will fail me ere the end.'

And so I do not wish to see
 My journey or its length;
 Assured that, through my Father's love,
 Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
 Not looking far before;
 Trusting that I shall always have
 Light for just 'one step more.'

1441. FUTURE. The: its revelations.

THOU knowest not; for here we see but darkly
 The outlines of His grace;
 The rest is learnt in heaven's eternal glory,
 And face to face.

Thou knowest not; thou canst not trace His foot-
 steps—
 His way is on the sea;
 And but the dashing of the trodden waters
 Is heard of thee.

Thou knowest not; and so oftentimes thou doubttest
 That gracious Hand above,
 Which guideth every step of thy life journey
 In perfect love.

Thou knowest not; yet art in thy repining
 Proud and rebellious still;
 Thou wilt not wait to let the great 'hereafter'
 Explain His will.

For thou shalt know, when all the clouds and
 shadows
 That dim thy feeble sight
 Are chased away in that refulgent splendour
 Where God is light,—

Then thou shalt know; that passionless 'hereafter'
 Shall solve all mystery.
 Dream not that life could hold the tide of wonder
 In store for thee.

Life were too short; yet there are many lessons
 Which earth is meant to teach;
 Why miss them, striving for that hidden knowledge
 Beyond thy reach?

For time thy Father cares; and since He careth,
 Enough, enough thou hast;
 Oh joy to know that for His child He keepeth
The best till last!

1442. FUTURE. The: mercifully hidden from us.

OH, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth—viewing his progress through
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
Shakespeare.

Too curious man! why dost thou seek to know
 Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are woe?
 Th' all-seeing Power that made thee mortal, gave
 Thee everything a mortal state should have.
 Foreknowledge only is enjoy'd by Heaven;
 And, for his peace of mind, to man forbidden:

Wretched were life if he foreknew his doom ;
 Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,
 And griefs assured are felt before they come.

Dryden.

1443. FUTURE. The : what it has in store for
 us.

What then? Why, then another pilgrim song ;
 And then a hush to rest, divinely granted ;
 And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long !)
 And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent ;
 And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny ;
 And then some sweet and tender message, sent
 To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
 A feverish sleep, a heart oppress'd and aching ;
 And then a little water-cruise to find
 Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire ;
 I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow ;
 And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
 And saying, 'I will answer for the morrow.'

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace ;
 For all my wants and woes, His lovingkindness ;
 For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
 And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim ;
 And then, a deep and darkly rolling river ;
 And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
 And God's own smile for ever and for ever !

Jane Crewdson.

1444. FUTURE. The Christian's

AFTER the Christian's tears,
 After his fights and fears,
 After his weary cross,
 All things below but loss—
 What then?

Oh ! then—a holy calm,
 Resting on Jesus' arm,
 Oh ! then—a deeper love
 For the holy home above.

After this holy calm,
 This rest on Jesus' arm,
 After this deepen'd love
 For the pure home above—
 What then?

Oh ! then—work for Him,
 Perishing souls to win,
 Then Jesus' presence near,
 Death's darkest hour will cheer.

And when the work is done,
 When the last soul is won,
 When Jesus' love and power
 Have cheer'd the dying hour—
 What then?

Oh ! then—the crown is given !
 Oh ! then—the rest in heaven !
 Endless life, in endless day,
 Sin and sorrow pass'd away.

1445. FUTURE. The Worldling's

AFTER the joys of earth,
 After its songs of mirth,
 After its hours of light,
 After its dreams so bright—
 What then?

Only an empty name,
 Only a weary frame,
 Only a conscious smart,
 Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
 After this weary frame,
 After this conscious smart,
 After this aching heart—
 What then?

After this sad farewell
 To a world loved too well,
 After this silent bed
 With the forgotten dead—
 What then?

Oh ! then—the judgment throne !
 Oh ! then—the last hope—gone !
 Then, all the woes that dwell
 In an eternal hell.

1446. FUTURE. Uncertainty of the

DARKLY we move, we press upon the brink
 Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not :
 Yes, it may be, that nearer than we think
 Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
Mrs Hemans.

1447. FUTURE. Veil over the

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
 To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
 That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our
 love,
 And expect not the beams that shall dry up our
 tears.

Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland
 Will forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;

Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand
Will be joyfully forward in 'casting the stone ;'

Did we know the affection engrossing our breast
Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain ;
That the passionate soul will but hazard its rest,
And be wreck'd on the shore it is panting to gain ;

Oh ! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom ;
All light would be quench'd in youth's eloquent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the
tomb.—*Eliza Cook.*

1448. FUTURE STATE. Certainty of a

OUR reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
When God's all-righteous ways will be declared.
Dryden.

Sure there is none but fears a future state ;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boastful tongues.
Dryden.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
No : heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of love's triumphant
reign.—*Beattie.*

Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, tell, if thou knowest,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world
Where wickedness shall weep ? Why in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids ?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good ? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death ?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires ?
Glynn.

1449. GAIN. Criminal

YOUR hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just ;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gain of crime
Is dust and dross ;
It ventures on the waves of time,
Foredoom'd to loss.—*Whittier.*

1450. GAMBLING. Objects of

SOME play for gain ; to pass time others play
For nothing ; both do play the fool, I say :
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend ;
Who gets by play proves loser in the end.
Heath.

1451. GARDEN. Formal

His gardens next your admiration call ;
On every side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other ;
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.
Pope.

1452. GAYETY. Innocent

WHOM call we gay ? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshot his humble nest.
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed ;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;
From gayety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.
Comper.

1453. GENIUS: a gift of nature.

TIME, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
Dryden.

A' happy genius is the gift of nature.—*Dryden.*

1454. GENIUS. Hope and

BRIGHT as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star :

So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is the star, her light is ever thine.

Campbell.

1455. GENIUS. Impediments of

GENIUS! thou gift of Heaven! thou light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy noble efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest!) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom;
To life's low cares will thy proud thought confine,
And make her sufferings—her impatience—thine.

Crabbe.

O born of heaven, thou child of magic song!
What pangs, what cutting hardships wait on thee,
When thou art doom'd to cramping poverty;
The poisonous shafts from defamation's tongue,—
The jeers and tauntings of the blockhead throng,
Who joy to see thy bold exertions fail;
While hunger, pinching as December's gale,
Brings moody dark despondency along.
And should'st thou strive fame's lofty mount to scale,
The steps of its ascent are cut in sand;
And half-way up—a snake-scourge in her hand,
Lurks pallid Envy, ready to assail
And last, if thou the top expiring gain,
When fame applauds, thou hearest not the strain.

Millhouse.

1456. GENIUS: limited in its range.

ONE science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before
By vain ambition still to make them more.—*Pope.*

1457. GENIUS: often misunderstood.

As were a golden bird of Paradise
Turn'd loose among the daws, these straight would
fly
Upon him with sharp beaks and cries of rage,
And peck the beauteous stranger till he died;
So likewise, 'tis the fate of genius rare
To rouse most bitter envy and dislike
Among the busy throng, to whom he seems
A rival—an enigma—a reproach;
While he, in truth, can scarcely comprehend
The feeling, nor conceive that it can be;
But, in his lone simplicity, believes
That all mankind are even as himself.
And oft, indeed, this very trustfulness—
This hopeful spirit makes the wondrous charm

Of all that genius does or says or thinks;
Nor is destroy'd by age, but lasts through life,
And even helps to renovate, each day,
The wear and tear that pain and baffled wish
And oft-repeated disappointments cause.

Lady Chatterton.

1458. GENIUS. Piety and

How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness! Oh! how divinely swell
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
By the soft hand of piety, and hung
Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God.

1459. GENTILITY.

NOR stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.—*Jonson.*

1460. GENTLEMAN. Behaviour of a

FOR your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or observance; give no man honour but
Upon equal terms; for look how much thou
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou
Tak'st from thyself.—*Chapman.*

He that bears himself like a gentleman, is
Worthy to have been born a gentleman.

Chapman.

1461. GENTLEMAN. Nature's

WHOM do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the
fool, the brute,
If they but own full tithe of gold and wear a courtly
suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the
knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her*
nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank
to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half
divine,
And cries exulting, 'Who can make a gentleman like
mine?'

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's
offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his
cell.

He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.

The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,

Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door ;

His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—

An honest name his jewell'd star, and truth his ermine robe.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,

No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard :

He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,

With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his speech.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves Him in each deed ;

He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed ;

Justice and mercy form his code ; he puts his trust in Heaven ;

His prayer is, ' If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven ! '

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,

Each shining in his hallow'd sphere as virtue's polar star.

Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,

Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn ; lit by Promethean spark,

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or pride,

Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd by adverse tide ;

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace.

Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.—*Eliza Cook.*

1462. GENTLEMAN. Qualities of a

HE is a noble gentleman ; withal
Happy in 's endeavours : the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example :
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his title.—*Ford.*

1463. GENTLENESS. Power of

SWEET speaking oft a currish heart reclaims.

Sidney.

His sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth.—*Jonson.*

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the firelight
She, and my friends here, this delightful night,
That power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth ;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health ;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see ;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty ;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon or else they rise ;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile :
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun ;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was
spoken.—*Leigh Hunt.*

1464. GENTLENESS. Words of

SPEAK gently ! it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild ;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard ;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ; know
They may have toil'd in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, 'Peace, be still !'

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.—*D. Bates.*

1465. GEOLOGY. Atheistic

SEARCHING those edges of the universe,
We leave the central fields, a fallow part ;
To feed the eye more precious things amerce,
And starve the darken'd heart.

Then all goes wrong ; the old foundations rock ;
One scorns at him of old who gazed unshod ;
One striking with a pick-axe thinks the shock
Shall move the seat of God.—*Jean Ingelow.*

1466. GETHSEMANE. Agony in

ON His pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasp'd, His eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas, and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calm'd the tempest, and who raised the dead ?
There is ! there is ! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dead weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him who deign'd to dwell
A man with men, that He might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and break the captives' yoke—
But oh, of that dread strife what words can tell ?
Those, only those which broke, with many a groan,
From His full heart—'O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day ;
Yet, Father, not My will, but Thine, be done !'
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure and strong to save ;
Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.—*Dale.*

1467. GETHSEMANE. Christ in

THE moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
With the morning-star, was not yet dim ;

And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'Twas the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolved
In visible stillness ; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of His disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindness
Of His deep love was pour'd, He felt the need
Of near communion, for His gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hush'd silentness,
Alone with God, He fell upon His face,
And as His heart was broken with the rush
Of His surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to Him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave His sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of His soul, breathed out the prayer,
'Father, if it be possible with Thee,
Let this cup pass from Me.' Oh, how a word,
Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
Stilleth the press of human agony !
The Saviour felt its quiet in His soul ;
And though His strength was weakness, and the
light

Which led Him on till now was sorely dim,
He breathed a new submission—'Not my will,
But Thine, be done, O Father !' As He spoke,
Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky,
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light,
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within His eye, bow'd down to Him,
And nerved Him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough—and with His god-like brow
Re-written of His Father's messenger,
With meekness whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, He return'd again
To His disciples, and awaked their sleep,
For 'he that should betray Him was at hand.

Willis.

1468. GETHSEMANE. Lesson of

WOULDST thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain ?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to Himself again ?

Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love?
Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above,
But come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
Wake within thee thoughts of care—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffer'd in Gethsemane!

Hate the sin that cost so dear;
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep if thou wilt, but likewise fear
To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gush'd so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.—*Monsell.*

1469. GETHSEMANE. View of

BRING the thrilling scene
Home to my inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
'Father, if it be possible, this cup
Take Thou away. Yet not My will, but Thine:'
The sleeping friends who could not watch one hour,
The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's kiss,
The astonish'd angel, with the tear of heaven
Upon His cheek, still striving to assuage
Those fearful pangs that bow'd the Son of God
Like a bruised reed. Thou who hast power to look
Thus at Gethsemane, be still! be still!
What are thine insect-woes compared to His
Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
As the dust atom on life's chariot-wheels,
And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.

Mrs Sigourney.

1470. GIFTS. Influence of

POLICY counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the
influence of gifts.
The lover unsmiled before, is welcomed for his
jewell'd bauble:
The righteous cause without a fee must yield to
bounteous guilt.
How fair is a man in thine esteem whose just dis-
crimination seeketh thee,
And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts!
Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive
clear and unsuspicious,

As given unto one who cannot help, or proving
honest thanks.

There liveth not one among a million who is proof
against the charm of liberality,
And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with
the wisest.—*Tupper.*

1471. GIFTS: may be rendered valueless.

Hamlet. I never gave you aught.

Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did;

And with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Shakespeare.

1472. GIFTS. Spiritual

COULD I command with voice or pen
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass:
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor;
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep,
What were such zeal, such power to me,
Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future as the things gone by;
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span,
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind,
Charity bears a humble mind,
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all,
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought,
But charity shall never fail,
Her anchor is within the veil.

James Montgomery.

1473. GIVING. Analogies of

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
 Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
 Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
 Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea,
 Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
 Look to the life that was lavish'd for thee!

1474. GIVING. Grounds for

BUT what or who are we, alas!
 That we in giving are so free?
 Thine own before our offering was,
 And all we have we have from Thee.
 For we are guests and strangers here,
 As were our fathers in Thy sight;
 Our days but shadow-like appear,
 And suddenly they take their flight.
George Wither.

1475. GIVING: must be performed discreetly.

YET once more, heed thou this: give to the poor
 discreetly,
 Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:
 To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit
 occasion;
 Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the
 casual lottery of gifts.
 The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liber-
 ality would palsy;
 Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendi-
 cant asketh with a heavy spirit.
 A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more
 than money,
 And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh
 man less happy.—*Tupper.*

1476. GIVING. Reward of

SEE the rivers flowing
 Downward to the sea,
 Pouring all their treasures
 Bountiful and free;
 Yet to help their giving
 Hidden springs arise;
 Or, if need be, showers
 Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
 Their rich fragrance spread,
 Load the air with perfumes
 From their beauty shed;
 Yet their lavish spending
 Leaves them not in dearth,
 With fresh life replenish'd
 By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures!
 From fair nature learn;
 Give thy love—and ask not,
 Wait not a return.
 And the more thou spendest
 From thy little store,
 With a double bounty,
 God will give thee more.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

1477. GIVING: the condition of getting.

A BEGGAR ask'd an alms
 One day at an abbey-door,
 Said Luther; but seized with qualms,
 The abbot replied, 'We're poor!

'Poor, who had plenty once
 When gifts fell thick as rain:
 But they give us nought for nonce,
 And how should we give again?'

Then the beggar, 'See your sins!
 Of old, unless I err,
 Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
 Date and Dabatur.

'While Date was in good case
 Dabatur flourish'd too:
 For Dabatur's lenten face,
 No wonder if Date rue.

'Would ye retrieve the one?
 Try and make plump the other!
 When Date's penance is done,
 Dabatur helps his brother.

'Only, beware relapse!'
 The Abbot hung his head.
 'This beggar might be, perhaps,
 An angel,' Luther said.—*Browning.*

1478. GLORY: brings little happiness.

GLORIES, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
 But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.
Webster.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, and a breath o'erthrows.
Pope.

1479. GLORY: exposes us to envy.

THE secret enemy whose sleepless eye
 Stands sentinel, avenger, judge, and spy,
 The foe, the fool, the jealous and the vain,
 The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
 Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
 Who track the steps of glory to the grave.

Byron.

1480. GLORY: transient.

GLORY is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
Shakespeare.

For this world's glory
 Is figured in the moon ; they both wax dull,
 And suffer their eclipses in the full.—*Aleyn.*

What is glory? What is fame?
 The echo of a long-lost name ;
 A breath, an idle hour's brief talk ;
 The shadow of an arrant naught ;
 A flower that blossoms for a day,
 Dying next morrow ;
 A stream that hurries on its way,
 Singing of sorrow.—*Motherwell.*

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
 Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
 And are the playthings of the casual wind.

Bulwer.

1481. GLORY. True

THIS is true glory and renown, when God,
 Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through heaven
 To all His angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises : thus He did to Job,
 Who famous was in heaven, on earth less known ;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing arts of peace destroy.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd,
 Without ambition, war, or violence ;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance.—*Milton.*

Real glory

Springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves ;
 And without that the conqueror is nought
 But the first slave.—*Thomson.*

1482. GLORY. True

WHAT is true glory? Not the loud acclaim
 Of heedless throngs that shout, they know not
 why,
 Clamorous hosannahs, when some favour'd name
 For the brief hour is echoed to the sky ;
 Not eminence of place that sets on high,
 And gives to wield the power that rules the state ;
 Nor royal splendours that enchant the eye
 In gorgeous palaces where courtiers wait ;
 Ambition hath not reach'd it when the prize
 Long coveted by strifes or guile is won ;
 When, like the eagle soaring to the skies
 And bathed in light beneath the unclouded sun,
 It proudly triumphs in its daring flight,
 And on a world looks down in conscious might.

True glory is the lustre pure and fair
 In which exalted virtue stands array'd ;
 No changeful, transient blaze, no meteor glare
 That e'en while yet beheld doth straightway fade ;
 'Tis as a robe of sunbeams deftly made,
 That glows undimm'd through the long flight of
 years ;
 That whoso wears, unreach'd by envious shade,
 As dress'd in Heaven's own livery appears :
 'Tis won by patient service, loving deeds
 Wrought for mankind in firm self-sacrifice ;
 By treading the rough path where duty leads ;
 By trust that e'er on God and truth relies ;
 By courage that knows not to yield, or fly,
 But, battling for the right, can calmly die !

Ray Palmer.

1483. GLORY OF GOD: how it is rendered.

MY soul, rest happy in thy low estate,
 Nor hope nor wish to be esteem'd or great :
 To take the impression of a will Divine—
 Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.
 Confess Him righteous in His just decrees ;
 Love what He loves, and let His pleasure please ;
 Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;
 Then thou hast crown'd Him, and He reigns indeed.
Madame Guyon, tr. by Cowper.

1484. GLORY OF GOD: may be sought in all things.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In Thee all things to see ;

And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossess,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleases, through it pass,
And then the heavens espy.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, ' For Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.—*George Herbert.*

1485. GLORY OF GOD : usurped by man.

GLORY of God ! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know :
Our faith and reason are both shock'd to find
Man in the post of honour, thee behind.

Reason exclaims, ' Let every creature fall,
Ashamed, abased, before the Lord of all !'
And Faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the Only-Wise.

Oh lost in vanity till once self-known !
Nothing is great or good but God alone :
When thou shalt stand before His awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know its place.
Madame Guyon, tr. by Cowper.

1486. GLUTTONY.

FAT paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Shakespeare.

Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment ;

But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well aim'd : voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy :
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortured from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? learn a juster taste !
And know that temperance is true luxury.

Armstrong.

Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on th' expansive soul,
Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.

Armstrong.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight ;
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
Still on their dinner turn—
Let such pot-boiling varlets stay at home,
And wield a flesh-hook rather than a sword.

Joanna Baillie.

1487. GOD. Abode of

ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed ;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with His dew.

ON Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

ON Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe ;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.

ON Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

ON Alpine heights, beneath His mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie ;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.

ON Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow ;
There the bold chamois go ;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from His own hand.

ON Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

ON Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go ;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.

ON Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd ;
His Shepherd is the Lord ;
 For He who feeds the sheep
 Will sure His offspring keep.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Krummacker, tr. by Brooks.

1488. GOD. Attractions of

AND as the waxing moon can take
 The tidal waters in her wake,
 And lead them round and round to break
 Obedient to her drawings dim ;
 So may the movements of His mind,
 The first Great Father of mankind,
 Affect with answering movements blind,
 And draw the souls that breathe by Him.

Jean Ingelow.

1489. GOD. Book of

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God Himself is found.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.—*Keble.*

1490. GOD. Boundless love of

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
 Were the whole world of parchment made,
 Were every single stick a quill,
 Were every man a scribe by trade ;
 To write the love of God alone,
 Would drain the ocean dry ;
 Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
 Though stretch'd from sky to sky.

1491. GOD. Care of

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an Ear that never shuts
 When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a Love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fix'd on seraph throngs ;
 That Ear is fill'd with angels' songs ;
 That Arm upholds the worlds on high ,
 That Love is throned beyond the sky.—*Heber.*

1492. GOD. Eternity of

THOU dread source,
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place ;
 Above our human region or below,
 Set and sustain'd. Thou, Thou alone, O Lord,
 Art everlasting !—*Wordsworth.*

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !
 He who can earth and heaven control,
 Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
 Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
 In each true heart is close at hand.
 Love Him, He will surely send
 Help and joy that never end.
 Soul, remember in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns !

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !
 Scarce canst thou bear thy cross ? Then fly
 To Him where rest is only sweet ;
 Thy God is great, His mercy nigh,
 His strength upholds the tottering feet.
 Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
 Ever doth His truth endure ;
 Soul, forget not in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns !

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !
 What though thou tread with bleeding feet
 A thorny path of grief and gloom,
 Thy God will choose the way most meet
 To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
 For this life's long night of sadness,
 He will give thee peace and gladness !
 Soul, forget not in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns !—*Zehn.*

1493. GOD : everywhere present.

WHERE'ER thou art, He is ; th' eternal Mind
 Acts through all places ; is to none confined ;
 Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
 And through the universal mass does move.

Dryden.

Where'er I turn my restless eye,
 Wandering from earth to heaven, from sphere to sphere,
 Great God ! I feel Thy present Deity,
 Everywhere feel Thee—Thou art everywhere.
 Yes ! Thou are there—above the empyreum high,
 Veil'd all in light ;
 Filling creation with Thy presence bright,
 With the proud splendour of Thy majesty.
 The little flower that grows
 Beneath me ; the gigantic mountain steep,
 Whose brow is cover'd with eternal snows,
 Whose roots are planted in the deep ;
 The breeze that murmuring blows
 Among the green leaves, rustling in the sun,
 And yonder glorious star, advancing on,
 Gladdening earth, heaven, and all things as he goes ;
 These tell me that 'tis Thou
 Who giv'st that sun his brightness—Thou whose wing,
 Upon the rapid whirlwind journeying,
 From the Aurora to the West doth go ;
 And that the mountain's towering height
 Is Thy majestic throne :
 And that the flower which breathes and blooms
 alone,
 Breathes, blooms in Thy pure sight.

'Tis Thine immensity
 Which compasses all this, and more ; confess'd,
 As in the greatest—in the least ;
 Atom—or comet, blazing through the sky :
 Thine is the circling robe
 Of darkness, Thine the subtle veil
 Of the opening morning pale,
 When first she throws her glories o'er the globe.
 And when the Spring descends
 On the wide world, and decks her joyous bowers,
 Thou smilest gently in her loveliest flowers ;
 Thy spirit with their sweetest odours blends.
 When the red Sirius bears
 His burning ardours through the summer hour,
 Thy breezes play among the swelling ears,
 And calm and temper his too furious power.
 I seek the leafy shade
 And Thou art there ; among the welcoming trees
 I feel Thy visitings in the freshen'd breeze ;
 My spirit rests—my cares, my sorrows fade.

Then a religious fear
 Troubles my bosom, and I hear a sound :
 'Humbly adore Him here,
 In this mysterious solitude profound.'
 Thou art upon the mighty waves
 Of the deep sea ; and Thou dost bind

The bursting fury of the wind—
 Or let it loose, when the wild tempest raves.
 Where'er I go, where'er I turn,
 I see Thee, feel Thee !—in the flowery mead,
 As in the starry field above our head,
 Where such unnumber'd torches burn.
 Thou art the God of atoms—as of suns !
 Of the poor, perishing worm
 That in the dust the eye of mortals shuns,
 Or angels pure, who veil their dazzled form
 Before Thee ! Thou dost hear the hymn
 Of this Thy lowly worshipper ; of the poor
 And innocent lamb the bleatings, as the roar
 Of the fierce lion, or of seraphim
 The anthem ; and to all beneficent
 Thou bendest down Thine ear, and givest
 Their destined portion. Thou, who reignest, livest
 Eternally, the offering I present
 Accept in mercy ; mercifully view
 This transitory being ; let me stand
 As ever in Thy presence—see Thy hand
 In all things, and in all Thy wisdom too.
 Fill up my mounting soul
 With holy ardour ; that where'er I tread,
 Like Thee I may a blessed influence shed,
 And own Thee, trace Thee through the extended
 whole
 Of the wide universe. The race of man
 Are all Thy sons—the Tartar, Laplander,
 Rude Indian, and the sunburnt African—
 Thine image all—and all my brethren are.

Melendez, tr. by Bowring.

1494. GOD. Fulness of

A MILLION beats of man's united heart
 Are fainter than one throb of ocean's pulse,
 Which thrills her awful veins in every part,
 And throws up waifs of shells and crimson dulse.

A million tides of ocean's weltering breast
 Are weaker than one glance that lights the sun,
 When in the banner'd east he breaks his rest,
 His race gigantic round the sky to run.

A million journeys of the sun's swift foot
 Are smaller than one limit of the space
 Through which the tree of life from being's root
 Upsprings, powder'd with stars, in heaven's face.

A million trees of life, with all their loads,
 But poorly God's profound domain reveal :
 The crowds of worlds that throng heaven's thickest
 roads
 Are letters of a word His lips unseal.

A million worlds, with universes rife,
His all-creative might can nowise drain :
When closing order bounds chaotic strife,
His fulness as before doth still remain.

That fulness such, in truth's stupendous force,
That to His thought serene and tender gaze,
The frailest insect, warbling through its course,
Is just as near as seraph in his blaze.

Yea, though all worlds of space would be, combined,
Too small to fit His finger to a ring ;
Yet is He not to humblest creatures blind,
But daily spreads their board, and hears them sing.

Each tear forlorn that trickles down man's cheeks,
He marks, and pities every aching sigh ;
To give them compensation ever seeks ;
Their life-woes shares ; and takes them when they die.

And in His home—though pæans swept the halls,
And glory domed the universal height—
If over one poor soul hell spread its palls,
There would be night, and wailing in the night.
Oriental, tr. by Alger.

1495. GOD. Glory of

AN aged Sultan placed before his throne one day
Three urns : one golden was, one amber, and one
clay ;

When with his royal seal the slaves had seal'd each
urn,

He order'd his three sons to take their choice in turn.

Upon the golden vase the word *Empire* was writ ;
The haughty word resplendent groups of jewels
stud.

The eldest grasp'd the golden urn, and open'd it—
But shrank in horror back to find it fill'd with
blood !

The word *Glory* upon the amber vase shone bright ;
The luring word fresh wreaths of laurels cluster
o'er.

The second chose the amber urn—pathetic sight !
'Twas fill'd with dust of men once famed, now
known no more.

No word inscribed upon its front the clay vase bore,
And yet for this the youngest prince his choice had
saved.

He oped the urn of clay his father's feet before—
And lo ! 'twas empty, but God's name was there
engraved.

The Sultan to the wondering throng of courtiers
turn'd,
And ask'd them which of all those vases weigh'd
the most ?

Far different thoughts within their various bosoms
burn'd :
Into a threefold party broke the courtier host.

The warriors said, 'The golden vase, symbol of
power.'

The poets said, 'The amber vase, emblem of fame.'
The sages said, 'The clayey vase, God's name its
dower :

The globe is lighter than one letter of that name.'

Then said the Sultan to his sons : 'Remember well
The meaning of this scene, the lesson of this day.
When your lives' dust is balanced over heaven and
hell,

Ah ! think, will its renown the name of God out-
weigh ?'—*Oriental, tr. by Alger.*

1496. GOD. Greatness of

'LORD, Thou art great !' I cry when in the east
The day is blooming like a rose of fire ;
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art Thou seen more gracious, God of power,
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour ?

'Lord, Thou art great !' I cry when blackness
shrouds

The noon-day heavens, and crinkling lightnings
flame,

And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds

In fiery letters write Thy dreadful name.

When art Thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path ?

'Lord, Thou art great !' I cry when in the west
Day, softly vanquish'd, shuts his glowing eye ;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die.

When giv'st Thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd
repose :

Than in the magic of Thy evening shows ?

'Lord, Thou art great !' I cry at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep ;
When stars go up and down the blue-arch'd heights,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep.
When beckonest Thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy nights ?

'Lord, Thou art great !' in nature's every form ;
Greater in none, simply most great in all ;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile, and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt Thy call.

'Lord, Thou art great !' Oh, let me praise Thy
name,

And grow in greatness as I Thine proclaim.

Seidel, tr. by Brooks.

1497. GOD : His delight in His people.

GOD will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his wingèd messengers
On errands of supernal grace.—*Milton.*

1498. GOD : His long-suffering.

We see Thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear Thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away, and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing ;
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joy covers nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord ! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering ; Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

1499. GOD : His love.

THOU Love Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O love of God most strong !

The sadden'd heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worm frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win :
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within !

And, fill'd and quicken'd by Thy breath
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O love of God, to Thee !

What is more tender than a mother's love
To the sweet infant fondling in her arms ?
What arguments need her compassion move
To hear its cries, and help it in its harms ?

Now, if the tenderest mother were possess'd
Of all the love within her single breast
Of all the mothers since the world began,
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

John Byrom.

1500. GOD : His sufficiency.

O God, Thy power is wonderful ;
Thy glory, passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

I see Thee in the eternal years,
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade ;
I see Thee through all time ;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dream'd ;
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeem'd,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine, shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When this great God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?—*Faber.*

1501. GOD : incomprehensible.

IN this wild maze their vain endeavours end ;
How can the less the greater comprehend,
Or finite reason reach infinity ?
For what could fathom *God* were more than *He*.
Dryden.

Thy throne is darkness, in th' abyss of light ;
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
Oh teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than Thyself reveal'd.
Dryden.

Long pored St Austin o'er the sacred page,
And doubt and darkness overspread his mind ;
On God's mysterious being thought the sage,
The triple Person in one Godhead join'd.
The more he thought, the harder did he find
To solve the various doubts which fast arose ;
And as a ship, caught by impetuous wind,

He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.

The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door ;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jewell'd star, and truth his ermine robe.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard :
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his speech.
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves Him in each deed ;
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed ;
Justice and mercy form his code ; he puts his trust in Heaven ;
His prayer is, 'If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven !'

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallow'd sphere as virtue's polar star.
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn ; lit by Promethean spark,
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd by adverse tide ;
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace.
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.—*Elisa Cook.*

1462. GENTLEMAN. Qualities of a

HE is a noble gentleman ; withal
Happy in 's endeavours : the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example :
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his title.—*Ford.*

1463. GENTLENESS. Power of

SWEET speaking oft a currish heart reclaims.
Sidney.

His sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness prattiseth.—*Jonson.*

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the firelight
She, and my friends here, this delightful night,
That power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth ;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health ;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see ;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty ;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon or else they rise ;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile :
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun ;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was
spoken.—*Leigh Hunt.*

1464. GENTLENESS. Words of

SPEAK gently ! it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild ;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard ;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ; know
They may have toil'd in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, 'Peace, be still !'

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.—*D. Bates.*

1465. GEOLOGY. Atheistic

SEARCHING those edges of the universe,
We leave the central fields, a fallow part ;
To feed the eye more precious things amerce,
And starve the darken'd heart.

Then all goes wrong ; the old foundations rock ;
One scorns at him of old who gazed unshod ;
One striking with a pick-axe thinks the shock
Shall move the seat of God.—*Jean Ingelow.*

1466. GETHSEMANE. Agony in

On His pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasp'd, His eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas, and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calm'd the tempest, and who raised the dead ?
There is ! there is ! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dead weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him who deign'd to dwell
A man with men, that He might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and break the captives' yoke—
But oh, of that dread strife what words can tell ?
Those, only those which broke, with many a groan,
From His full heart—'O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day ;
Yet, Father, not My will, but Thine, be done !'
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure and strong to save ;
Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.—*Dale.*

1467. GETHSEMANE. Christ in

THE moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
Set with the morning-star, was not yet dim ;

And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'Twas the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolved
In visible stillness ; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of His disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindness
Of His deep love was pour'd, He felt the need
Of near communion, for His gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hush'd silentness,
Alone with God, He fell upon His face,
And as His heart was broken with the rush
Of His surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to Him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave His sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of His soul, breathed out the prayer,
'Father, if it be possible with Thee,
Let this cup pass from Me.' Oh, how a word,
Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
Scilleth the press of human agony !
The Saviour felt its quiet in His soul ;
And though His strength was weakness, and the
light

Which led Him on till now was sorely dim,
He breathed a new submission—'Not my will,
But Thine, be done, O Father !' As He spoke,
Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky,
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light,
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within His eye, bow'd down to Him,
And nerved Him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough—and with His god-like brow
Re-written of His Father's messenger,
With meekness whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, He return'd again
To His disciples, and awak'd their sleep,
For 'he that should betray Him was at hand.

Willis.

1468. GETHSEMANE. Lesson of

WOULDST thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain ?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to Himself again ?

Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love?
Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above,
But come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
Wake within thee thoughts of care—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffer'd in Gethsemane!

Hate the sin that cost so dear;
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep if thou wilt, but likewise fear
To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gush'd so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.—*Monsell.*

1469. GETHSEMANE. View of

BRING the thrilling scene
Home to my inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
'Father, if it be possible, this cup
Take Thou away. Yet not My will, but Thine:'
The sleeping friends who could not watch one hour,
The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's kiss,
The astonish'd angel, with the tear of heaven
Upon His cheek, still striving to assuage
Those fearful pangs that bow'd the Son of God
Like a bruised reed. Thou who hast power to look
Thus at Gethsemane, be still! be still!
What are thine insect-woes compared to His
Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
As the dust atom on life's chariot-wheels,
And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.

Mrs Sigourney.

1470. GIFTS. Influence of

POLICY counsellet a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the
influence of gifts.
The lover unsmiled before, is welcomed for his
jewell'd bauble:
The righteous cause without a fee must yield to
bounteous guilt.
How fair is a man in thine esteem whose just dis-
crimination seeketh thee,
And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts!
Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive
clear and unsuspicious,

As given unto one who cannot help, or proving
honest thanks.

There liveth not one among a million who is proof
against the charm of liberality,
And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with
the wisest.—*Tupper.*

1471. GIFTS: may be rendered valueless.

Hamlet. I never gave you aught.

Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did;

And with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Shakespeare.

1472. GIFTS. Spiritual

COULD I command with voice or pen
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass:
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor;
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep,
What were such zeal, such power to me,
Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future as the things gone by;
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span,
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind,
Charity bears a humble mind,
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all,
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought,
But charity shall never fail,
Her anchor is within the veil.

James Montgomery.

1473. GIVING. Analogies of

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
GIVE! as the waves when their channel is riven;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
 Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
 Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
 Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea,
 Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
 Look to the life that was lavish'd for thee!

1474. GIVING. Grounds for

BUT what or who are we, alas!
 That we in giving are so free?
 Thine own before our offering was,
 And all we have we have from Thee.
 For we are guests and strangers here,
 As were our fathers in Thy sight;
 Our days but shadow-like appear,
 And suddenly they take their flight.

George Wither.

1475. GIVING: must be performed discreetly.

YET once more, heed thou this: give to the poor
 discreetly,
 Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:
 To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit
 occasion;
 Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the
 casual lottery of gifts.
 The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liber-
 ality would palsy;
 Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendi-
 cant asketh with a heavy spirit.
 A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more
 than money,
 And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh
 man less happy.—*Tupper.*

1476. GIVING. Reward of

SEE the rivers flowing
 Downward to the sea,
 Pouring all their treasures
 Bountiful and free;
 Yet to help their giving
 Hidden springs arise;
 Or, if need be, showers
 Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
 Their rich fragrance spread,
 Load the air with perfumes
 From their beauty shed;
 Yet their lavish spending
 Leaves them not in dearth,
 With fresh life replenish'd
 By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures!
 From fair nature learn;
 Give thy love—and ask not,
 Wait not a return.
 And the more thou spendest
 From thy little store,
 With a double bounty,
 God will give thee more.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

1477. GIVING: the condition of getting.

A BEGGAR ask'd an alms
 One day at an abbey-door,
 Said Luther; but seized with qualms,
 The abbot replied, 'We're poor!

'Poor, who had plenty once
 When gifts fell thick as rain:
 But they give us nought for nonce,
 And how should we give again?'

Then the beggar, 'See your sins!
 Of old, unless I err,
 Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
 Date and Dabitur.

'While Date was in good case
 Dabitur flourish'd too:
 For Dabitur's lenten face,
 No wonder if Date rue.

'Would ye retrieve the one?
 Try and make plump the other!
 When Date's penance is done,
 Dabitur helps his brother.

'Only, beware relapse!'
 The Abbot hung his head.
 'This beggar might be, perhaps,
 An angel,' Luther said.—*Browning.*

1478. GLORY: brings little happiness.

GLORIES, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
 But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

Webster.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, and a breath o'erthrows.

Pope.

In all the immense, the strange, the old,
Thy presence careless men behold ;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By faith be Thou as clearly seen.

Teach Thou that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow ;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being ! save by Thee.—*Sterling.*

1515. GOD. Submission to

REFINE not, nor reply ;
View not what Heaven ordains with reason's eye ;
Too bright the object is, the distance is too high.
The man who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number and make crooked straight :
Stop thy inquiry then and curb thy sense,
Nor let dust argue with omnipotence.—*Prior.*

1516. GOD. Thanks due to

To th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks ; and His admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably His sovereign will, the end
Of what we are.—*Milton.*

1517. GOD: the Author and End of our being.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light Divine !

'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From Thee, great God ! we spring—to Thee we
tend,

Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

Johnson.

1518. GOD: the Eternal Father.

FATHER ! the sweetest, dearest name
That men or angels know !
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow !

Thou comest not, Thou goest not ;
Thou wert not, wilt not be ;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord ! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze ;
Thy sea of unbeginning light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light ;
Thou showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.—*Faber.*

1519. GOD: the soul of Nature.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all !

Pope.

1520. GOD: the soul's supreme joy.

BUT, oh ! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown !
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away

Cowper.

Lord of earth ! Thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath plann'd :
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power,
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought ;
Friendship, gem transcending price ;
Love, a flower of Paradise :
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me !
Whom have I in heaven but Thee !

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall join again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze, a glorious company ;
While immortal music rings
From unnumber'd seraph-strings :

Oh, that scene is passing fair!
Yet should'st Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in heaven but Thee!

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest!
I was lost: Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
I was blind: Thy healing ray
Charm'd the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe;
Yet should once Thy smile Divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me!
Whom have I in heaven but Thee!—*Grant.*

1521. GOD: the source of all blessedness.

MY God, to Thee belong
Incense of praise and hallow'd song;
To Thee be all the glory given
Of all my mercies under heaven;
From Thee my daily bread and health,
Each comfort, all my spirit's wealth,
Have been derived;—my sins alone,
And errings, I can call mine own.—*Walker.*

My springs are all in Thee, my God,
Those waters fresh and free
Rise from thy love's unfailing depths,
And ever rise for me.

My springs are all in Thee, my God;
Why should I faint or fear,
While the best source of every good,
Himself, is ever near?

My springs are all in Thee, my God,
Thou bidd'st me freely take
The living, soul-reviving streams,
My deepest thirst to slake.

My springs are all in Thee, my God;
Earth's pleasures, honours, gold,
Are broken cisterns at the best,
They can no water hold.

My springs are all in Thee, my God;
Through Jesus to me still
Peace, joy, and comfort ceaseless flow,
The cure of every ill.

My springs are all in Thee, my God;
Oh! never let me roam
Afar from Thee, my only good,
So fully blest at home.

My springs are all in Thee, my God,
And ever shall remain,
Till life's best springs I drink above,
And never thirst again.—*H. T. Heywood.*

1522. GOD: the unsearchable Name.

'When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind;" I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me.'—*PROF. TYNDALL, in 'Fortnightly Review' for December, 1875.*

OH, proud Philosopher, so seeming-meek!
Who on the midnight heavens dost gaze with awe,
And own the mystic Force behind the Law,
Confessing that thy finitude is weak
To gauge infinity, when thou wouldst seek
With eyes that are but mortal eyes, to draw
What never save immortal vision saw,
Or utter what no human lips can speak.
Thou 'dare not call it "He"?' Then dare not
If, underneath the mystery, thou art awed:
We talk of man thus: 'he' who treads the sod.
Thou wilt not name it 'Mind,' or 'Cause'? Too
low
These earth-words comprehensible! Nay, go
Back to primordial truth, and call it God!

Margaret J. Preston.

1523. GOD. Thought of

I LOOK to Thee in every need, and never look in
vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love, and all is well
again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life, dishearten'd by its
load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears, I sink beside the
road:
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above, my restlessness to
still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life, to nerve my
faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

1524. GOD: waiting.

DREAD is the leisure up above
The while He sits whose name is love,
And waits, as Noah did for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things,
 We beat about with bruised wings
 On the dark floods and water-springs,
 The ruin'd world, the desolate sea;
 With open windows from the prime,
 All night, all day, He waits sublime,
 Until the fulness of the time
 Deceed from His eternity.—*Jean Ingelow.*

1525. GOD? What is

WHAT art Thou, God? my soul inquires,
 What is Thy form, how looks Thy face?
 Art but an Essence filling space,
 Before whose power all power retires?

Hast any form, hast any face?
 Thou'rt here, Thou'rt there, Thou'rt everywhere,—
 Mine ears are strain'd Thy voice to hear,—
 Mine aching eyes see not Thy place.

My weak hands vainly search for Thee:
 I know Thou art, I see Thy works,
 Which show behind some Power lurks;
 But whence, or how, I cannot see.

Can man when robed in this dull clay
 Love that which merely Essence is,
 And has no form, no shape like his?
 But yet he feels it day by day.

Can I be said to love a man
 Who is not, though He was, like me,
 But now has gone to dwell with Thee,
 To live of life a larger plan?

O God, and do I love Thee now?
 Thou art so great, so far above—
 Is this I feel within me love?
 I love not so aught here below.

I study perfect human forms,
 But fancy none as like to Thine;
 Imagination draws no line
 More like to Thee than to the worms.

My mind surmounts this little world
 And pierces through its circling dome,
 To view Thy features, find Thy home,
 I wander oft through vapours curl'd.

Exhausted soon my spirit falls,
 And sinks once more to present cares—
 To duties here, how yon one fares,
 Which all my soul's attention calls.

And soon within, yet from above,
 A gentle voice dispels my fear:
 'No matter what my form, or where,
 Remember, seeker, "God is love."

1526. GOD. Works of

FOR wonderful indeed are all His works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep.
Milton.

In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can its ends produce,
 Yet serves to second too some other use.—*Pope.*

And yet were every falt'ring tongue of man,
 Almighty Father! silent in Thy praise,
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods,
 By human foot untrod, proclaim Thy power,
 And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
 The eternal cause, support, and end of all!

Thomson.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative wisdom as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind?

Thomson.

In the vast, and the minute, we see
 The unambitious footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.

Cowper.

What prodigies can power Divine perform
 More grand than it produces year by year,
 And all in sight of inattentive man?
 Familiar with th' effect, we slight the cause,
 And in the constancy of nature's course,
 The regular return of genial months,
 And renovation of a faded world,
 See nought to wonder at.—*Cowper.*

The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;

The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;
 The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;
 And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power.

His beauty is free from stain of sin,
 Hidden in a veil of thick darkness.
 He form'd mirrors of the atoms of the world,
 And He cast a reflection from His own face on
 every atom!

To thy clear-seeing eye whatsoever is fair,
 When thou regardest it aright, is a reflection from
 His face.—*Jami, from the Persian.*

There is no God,—the fool in secret said ;
 There is no God that rules on earth or sky.
 Tear off the band that folds the wretched head,
 That God may burst upon his faithless eye.
 Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,
 If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
 Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
 Reflect the image of Divinity.
 Is there no God?—the silver stream that flows,
 The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
 The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that
 blows,
 All speak of God ; throughout one voice agrees,
 And eloquent His dread existence shows :
 Blind to thyself, ah ! see Him, fool, in these.

1527. GODLINESS. Advantage of

ABOUT the joys and pleasures of the world,
 This question was not seldom in debate—
 Whether the righteous man, or sinner, had
 The greatest share, and relish'd them the most ?
 Truth gives the answer thus, gives it distinct,
 Nor needs to reason long : The righteous man.
 For what was he denied of earthly growth,
 Worthy the name of good ? Truth answers—Nought.
 Had he not appetites, and sense, and will ?
 Might he not eat, if Providence allow'd,
 The finest of the wheat ? Might he not drink
 The choicest wine ? True, he was temperate ;
 But then was temperance a foe to peace ?
 Might he not rise, and clothe himself in gold ?
 Ascend, and stand in palaces of kings ?
 True, he was honest still, and charitable :
 Were then these virtues foes to human peace ?
 Might he not do exploits, and gain a name ?
 Most true, he trod not down a fellow's right,
 Nor walk'd up to a throne on skulls of men ;
 Were justice, then, and mercy, foes to peace ?
 Had he not friendships, loves, and smiles, and hopes ?
 Sat not around his table sons and daughters ?
 Was not his ear with music pleased ? his eye
 With light ? his nostrils with perfumes ? his lips
 With pleasant relishes ? grew not his herds ?
 Fell not the rain upon his meadows ? reap'd
 He not his harvests ? and did not his heart
 Revel at will through all the charities
 And sympathies of nature, unconfined ?
 And were not these all sweeten'd and sanctified
 By dews of holiness shed from above ?
 Might he not walk through Fancy's airy halls ?
 Might he not History's ample page survey ?
 Might he not, finally, explore the depths
 Of mental, moral, natural, divine ?
 But why enumerate thus ? One word enough.

There was no joy in all created things,
 No drop of sweet, that turn'd not in the end
 To sour, of which the righteous man did not
 Partake—partake, invited by the voice
 Of God, his Father's voice—who gave him all
 His heart's desire. And o'er the sinner, still,
 The Christian had this one advantage more :
 That when his earthly pleasures fail'd, and fail
 They always did to every soul of man,
 He sent his hopes on high, look'd up, and reach'd
 His sickle forth, and reap'd the fields of heaven,
 And pluck'd the clusters from the vines of God.

Pollok.

1528. GODLINESS. Example of

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed,
 A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
 Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.—
 With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated in a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm !
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,
 Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
 (A mingled mob ! a wandering herd !) he sees
 Bewilder'd in the vale—in all unlike :
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?
 The present all their care,—the future, his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
 They give to fame,—his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish nature,—his exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;
 His, the composed possession of the true.
 Alike, throughout, is his consistent peace—
 All of one colour, and an even thread ;
 While parti-coloured shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe,—each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
 He sees with other eyes than theirs. — Where
 they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity ;
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore ;
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees—
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship as divine ;
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.

Young.

1529. GODSENDS.

STRAIGHT from the hand of God comes many a gift,
 Fraught with healing and with consolation
 For a world of toil and tribulation ;
 And yet from which we blindly shrink and shift,
 As from a burden onerous to lift.
 Work itself, hard, drudging occupation,
 Comes in shape of blessed dispensation
 To those who wisely can perceive the drift
 Of such a boon t' assuage the pangs of mind,
 Sadness, suspense, anxiety, or worse,
 Rankle from wounding words and looks unkind,
 The desolation of friends' eyes averse,
 Nay, e'en the anguish of a recent loss,
 Akin to what was felt beneath the Cross.

1530. GOLD. Bribery of

STRONGER than thunder's wingèd force,
 All-powerful gold can spread its course,
 Through watchful guards its passage make,
 And loves through solid walls to break :
 From gold the overwhelming woes
 That crush'd the Grecian augur rose :
 Philip with gold through cities broke,
 And rival monarchs felt his yoke.

Horace, tr. by Martin.

Trade it may help, society extend,
 But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend ;
 It raises armies in a nation's aid,
 But bribes a senate, and a land's betray'd.

Pope.

1531. GOLD : a curse.

GOLD! Gold! in all ages the curse of mankind,
 Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind ;
 The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
 And the mind be the slave of a look or a word.
 To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
 Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown.

Benjamin.

O cursed love of gold ; when for thy sake
 The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
 First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come!

Blair.

1532. GOLD : a god.

GOLD is the greatest god ; though yet we see
 No temples raised to Money's majesty,
 No altars fuming to her power divine,
 Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue shine,
 And Faith and Concord.

Juvenal, tr. by Dryden.

Gold! many hunted, sweat, and bled for Gold ;
 Waked all the night, and labour'd all the day.
 And what was this allurements? dost thou ask.
 A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
 Which, being cast into the fire, came out
 A shining thing that fools admired, and call'd
 A god ; and in devout and humble plight
 Before it kneel'd, the greater to the less ;
 And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
 Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends,
 Love, charity, benevolence, and all
 The sweet and tender sympathies of life ;
 And, to complete the horrid murderous rite,
 And signalize their folly, offer'd up
 Their souls and an eternity of bliss,
 To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming joy,
 A feverish hour that hastened to be done,
 And ended in the bitterness of woe.—*Pallak.*

That universal idol, Gold,
 In homage all unites ;
 Without a temple, 'tis adored,
 And has no hypocrites.

Nay, more, Gold's warmest devotees
 Strive most to hide their zeal ;
 And he that loves this idol most,
 Would most that love conceal.—*Colton.*

1533. GOLD. Description of

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd ;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
 Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
 Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled ;
 Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;
 Price of many a crime untold.
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!
 How widely its agencies vary—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless,
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamp'd with the image of good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary.—*Hood.*

1534. GOLD : harmless.

BECAUSE its blessings are abused,
 Must gold be censured, cursed, accused ?
 Even virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade.—*Gay.*

The deep damnation of the crowd, O Gold !
 Heapeth reproach upon thy innocent dust !
 ' Evil's prolific root, '—' Bribe of the just, —

'Strength of the false and cruel,'—'God, extoll'd
By priests, by whom Heaven's pardoning grace is
sold,'—

Such are thy titles ! while, with covetous lust,
Men hoard the very ore they have befool'd
With the tongue's obloquy of wordy rust.—
Yet thou art sinless, Gold ! and bright, and bland,
And fit for glorious offices ; and blest,
When put to uses holy. Oh, be sure
The curse is not on thee ; for 'tis the hand
That toucheth thee doth thee with stains invest,
Or maketh thee beneficent and pure !

Calder Campbell.

1535. GOLD. Poison of

THERE is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none,

Shakespeare.

Three hungry travellers found a bag of gold :
One ran into the town where bread was sold.

He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.

But they too thought, when back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him, and the gold divide.

They kill'd him, and, partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.

O World ! behold what ill thy goods have done :
Thy gold thus poison'd two, and murder'd one !

Oriental.

1536. GOLD. Power of

WHY this

Will hug your priests and servants from your sides :
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;
Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.

For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief ;

Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man :
what

Can it not do, and undo ?—*Shakespeare.*

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Shakespeare.

1537. GOLD. Powerlessness of

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine ?
Wisdom to gold prefer : for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.—*Young.*

To purchase heaven has gold the power ?

Can gold remove the mortal hour ?

In life can love be bought with gold ?

Are friendship's pleasures to be sold ?

No ! all that's worth a wish—a thought,

Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.

Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,

Let nobler views engage the mind.—*Dr Johnson.*

1538. GOLD. Want of

WANT sense, and the world will o'erlook it ;

Want feeling—'twill find some excuse ;

But if the world knows you want money,

You're certain to get its abuse.

The wisest advice in existence,

Is ne'er on its kindness to call ;

The best way to get its assistance,

Is—show you don't need it at all !

'Man's the Gold !' said the bard, with a feeling

That still his discretion outran ;

For each day of our life is revealing

The bard should have said, 'Gold is Man.'

Gold is genius, and greatness, and merit ;

Want gold—you want all that gold brings !

But if fortune you only inherit,

The world will excuse other things.

Charles Swain.

1539. GOOD. Doing

BUT I remember now

I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime

Accounted dangerous folly.—*Shakespeare.*

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return.—*Rowe.*

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.—*Pope.*

And learn the luxury of doing good.—*Goldsmith.*

Happy were men if they but understood

There is no safety but in doing good.—*Fountain.*

1540. GOOD. Final

OH, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain :
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold ! we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far-off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream ; but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.—*Tennyson.*

1541. GOOD: seldom valued.

LITTLE knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.—*Milton.*

1542. GOOD. Unexpected

BUT what of all the joys of earth was most
Of native growth, most proper to the soil—
Not elsewhere known, in worlds that never fell—
Was joy that sprung from disappointed woe.
The joy in grief ; the pleasure after pain ;
Fears turn'd to hopes ; meetings expected not ;
Deliverances from dangerous attitudes ;
Better for worse ; and best sometimes for worst ;
And all the seeming ill, ending in good—
A sort of happiness composed, which none
Has had experience of, but mortal man.—*Pollok.*

1543. GOOD-BYE.

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! is often heard
From the lips of those who part :
'Tis a whisper'd tone, 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky ;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words, ' Good-bye !'

Adieu ! Adieu ! may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech ;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have for ever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words, ' Good-bye !'

Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream ;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand—
A long, a last ' Good-bye.'—*Eliza Cook.*

1544. GOOD DEEDS : are more than words.

It is a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are not deeds.—*Shakespeare.*

1545. GOOD DEEDS : enrich the doer.

GOOD, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows ;
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more.
Milton.

1546. GOOD DEEDS. Memory of

THE sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
Goffe.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.—*Shirley.*

1547. GOOD DEEDS : repaid.

GOOD deeds in this world done
Are paid beyond the sun ;
As water on the root
Is seen above in fruit.

Oriental, tr. by Alger.

1548. GOOD DEEDS : should be done boldly.

MAN should dare all things that he knows is right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong ;
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our Friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Phæbe Carey.

1549. GOOD DEEDS : should be done humbly.

THE peaches redden on the wall,
Hiding in hollow cells of green,
Where plaited leaves hang thick about,
And scarce permit them to be seen ;
And so, in truth, good deeds should be
Conceal'd in sweet humility.

1550. GOOD DEEDS : the best prayers.

AND while ' Lord, Lord ! ' the pious tyrants cried,
Who in the poor their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.

Whittier.

1551. GOOD DEEDS : their influence.

THAT light you see is burning in my hall ;
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakespeare.

Some there are

By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live and spread and flourish. — *Wordsworth.*

1552. GOOD DISPOSITIONS.

SOME few the gift by nature seem to have,
Of knowing what is right. Perchance it be
Result of father's, mother's saintly prayers,
Or of a purpose strong, and full of love,
In generations gone before, who pray'd
And wrestled much against the evil Will ;
Nor ceased to hope their children yet unborn
Should be with good gifts gifted—do the right,
And find eternal bliss. — *Lady Chatterton.*

1553. GOOD HUMOUR.

WHAT then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose ?
And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Pope.

He keeps his temper'd mind, serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world. — *Thomson.*

1554. GOOD MEN : benefited by adversity.

THE good are better made by ill,
As odours crush'd are better still. — *Rogers.*

1555. GOOD NAME. Love of

GOOD name was dear to all : without it, none
Could soundly sleep, even on a royal bed ;
Or drink with relish from a cup of gold :
And with it, on his borrow'd straw, or by
The leafless hedge, beneath the open heavens,
The weary beggar took untroubled rest.
It was a music of most heavenly tone,
To which the heart leap'd joyfully, and all
The spirits danced : for honest fame, men laid
Their heads upon the block, and while the axe
Descended, look'd and smiled. It was of price
Invaluable—riches, health, repose,
Whole kingdoms, life, were given for it, and he
Who got it was the winner still ; and he
Who sold it durst not open his ear, nor look
On human face, he knew himself so vile. — *Pollok.*

1556. GOOD NAME. Value of a

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. — *Shakespeare.*

1557. GOOD PURPOSES.

THY purpose firm is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

Young.

1558. GOOD WORKS : which is the best ?

'OF all good works of men, which is the best ?'
A young man once a prophet thus address'd,
And this reply the prophet on him press'd :
'From strife exempt, good works together chime,
And all are beautiful each in its time.'

Oriental, tr. by Alger.

1559. GOODNESS. Beauty of

IN nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind ;
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Shakespeare.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

Marlowe.

1560. GOODNESS. Happiness of

THEN to be good is to be happy : angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.

Rowe.

1561. GOODNESS. Immortality of

NEVER despair of goodness. Men are bad,
But have been worse. The badness shall die out,
The goodness, like the thistle-down, shall float,
Bearing a germ beneath its tiny car—
A germ predestined to become a tree,
To fall on fruitful soil, and on its boughs
Bear seed enough to stock the universe.—*Mackay.*

1562. GOODNESS. Nobility of

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

Good,
Only, is great, and generous, and fruitful.

Bailey.

1563. GOODNESS. Power of

THY narrow soul
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving ;
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive
How large the power, how fix'd the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds :
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,
And conquers more than ever Cæsar's sword did.

Rowe.

1564. GOODNESS. Reputation of

A VERY little goodness goes for much.
I'm kind, they say—
Give coals in winter, cordials for the sick ;
They love me, those poor hinds, though I have ne'er
Resign'd a pleasure, let a whim be cross'd,
Pinch'd for an hour the stomach of desire,
For one of them.

1565. GOODNESS. Reward of

WHO has good deeds brought well to end,
For him the gloomy forests shine ;
The whole world is to him a friend,
And all the earth a diamond mine.

Oriental, tr. by Alger.

1566. GOODNESS. Teaching

SHE taught us how to live ;
With blameless life girt round with sanctity,
Lowly in heart, in soul and purpose high,
Sweet lessons did she give

Of faith, of love, of hope ; for all that shone
Brightest in Christian lives, she made her own.

Burleigh.

1567. GOSPEL. Traits of the

O WORTHY gift of heavenly love to man !
Bless'd exposition of salvation's plan !
By truth confirm'd, through each important line,
A revelation of the Will Divine !
The rule to which our stubborn hearts should bend,
The rich man's monitor, the poor man's friend !
The good man's trust, the scoffer's secret dread !
A song of peace to soothe the death's fearful bed,
Of peace from God, long tempted, oft denied,
To man the contrite, humble child of pride !

Schwyn.

1568. GOSPEL TRUMPET. The

How sweet the Gospel trumpet sounds !
Its notes are grace and love ;
Its echo through the world resounds
From Jesu's throne above.
It is the sound, the joyful sound,
Of mercy rich and free ;
Pardon it offers, peace proclaims,
Sinner ! it speaks to Thee.

It tells the weary soul of rest,
The poor of heavenly wealth,
Of joy to heal the mourning breast ;
It brings the sin-sick health.
It is the sound, &c.

Its words announce a heavenly feast
Of water, milk, and wine,
And manna in the wilderness,
Provisions all divine.
It is the sound, &c.

It speaks of boundless grace by which
The vilest are forgiven ;
To Christians it proclaims a rich
Inheritance in heaven.
It is the sound, &c.

To men in every clime, degree,
Its message is address'd ;
The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Are with its blessings bless'd.
It is the sound, &c.

1569. GOVERNMENT. Art of

EACH petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd ; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails ;

What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers :
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop
them ;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten
her ;
The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests : when her keel ploughs
hell,
And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.—*Jonson.*

1570. GOVERNMENT. Blessings of a
SAFETY and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
Waller.

1571. GOVERNMENT. Forms of
FOR forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

1572. GOVERNMENT. Free

A GOVERNMENT on freedom's basis built,
Has, in all ages, been the theme of song
And the desire of great and god-like men ;
For this the Grecian patriots fought—for this
The noblest Roman died.—*Mrs Hale.*

1573. GOVERNMENT. Glory of a

'TIS no less
To govern justly, make your empire flourish
With wholesome laws, in riches, peace, and plenty,
Than by the expense of wealth and blood to make
New acquisitions.—*Denham.*

1574. GOVERNMENT : how little it can do to
lessen sorrow.

IN every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
Dr Johnson.

1575. GOVERNMENT : must not be surrendered
to the vicious.

THE more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination.—*Thomson.*

1576. GOVERNMENT. Rules for

FOR just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.—*Goldsmith.*

1577. GRACE : abused.

BUT *grace*, abused, brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.—*Cowper.*

1578. GRACE. Comfort of

NOR exile I, nor prison, fear ; love makes my
courage great ;
I find a Saviour everywhere, His grace in every
state.
Nor castle-walls, nor dungeons deep, exclude His
quickening beams ;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep, and dwell on
heavenly themes !—*Madame Guyon.*

1579. GRACE. Free

O GOD, how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the bless'd decree,
That grace can e'er be found, when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gail,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear
But torture, stake, or prison-wall
Can be endured with faith and prayer.
Elisa Cook.

1580. GRACE : and glory.

THE Lord will grace and glory give
To those who humbly seek His face ;
We live for glory while we live,
And seek it in the paths of grace.

For grace is glory here begun,
And till the heavenly prize is won,
The Christian finds, through all his race,
That grace is glory, glory grace.
James Montgomery.

1581. GRACE. Gospel

GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

The prisoner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.—*Beddome.*

1582. GRACE. Throne of

THERE is a spot of consecrated ground
Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found :
'Tis named (and Christians love the well-known
sound)

The throne of grace.

'Tis here a calm retreat is always found :
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground ;
Pure airs and heavenly odours breathe around

The throne of grace.

While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands,
His quicken'd eye a boundless view commands ;
Discovers fair abodes not made with hands—
Abodes of peace.

Terrestrial objects, disenchanted there,
Lose all their power to dazzle or ensnare :
One only object then seems worth our care—
To win the race.

This is the mount where Christ's disciples see
The glory of incarnate Deity :
'Tis here they find it good indeed to be,
And view His face.

A new creation here begins to rise—
Fruits of the Spirit, flowers of Paradise,
Water'd from heaven in full and sure supplies
By streams of grace.

Toward this blest spot the Spirit bends His ear,
The fervent prayer, the contrite sigh, to hear ;
To bid the mourner banish every fear,
And go in peace.

Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the mind ;
One who delights the broken heart to bind—
The Prince of Peace.

Saviour ! the sinner's friend, our hope, our all !
Here teach us humbly at Thy feet to fall ;
Here on Thy name with love and faith to call
For pardoning grace.

Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till, number'd with Thy ransom'd flock above,
We cease to want, but never cease to love,
The throne of grace.—*Miss Elliott.*

1583. GRACES. A Trio of

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope ! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith ! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love ! Not love alone for one,
But men, as man, thy brothers call ;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.—*Schiller.*

1584. GRATITUDE. Instinct of

HE that has nature in him must be grateful ;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature,
Tying the weak and strong, the poor and powerful,
Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes to men.
Madam.

1585. GRATITUDE. Reward of

WHEN gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.—*Lillo.*

1586. GRATITUDE. Unutterable

FOUNTAIN of mercy ! whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks ; I have no words :
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language : Lord !—behold my heart.
Hannah Morr.

1587. GRAVE. Adorning the

EREWHILE, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorn'd with shades
Or blossoms, but indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,

To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwells
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty. There the yew,
Green even amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, droop'd ;
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest, on bow'd stock, and better spoke
Her graces than the proudest monument.
There children set about their playmate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed,
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye—
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
Fled early—silent lovers, who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.

Bryant.

1588. GRAVE : a treasure-chamber.

Room for our treasure, closed tomb !
Open thy doors, O Grave !
Take all the angel Death can claim,
And all that thou canst have.
For Christ to thy dark gates went down,
And rent the veil in twain,
And gleams of glory, else unseen,
Point where He rose again.

Room for thy kindred dust, O Earth,
The casket of the soul ;
Room for a little while, and then
Resign thy proud control.
O Death, where is thy boasted power,
That breaks Life's threefold cord,
When the freed spirit upward soars,
To meet her risen Lord ?

Take, then, the garment of our loved,
Still precious for her sake ;
But glorious shall that garment be
When Christ shall bid her wake.
The faded form thou dost enfold,
On which we weeping gazed,
Shall lose each stain of Earth, and be
In incorruption raised.

1589. GRAVE : awaits us all.

FADE, flowers ! fade : nature will have it so ;
'Tis what we all must in our autumn do !

And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found ;
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that loved our company ;
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

Waller.

Here the tongue warrior lies ! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gag'd
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.
Great man of language ; whence this mighty change ?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue ;
Alas ! how chop-fall'n now ! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah ! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned verse,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Razed from the book of fame ; or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy-halting pace that drawl along ;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Blair.

1590. GRAVE. Blossom from the

REST, weary dust, lie here an hour ;
Ere long, like blossom from the sod,
Thou shalt come forth a glorious flower,
Fit for the eye of God.—*Bonar.*

1591. GRAVE. Choice of a

LET vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolations ever frown :
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
grave.—*Beattie.*

1592. GRAVE. Christ in the

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay ;
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away ;

'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ear of mourners say,
'Come see the place where Jesus lay.'
'Tis now a fane where love can find
Christ everywhere embalm'd and shrined ;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.—*Kable*.

1593. GRAVE. Congregation of the

HERE are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome, vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth : the shrill-tongued
shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.—*Blair*.

1594. GRAVE. Couch of the

AH ! hush now your mournful complainings,
Nor mothers your sweet babes deplore ;
This death, we so shrink from, but cometh
The ruin of life to restore.
Who now would the sculptor's rich marble,
Or beautiful sepulchres crave ?
We lay them but here, in their slumber :
This earth is a couch, not a grave.
The seed which we sow in its weakness,
In the spring shall rise green from the earth ;
And the dead we thus mournfully bury,
In God's spring-time again shall shine forth.
Mother Earth, in thy soft bosom cherish
Whom we lay to repose in thy dust ;
For precious these relics we yield thee ;
Be faithful, O Earth ! to thy trust.
The happy and just times are coming,
When God every hope shall fulfil :
And visibly then must thou render
What now in thy keeping lies still.

Prudentius.

1595. GRAVE : dreaded.

THE grave, dread thing !
Men shiver when thou'rt named : Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—*Blair*.

Why should the grave be terrible?
Why should it be a word of fear,
Jarring upon the mortal ear?
There repose and silence dwell :
The living hear the funeral knell,
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.
Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
Refuse to bathe it? or the beam
Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,
Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?
No ! the moon is there, and smiling too !
And the sweetest song of the morning bird
Is oft in that ancient yew-tree heard ;
And there may you see the hare-bell blue
Bending his light form gently—proudly,
And listen to the fresh winds, loudly
Playing around your sod, as gay
As if it were a holiday,
And children freed from durance they.

Browning.

1596. GRAVE. Hymn of the

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust !'
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid ;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering ;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust !'

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;
Those that wept them, they that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep ;
Brothers, sisters of the worm—
Summer's sun, or Winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust !'

But a day is coming fast—
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last !
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder ;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil ;
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, ruin'd thrones ;
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust !
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust !'

Then shall come the judgment sign :
 In the east the King shall shine.
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate—
 Thousands, thousands, round His state—
 Spirits with the crown and plume ;
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb !
 Heaven shall open on thy sight,
 Earth be turn'd to living light—
 Kingdom of the ransom'd just—
 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust !'

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem !
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise ;
 Earth by angel feet be trod—
 One great garden of her God !
 Till are dried the mourner's tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years !
 Now in hope of Him we trust—
 Earth to earth, and dust to dust !'

Croly.

1597. GRAVE. Inhabitants of the

EARTH has hosts, but thou canst show
 Many a million for her one ;
 Through thy gates, the mortal flow
 Has for countless years roll'd on.
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come ;
 There fix'd, till the last trumpet's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

Croly.

1598. GRAVE: its lessons forgotten.

WHAT to us the grave ?

It brings no real homily ! we sigh,
 Pause for awhile and murmur—'All must die !'
 Then rush to pleasure, action, sin, once more,
 Swell the loud tide and fret unto the shore.

Lytton.

1599. GRAVE. Lessons of the

WHEN self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind ;
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Blair.

1600. GRAVE: the common meeting-place.

'Tis here all meet !

The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor ;
 Men of all climes, that never met before ;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
 Here the prince, and favourite yet prouder,

His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
 The great negotiators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts ;
 Now vain their treaty skill ! Death scorns to treat.

Blair.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel tyrant,
 With all his guards of tools and power about him,
 Is meditating new, unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.—*Blair.*

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
 Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
 Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
 Erewhile that stood aloof as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interposing rock had split.—*Blair.*

1601. GRAVE: the great reconciler.

THE reconciling grave
 Swallows distinction first, that made us foes,
 That all alike lie down in peace together.

Southern.

No prisoners there, enforced by torments, cry ;
 But fearless by their old tormentors lie.—*Sandys.*

1602. GRAVES: of children.

THERE'S many an empty cradle,
 There's many an empty bed,
 There's many a lonesome bosom,
 Whose joy and light have fled ;
 For thick in every graveyard
 The little hillocks lie,—
 And every hillock represents
 An angel in the sky.

1603. GREAT MEN. Defects of

THE mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate :
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceived fly with the filth away ;

But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day;
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.—*Shakespeare.*

1604. GREAT MEN. Good

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains !
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.
For shame, my friend ! renounce this idle strain !
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heaps of corpses which his sword hath slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man ? Three treasures—love, and
light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Coleridge.

1605. GREAT MEN : not to be envied.

THEY that stand high have many blasts to shake
them ;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Shakespeare.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own ;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Pope.

Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy ;
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.

Young.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast ; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground ;

The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide
And spread the ruin round.

Horace, tr. by Cowper.

1606. GREAT MEN. Homage rendered to

Men are made to bend
Before the mighty, and to follow on
Submissive where the great may lead—the great,
Whose might is not in crowns and palaces,
In parchment rolls or blazon'd heraldry,
But in the power of thought, the energy
Of unsupported mind, whose steady will
No force can daunt, no tangled path divert,
From its right-onward purpose.—*Percival.*

1607. GREAT MEN : often envy the obscure.

O HAPPY man, saith he, that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields !
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life ; that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.—*Daniel.*

1608. GREAT MEN : should be good men.

SINCE, by your greatness, you
Are nearer heaven in place ; be nearer it
In goodness : rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth ; raised by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.

Tournem.

Authority !
Thy worshipp'd symbols round a villain's trunk
Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

Jephson.

1609. GREAT MEN : should use their power gently.

OH, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength : but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—*Shakespeare.*

1610. GREAT MEN : their influence immortal.

THE truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence ! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.

Coleridge.

1611. GREAT MEN: unknown.

THE world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Henry Taylor.

1612. GREATNESS: burdensome.

GREAT wits and valours, like great estates,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights.
Butler.

In care they live, and must for many care;
And such the best and greatest ever are.
Lord Brooke.

Blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.
Daniel.

1613. GREATNESS. Deserved

THESE are they
Deserve their greatness and unenvied stand,
Since what they act transcends what they command.
Denham.

1614. GREATNESS: does not necessarily bring happiness.

O CEREMONY! show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else, but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery?—*Shakespeare.*

I was born with greatness;
I've honours, titles, power, here within:
All vain external greatness I contemn.
Am I the higher for supporting mountains?
The taller for a flatterer's humble bowing?
Have I more room for being throng'd with followers?
The larger soul for having all my thoughts
Fill'd with the lumber of the state affairs?
Honours and riches are all splendid vanities,
They are of chiefest use to fools and knaves.
Crown.

High stations tumults, but not bliss create:
None think the great unhappy but the great.
Young.

Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often in magnific jail
Proud want; a deep, unanimated gloom.
Thomson.

1615. GREATNESS. Enduring

A KING, who by the public mouth was named the
Great,
Was on his station's frailty wont to meditate.

Against all arrogance as a protecting gate
This phrase he oft repeated: 'Only God is great.'
Those words he bade them on the palace wall in-
grain,

Whose fragment columns, crumbling, to this day re-
main.

City and realm are sunk, but travellers relate
You still may read the motto: 'Only God is great.'
Oriental.

1616. GREATNESS: exposes its possessors to hatred.

THE power to give creates us all our foes;
Where many seek for favour, few can find it:
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask;
And disappointed, wonders at repulse;
Wonders awhile, and then sits down in hate.
Frowde.

1617. GREATNESS. Fallen

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my
greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—*Shakespeare.*

1618. GREATNESS. False

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
 And proudly poising what he weighs,
 In his own scale he fondly lays
 Huge heaps of shining ore.
 He spreads the balance wide to hold
 His manors and his farms,
 And cheats the beam with loads of gold
 He hugs between his arms.
 Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
 Croesus himself can never know;
 His true dimensions and his weight
 Are far inferior to their show.
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measured by my soul:
 The mind's the standard of the man.

Watts.

1619. GREATNESS. Influence of place on

'Tis not from whom, but where, we live;
 The place does oft those graces give:
 Great Julius, on the mountain bred,
 A flock perhaps, or herd, had led;
 He that the world subdued had been
 But the best wrestler on the green.—*Waller.*

1620. GREATNESS: is not necessarily excellence.

GREAT

Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,
 Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun, that barren shines.

Milton.

1621. GREATNESS. Perils of

THE slippery tops of human state,
 The gilded pinnacles of fate.—*Cowley.*

1622. GREATNESS. Standard of

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in man has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?'
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.
 Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
 That thou mayst be by kings, or wives of kings;
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;

But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young,
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness! say where greatness lies?
 'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes;
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.—*Pope*

1623. GREATNESS: transient.

WHERE are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then-discover'd globe;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd
 And had not room enough to do its work?—*Blair.*

1624. GREATNESS. True

ALL greatness is in virtue understood;
 'Tis only necessary to be good.—*Dryden.*

The good alone are great!
 When winds the mountain oak assail,
 And lay its glories waste,
 Content may slumber in the vale,
 Unconscious of the blest.
 Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
 The heart, alas! is ne'er at home;
 It hopes in time to roam no more.
 The mariner, not vainly brave,
 Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
 To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state ;
 The good alone have joy sincere,
 The good alone are great !
 Great, when amid the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise ;
 As when along the trophied plain
 Sublime they lead the victor train,
 While shouting nations gaze.—*Beattie.*

1625. GREATNESS : 'Who shall be greatest ?'

THE longing of the restless heart,
 The strife of human will,
 The old dispute of ages since,
 The troubled question still.

But 'Jesus call'd a little child'—
 And such henceforth shall be
 The fittest type of noble souls,
 And highest dignity.

For God's great ones are hidden ones ;
 Who deems himself the least,
 And seeks to fill the lowest room,
 Sits highest at the feast.

Towel-begirt, so nearer God,
 Such cannot stoop to boast ;
 They ask not who shall sit at meat,
 But who shall serve the most.

Unfetter'd in their lowly thoughts,
 They tread a royal road !
 Too meek to seek the praise of men,
 They win the smile of God.

Earth has a loud acclaim for those
 Who hold its laurels dear,
 But heaven is moved to ecstasy
 Over one contrite tear.

For him who seeks to serve is kept
 The welcome and the ring,
 The music of the Father's house—
 'Bring forth the best' for him.

How long the Master's lesson waits
 Unlearn'd, yet plainly given,
 That of His little ones the least
 Is greatest in His heaven.

M. G. Brainard.

1626. GRIEF : a burden.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear ;
 I sit me down and sigh.

O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I.—*Burns.*

1627. GRIEF. Avarice in

WE know
 There oft is found an avarice in grief,
 And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
 Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes
 And pine in solitude.—*Mason.*

1628. GRIEF. Benefit of

NOT all in vain do sorrows here
 Pierce with keen arrows every heart ;
 Lessons divine their lips impart :
 There's balm and blessing in a tear.

The griefs, which every heart may know,
 Which earth is powerless to console,
 May keep the tendrils of the soul
 From taking deeper root below.—*Dewart.*

1629. GRIEF : concealed.

GRIEF conceal'd, like hidden fire, consumes ;
 Which, flaming out, would call in help to quench it.
Denham.

Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds
 Has nought to fear from outward blow :
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss
 Cares little into what abyss.—*Byron.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.
 One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting !
Moore.

1630. GRIEF. Consolation for

YES, thou mayst weep, for Jesus shed
 Such tears as those thou sheddest now,
 When for the living or the dead
 Sorrow lay heavy on His brow.

He sees thee weep, yet doth not blame
 The weakness of thy flesh and heart ;
 Thy human nature is the same
 As that in which He took a part.

He knows its weakness, for He felt
 The crushing power of pain and woe,
 How body, soul, and spirit melt
 And faint beneath the stunning blow.

As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
 Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience ;
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain ;
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
 Cry, sorrow, wag ! and hem when he should groan ;
 Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man — *Shakespeare.*

1646. GRIEF. Unseen

THESE external manners of laments
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
Shakespeare.

1647. GROWTH : heavenward.

THE oak-tree's boughs once touch'd the grass ;
 But every year they grew
 A little farther from the ground,
 And nearer toward the blue.
 So live that you each year may be,
 While time glides softly by,
 A little farther from the earth,
 And nearer to the sky.

1648. GROWTH. True

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make men better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night ;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Jonson.

1649. GROWTH IN GRACE : desired.

OH, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
 And all things else recede ;
 My heart be daily nearer Thee,
 From sin be daily freed !
 Fill me with gladness from above,
 Hold me by strength Divine ;
 Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
 Through my whole being shine !

Make this poor self grow less and less,
 Be Thou my life and aim.
 Oh, make me daily, through Thy grace,
 More worthy of Thy name ;

Daily more fill'd with Thee my heart,
 Daily from self more free ;
 Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
 Of my prayer hearer be !

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
 My every motive move ;
 Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
 My passion and my love !

*Lavater, tr. by Mrs H. B. Smith.*1650. GROWTH IN GRACE : how it is
furthered.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith and love and every grace ;
 Might more of His salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
 And He, I trust, has answer'd prayer .
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favour'd hour
 At once He'd answer my request,
 And by His love's constraining power
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart ;
 And let the angry powers of hell
 Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my woe :
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid them low.

'Lord, why is this ?' I trembling cried ;
 ' Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death ?'
 ' 'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
 ' I answer prayer for grace and faith.

' These inward trials I employ
 From self and pride to set thee free ;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou mayst set thine all in me !'

Newton.

1651. GROWTH IN GRACE. Signs of

THIS did not once so trouble me,
 That better I could not love Thee,
 But now I feel and know,

That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely pray'd at all,
We seem'd enough to pray ;
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our heart reproach'd us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone ;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

1652. GUIDANCE. Divine : ensures our safety.

Press forward and fear not ; the billows may roll,
But the power of Jesus their rage can control ;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumult shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

Press forward and fear not ; though trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge,—whom then shall we fear ?
His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His rod ;
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.

Press forward and fear not ; be strong in the Lord,
In the power of His promise, the truth of His word ;
Through the sea and the desert our pathway may
tend,

But He who hath saved us will save to the end.

Press forward and fear not ; we'll speed on our way ;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay ?
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod ;
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.

1653. GUIDANCE. Divine : is always to be trusted.

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey ;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light ;
When He calls us, why delay ?
They are happy who obey.

1654. GUIDANCE. Divine : sure and wise.

Is it a long way off ?
Oh ! no, a few more years,
A few more bitter tears,—
We shall be there.
Sometimes the way seems long,
Our comforters all go,
Woe follows after woe,
Care after care.

Oh ! brethren dear, how weak,
How faint and weak we are !
Yet Jesus leads us far
Through tangled ways
Into the very heart
Of this dark wilderness,
Where dangers thickest press,
And Satan strays.

But He is strong and wise,
And we, His children blind,
Must trust His thoughtful mind
And tender care.
So gentle is His love,
We may be sure that sight
Would show us all is right,
And answer'd prayer.

'Tis no uncertain way
We tread, for Jesus still
Leads with unerring skill
Where'er we roam ;
And from the desert wild
Soon shall our path emerge,
And land us on the verge
Of our dear home.—E. W.

1655. GUIDANCE. Prayer for

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on :
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on :
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : Remember not past years !

So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !
J. H. Newman.

1656. GUIDANCE. Seeking

To what am I reserved ? Great God,
The counsel of Thy will display ;
Nor let me underneath the load
Of anxious doubt-for ever stay.

Thou seest I cannot journey on
Till Thou the lingering cloud remove,
And make the destined action known,
And lead me by the fire of love.

My every choice, desire, design,
I now implicitly submit ;
My will is fix'd to follow Thine,
And lies indifferent at Thy feet.

Loosed and detach'd, I cease from man ;
Opinions, names, are clean forgot ;
This all my aim, and all my plan,
To do, and be—I know not what.

But wilt Thou not at last appear,
Make darkness light before my face,
And crooked straight, and doubtful clear,
And show, and shine on all my ways ?

Who on Thine only truth depend,
Who Thee mine only Master own ;
To me Thou wilt Thy Spirit send,
And govern me Thyself alone.

Charles Wesley.

1657. GUIDANCE. Trust in Divine

THUS far the Lord has led us, in darkness and in
day,
Through all the varied stages of the narrow home-
ward way ;
Long since He took that journey, He trod that path
alone,
Its trials and its dangers full well Himself hath
known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us ; the promise has not
fail'd,
The enemy encounter'd oft has never quite prevail'd ;
The shield of faith has turn'd aside, or quench'd each
fiery dart,
The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has forced him
to depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us ; the waters have been
high,
But yet in passing through them, we felt that He was
nigh.
A very present helper in troubles we have found,
His comforts most abounded when our sorrows did
abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us ; our need hath been
supplied,
And mercy has encompass'd us about on every side ;
Still falls the daily manna, the pure rock-fountains
flow,
And many flowers of love and hope along the way-
side grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us ; and will He now
forsake
The feeble ones whom for His own it pleased Him
to take ?
Oh, never, never ! earthly friends may cold and
faithless prove,
But His is changeless pity and everlasting love.

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sorrows past,
We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at
last ;
Calmly we look before us,—we fear no future ill,
Enough for safety and for peace, if *Thou* art with us
still.

Yes, 'they that know Thy name, Lord, shall put
their trust in Thee,'
While nothing in themselves but sin and helplessness
they see.
The race Thou hast appointed us, with patience we
can run,
Thou wilt perform unto the end the work Thou hast
begun.

1658. GUIDANCE. Trust in Divine

WHAT though I toil upon the road
With bruised feet,
And burden'd with my weary load—
Am tempest-beat.
Doth not my faith His promise see
More true—more sweet—'He leadeth me' ?

What, that each day my weary sight
 Its weakness learns,
 When over steeps or mountain height
 My life-path turns ?
 Though weak and dimm'd my vision be,
 'Tis He discerns—' He leadeth me.'

* What matter, that through ways which I
 Have never known
 I fain must go, nor question why
 This way is shown ?
 Adown the darksome path I see
 His love alone—' He leadeth me.'

What if when He would safely hold
 My trembling hand,
 I fear to trust ; my Faith grows cold ;
 And e'en would stand
 With doubts beset lest even He
 Should fail ? Ah no—' He leadeth me.'

Ah well. What if some day I stand
 The stream beside,
 That hides us from Hereafter's land
 With mist-hid tide ?
 I know in whom I trust, and He,
 Through waters wide, safe leadeth me.
F. H. Converse.

I know not the way I am going,
 But well do I know my Guide ;
 With a child-like trust I give my hand
 To the mighty Friend by my side.
 The only thing that I say to Him,
 As He takes it, is, ' Hold it fast,
 Suffer me not to lose my way,
 And bring me home at last.'

As when some helpless wanderer,
 Alone in an unknown land,
 Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
 And leaves all else in his hand :
 'Tis home, 'tis home, that we wish to reach ;
 He who guides us may choose the way ;
 Little we heed what path we take,
 If nearer home each day.

1659. GUIDANCE : vouchsafed to Christ's
 servants.

O THOU who by a star didst guide
 The wise men on their way,
 Until it came and stood beside
 The place where Jesus lay ;
 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
 Thy servants now below,
 Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
 Will show them how to go.

As yet we know Thee but in part ;
 But still we trust Thy word,
 That blessed are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour ! give us, then, Thy grace,
 To make us pure in heart ;
 That we may see Thee face to face
 Hereafter, as Thou art.—*Neale.*

1660. GUILT. Beginning of

LET no man trust the first false step
 Of guilt ; it hangs upon a precipice,
 Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.
Young.

To what gulfs
 A single deviation from the track
 Of human duties leads even those who claim
 The homage of mankind as their born due,
 And find it till they forfeit it themselves.
Byron.

He who once sins, like him who slides on ice,
 Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice ;
 Though conscience check him, yet, these rubs gone
 o'er,
 He glides on smoothly and looks back no more.
Juvenal.

1661. GUILT : cannot be concealed.

GUILTINESS
 Will speak though tongues were out of use.
Shakespeare.

1662. GUILT. Effects of

THE guilty mind
 Debases the great image that it wears,
 And levels us with brutes.—*Havard.*

1663. GUILT. Folly of incurring

SINCE thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Shakespeare.

HE that acts unjustly,
 Is the worst rebel to himself, and though now
 Ambition's trumpet and the drum of power
 May drown the sound, yet conscience will, one day,
 Speak louder to him.—*Havard.*

1664. GUILT. Penalties of

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
 Intimidates the brave, degrades the great !—*Johnson.*

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts
 them ;
 But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing
 daunts them.—*Middleton.*

Such is the fate of guilt, to make slaves tools,
And then to make 'em masters—by our secrets.
Havard.

Oh what a state is guilt ! how wild ! how wretched !
When apprehension can form nought but fears,
And we distrust security herself.—*Havard.*

God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor—misery.—*Bryant.*

Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings ; the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.
Rowe.

1665. GUILT. Possibilities of

THERE's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought to approve ;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
Lillo.

1666. GUILT: registered in heaven.

BUT many a crime deem'd innocent on earth,
Is register'd in heaven, and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
Cowper.

1667. GUILT. Signs of

HE swears, but he is sick at heart ;
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale ;
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told : it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to guilt and misery.
Dana.

1668. GUILT. Terrors and torments of

WHAT a state is guilt,
When everything alarms it ! like a sentinel
Who sleeps upon his watch, it wakes in dread,
Ev'n at a breath of wind.—*Havard.*

'Tis guilt alone
Like brain-sick phrenzy, in its feverish mood,
Fills the light air with visionary terrors,
And shapeless forms of fear.—*Francis.*

Money answers everything
But a guilty conscience' sting,
Whose immortal torments are
Quite unsupportable to bear.
Nor the silver of Peru,
Nor the wealth the East doth show,

Nor the softest bed of down,
Nor the jewels of a crown,
Can give unto the mind a power
To bear its twinges half an hour.—*Walcott.*

And oh ! that pang where more than madness lies !
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies ;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light ;
That winds around and tears the quivering heart :
Ah ! wherefore not consume it and depart.—*Byron.*

From the body of one guilty deed
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts
proceed.—*Wordsworth.*

1669. GUILT. Timidity of

GUILT is a timorous thing, ere perpetration :
Despair alone makes guilty men be bold.
Coleridge.

1670. HABIT. Slaves of

THE slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.
And such an age as ours balks no expense,
Except of caution and of common sense.—*Cowper.*

1671. HABITS. Change of

HABITUAL evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass and many sorrows ;
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere Virtue can resume the place she lost.—*Rowe.*

1672. HABITS. Evil

WHEN at first from virtue's path we stray
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay !
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and scar'd the dreary wild we tread ;
Behold the gaping gulf of sin with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.
J. Scott.

1673. HABITS. Growth of

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Shakespeare.

We are not worst at once ; the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,

An infant's hand might stop the breach with clay ;
But let the stream grow wider, and Philosophy,
Ay, and Religion too, may strive in vain
To stem the headlong current.

1674. HABITS. Holy

SLOWLY fashion'd, link by link,
Slowly waxing strong,
Till the spirit never shrink,
Save from touch of wrong.

Holy habits are thy wealth,
Golden pleasant chains ;
Passing earth's prime blessing—health,
Endless, priceless gains.

Holy habits give thee place
With the noblest, best,
All most god-like, of thy race,
And with seraphs blest.

Holy habits are thy joy,
Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Yielding good without alloy,
Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn,
Seek them noon and even ;
Seek them till thy soul be born
Without stains—in heaven.—*Davis.*

1675. HAIRS. Grey

THESE hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray ;
They be of death the harbingers
That do prepare and dress the way :
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hair to be.—*Lord Vaux.*

The great in honour are not always wise,
Nor judgment under silver tresses lies.—*Sandys.*

1676. HALF-VIEWS: deceptive.

LOOK up ! the moon to-night
Shows us but half her light,
And yet we know her round and fair.
At other things how oft
We, in our blindness, scoff'd,
Because we saw not what was there !

1677. HAND. The

THE Hand,—what wondrous Wisdom plann'd
This instrument so near divine !
How impotent, without the Hand,
Proud Reason's light would shine !

Invention might her power apply,
And Genius see the forms of heaven,—
And firm Resolve his strength might try ;—
But vain the Will, the Soul, the Eye,
Unquarried would the marble lie,
The oak and cedar flout the sky,
Had not the hand been given !—*Mrs Hale.*

1678. HAPPINESS. Aiming for

To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous
and evil ;
In earth, yea, in heaven, if thou seek it for thyself,
seeking thou shalt not find.
Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the high-
ways of Usefulness ;
Pluck'd, it shall wither in thy hand ; pass'd by, it is
a fragrance to thy spirit ;
Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet ; be useful, and
be happy.—*Thupper.*

1679. HAPPINESS. by whom it is found.

How happy is he, born or taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice : who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a chosen book, or friend.

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.—*Wotton.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own :
He who secure within can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Dryden.

1680. HAPPINESS : by whom it is found.

THIS earthly phantom, Happiness, what is she?
Of whom we hear so much and see so little,
Whose promises are made but to be broken,
Yet constantly and eagerly believed.
Anticipation is her chosen herald,
And Disappointment is her close companion :
The first addresses our imagination
That *would* believe : the latter scornful frowns
On our experience that *must* believe.
In self-denying wisdom, Socrates—
In pleasure, Aristippus—follow'd her,
Yet found her not. Warn'd by their failure,
The Stoic thought by slandering to obtain her—
By shunning her to win her—all in vain.
She is deceitful as the dreaded calm
Foreboding hurricanes ; and fair she is
As is the smiling daughter of the storm,
The rainbow ; but like the desert mirage,
She tantalizes us with rosy pictures
That distance paints, and nearer view destroys.
Yet often she is found when all unsought,
And often, unexpected, visits us,
While those who seek for her with closest search
Fail—because they seek her where she is not.

Rapt Antony in reckless love pursued her,
Brutus in glory, Cæsar in dominion :
The first found shame, the next satiety,
The last ingratitude—and all destruction.

To some she is more kind, but not less cruel ;
She hands them her full cup, and then they drink
To stupefaction ; till they, nodding, doubt
If they be men—like aggrandizing Philip ;
Or dream that they are gods—like Alexander.

On some she smiles, as on Napoleon,
With aspect more bewitching than the sky
Of radiant Italy ; but 'tis to frown
More terribly, and by one short caress
To multiply the pangs of separation.

Revenge, Ambition, Avarice, and Love
All seek her, but she will not come to them
Because she does not know them ; but she sends
Her messengers attendant. To Revenge
She sends Remorse, and Wealth to Avarice ;
To Ambition Power, and Jealousy to Love.
But what are these but names for Disappointment ?

None bid so high for her as crown'd kings ;
Few more willing, none more able, to obtain
Her favours at the fullest price, but she
Has less respect for kings than for their subjects :
She mocks them with the shadow of a visit,
By sending to them all her equipage,
Her pomp and train, but comes not near herself.

Then what detains her? She is meekly serving
The man of conscience pure and soul content,
Who 'places not his trust in men or princes,'
But has laid his treasures in the Eternal World,
'Where moth nor rust corrupts, nor thieves break
through and steal.'—*D. C. Macdonald.*

1681. HAPPINESS. Caution of

How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
Know, smiler ! at thy peril thou art pleased :
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure ;
And in its favours formidable too :
Its favours here are trials, not rewards ;
A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
And should alarm us full as much as woes ;
Awake us to their cause and consequence ;
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them : nay, invert
To worse than simple misery their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness : beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Young.

1682. HAPPINESS. Christian

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who spreads His arms and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine ! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
'Go, worthless world,' I cry, 'with all that's thine ;
Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.'

The good I have is from His store supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
With Him my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possess'd.
Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,—
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen :
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines,

Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
All may depart,—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

Lyte.

1683. HAPPINESS. Conditions of

MAN's greatest strength is shown in standing still. . .
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports :
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true,
The true is fix'd and solid as a rock :
Slippery the false, and tossing as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain :
That, like the fabled self-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight ;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition ; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself. . . .
Then, envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.—*Young.*

1684. HAPPINESS : denied to the bad.

GRANT the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Pope.

1685. HAPPINESS. Domestic

DOMESTIC Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall !
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee ! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of Virtue ; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Cowper.

1686. HAPPINESS. Enduring

THAT happiness does still the longest thrive
Where joys and grief have turns alternative.
Herrick.

1687. HAPPINESS. Example of

HE is the happy man whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace the
fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.

Cowper.

1688. HAPPINESS. Excessive

MY plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—*Shakespeare.*

1689. HAPPINESS. Gauge of

THE Greeks said grandly, in their tragic phrase,
'Let no one be call'd happy till his death.'
To which I add, Let no one till his death
Be call'd unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out, and the labour done ;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant ; affect no compromise ;
And, in that we have nobly striven, at least
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honour us with truth, if not with praise.

E. B. Browning.

1690. HAPPINESS. Haunts of

TRUE Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went, with justice went,
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fann'd ; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left ;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish,—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
Pollak.

1691. HAPPINESS. Hours of

FROM the sad years of life
We sometimes do short hours, yea, minutes, strike,
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten,
Which, through the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.
Joanna Baillie.

1692. HAPPINESS : how it is to be won.

I SEE there's no man but may make his paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage

Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't ;
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
Is still in paradise.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

The happy have whole days, and those they use ;
Th' unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.
Dryden.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone ;
And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Pope.

The mind that would be happy must be great. . . .
Great in its wishes—great in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend,
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass makes a man of worth. . . .
Divine contemplate, and become divine.

As man was made for glory and for bliss,
All littleness is an approach to woe. . . .
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood—let in happiness ;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing up to God . . . which makes a man !

Young.

No man is bless'd by accident or guess :
True wisdom is the price of happiness.

Young.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low ;
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.—*Swain.*

Rapture is not the aim of man ; in bowers
The serpent hides his venom, and the sting
Of the dread insect lurks in fairest flowers.
We were not made to wander on the wing ;
But if we would be happy, we must bring
Our buoy'd hearts to a plain and simple school.

Percival.

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.—*Somerville.*

1693. HAPPINESS : in what it consists.

We toss and turn about our feverish will,
When all our ease must come by lying still ;
For all the happiness mankind can gain,
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

Dryden.

No happiness can be where is no rest ;
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of man is only blest.
Dryden.

1694. HAPPINESS. King's idea of

King Henry. O GOD ! methinks it were a happy
life,

To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run ;
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?

Shakespeare.

1695. HAPPINESS : more precious than gold.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason thine ?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine ?
Wisdom to gold prefer ; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.—*Young.*

1696. HAPPINESS : never found on earth.

HAPPINESS, object of that waking dream
Which we call life, mistaking ; fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made.—*Prior.*

We happiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain :
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day by pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
Dashing our rising hopes with certain ill,
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destined which we fancy free.

Prior.

It is ever thus with happiness :
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes.—*Proctor.*

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.—*Byron.*

True happiness is not the growth of earth ;
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there ;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of Paradise ! its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould ;
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold.
Sheridan.

1697. HAPPINESS : not necessarily the portion
of the gifted.

TELL me no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts ! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?
Have I not loved, and striven, and fail'd to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affection ? I depart
Unknown, though Fame goes with me ; I must leave
The earth unknown.—*Mrs Hemans.*

1698. HAPPINESS : outlived.

THEY live too long, who happiness outlive :
For life and death are things indifferent ;
Each to be chose, as either brings content.
Dryden.

1699. HAPPINESS. Price of

How cheap
Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit !
We fancy wants, which to supply we dare
Danger and death, enduring the privation
Of all free nature offers in her bounty,
To attain that, which, in its full fruition,
Brings but satiety. The poorest man
May taste of nature in her element,
Pure, wholesome, never cloying ; while the richest,
From the same stores, does but elaborate
A pungent dish of well-concocted poison.—*Barker.*

1700. HAPPINESS. Quest of

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more ?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest ?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd,—'No.'
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favoured spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies ?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer,—'No.'

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace ;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot ?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—'No.'

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death ?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd—'Yes, in
heaven !'—*Mackay.*

1701. HAPPINESS. Quest of

OUR aim is happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live :
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flowery path of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
Armstrong.

O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts where proud ambition towers.
Shenstone.

1702. HAPPINESS : soon leaves us.

HAPPINESS is a stranger to mankind,
And, like to a forced motion, it is ever

Strongest at the beginning ; then languishing
With time, grows weary of our company.

Tuke.

1703. HAPPINESS: springs from within.

ALL the good we have rests in the mind ;
By whose proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of ourselves, and of our powers ;
And that all happiness remains confined
Within the kingdom of this breast of ours.

Daniel.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.—*Cotton.*

E'en not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind ;
Where Judgment sits, clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze ;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
His fairest scenes and bolder figures rise ;
Where social Love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand ;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.—*Thomson.*

Ah, yes, Philosopher, thy creed is true !
'Tis our own eyes that give the rainbow's hue ;
What we call MATTER in this outer earth,
Takes from our senses, those warm dupes, its birth.
How fair, to sinless Adam, Eden smiled !
But sin brought tears, and Eden was a wild !
Man's soul is as an everlasting dream,
Glassing life's fictions on a phantom stream :
To-day, in glory all the world is clad—
Wherefore, O Man?—because thy heart is glad !
To-morrow, and the self-same scene survey—
The same ! Oh ! no—the pomp hath pass'd away !
Wherefore the change ? *Within*, go ask reply—
Thy heart hath given its winter to the sky !
Vainly the world revolves upon its pole ;
Light—Darkness—Seasons—these are in the soul !
Bulwer Lytton.

1704. HAPPINESS. Theories of

O HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !
Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name ;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh
For which we bear to live or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.

Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
Where grows?—where grows it not ? If vain our
toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere :
'Tis never to be bought, but always free.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? The learn'd are
blind ;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these :
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess even virtue vain !
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall—
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.—*Pope.*

1705. HAPPINESS. Trustful

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour

All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour ;
All, all is well !
Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the Hand stretch'd forth to shield us ;
All must be well !

Though we pass through tribulation,

All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well !
Happy, still in God abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well !

We expect a bright to-morrow,

All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well !

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,

All must be well !—*Mary Bowly.*

1706. HAPPINESS : uncertain.

HAPPY are those,
That knowing in their births they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepared and arm'd
For either fortune : a rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in wisdom's school.

Massinger.

What thing so good which not some harm may
bring?

E'en to be happy is a dangerous thing.

Earl of Stirling.

Over all men hangs a doubtful fate :
One gains by what another is bereft ;
The frugal deities have only left
A common bank of happiness below,
Maintain'd, like nature, by an ebb and flow.

Howard.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.—*Addison.*

1707. HAPPINESS. Unexpected

'Tis with our souls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness
Are dazzled at th' approach of sudden light ;
When in the midst of fears we are surprised
With unexpected happiness, the first
Degrees of joy are mere astonishment.

Denham.

1708. HAPPINESS. Virtue and

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'Virtue alone is happiness below ;'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only merit constant pay receives ;
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives ;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain ;
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :
Good from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired :
Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected while another's bless'd :
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find :

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God :
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul.
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find.)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.—*Pope.*

1709. HARVEST. Spiritual

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long ;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves ;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.—*Burgas.*

1710. HARVEST : Thanksgiving Hymn.

LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd :
Our thanks we pay
This holy day ;
Oh let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If Summer warms the fruitful earth ;

When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain ;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King ;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest ! all is Thine !
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground !
The skill that makes our fruits abound !
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound !

Gurney.

1711. HARVEST : Thanksgiving Hymn.

GOD of the swiftly-rolling year !
Thy bounties lie on every hand ;
How rich Thy varied gifts appear
While 'neath the Autumn skies we stand.
With countless sheaves of golden grain
The joyful reapers strew the plain.

Pensile from every drooping bough,
Fair in the sunlight's ruddy glow,
The ripening fruits are bending now :
From lavish Hand our blessings flow.
Through day and night, 'mid heat and cold,
Still swells the marvellous sum untold.

Spring sent a thrill of dawning life
Through every root and branch and spray ;
All Nature woke with beauty rife,
As to a new-created day.
Song fill'd the air,—from every tree
Were wafted strains of melody.

The flowers sprang blooming at our feet,
Earth's fruits matured 'neath sun and shower ;
With thankful heart our lips repeat
God's goodness to this latest hour.
Oh lift to Him each voice in praise,
Whose bounteous Love hath crown'd our days !
E. V. S.

1712. HARVEST : Thanksgiving Hymn.

THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice ;

The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Garden and orchard ground
Autumnal fruits have crown'd,
The vintage glows ;
Here plenty pours her horn,
There the full tide of corn,
Sway'd by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done ;—
Would'st thou be fed ?
Man to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst plough—
God sends thee bread.

Thy few seeds scatter'd wide,
His hand hath multiplied ;
Here thou may'st find
Christ's miracle renew'd,
With self-producing food
He feeds a multitude—
He feeds mankind.

The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along ;
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

Yes, bless His holy Name,
And your soul's thanks proclaim
Through all the earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely ; but be not
His benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.—*Montgomery.*

1713. HARVEST. Thoughts for the

WITH throbbing heart and tearful eye
I watch'd the spring-time fleeting by.

I saw the snow-drop at its birth
Felled, by spears of rain, to earth ;

The iris burst her emerald sheath,
And show the amethyst beneath ;

The painted tulip fade and close
Before the glory of the rose ;

And now, down fields of sunburnt grass
I see the withering rose-leaves pass ;

And night by night, and day by day,
The life of summer ebbs away.

I see the granaries overflow,
The mellowing orchards bending low.

O God ! my heart in awe and fear
Looks back upon thy perfect year.

Thy bounty covers all the lands ;
I lift in prayer my empty hands.

Of all the summer of my life
The harvest is but sin and strife.

Oh ! could these tears, like April rain,
Make moist my heart's hard soil again,

And stir the seeds which Thou didst sow,
Oh ! never should they cease to flow.

Could prayer but melt this ice away,
Oh ! never would I cease to pray,

Till thou in mercy, Lord, didst bring
Into my soul a second spring.

Oh ! then what rich reward and sweet
To lay its harvest at thy feet.

Katherine Saunders.

And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have pass'd within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

T. B. Read.

1714. HATRED : a crime.

BLUNTED unto goodness is the heart which anger
never stirreth,
But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve out
evil.

Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the
just,

The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the
prerogatives of virtue ;

But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the
bad man's breast,

A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving insatiate.
Hatred would harm another ; anger would indulge
itself :

Hatred is a simmering poison ; anger, the opening of
the valve :

Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree ; anger smiteth as
a staff :

Hatred is the atmosphere of hell, but anger is known
in heaven.—*Tupper.*

1715. HATRED. Cure of

Is he not sailing,

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not
guided

By the same star that guides thee ? Why should'st
thou hate, then, thy brother ?

Hateth he thee ? Forgive ! For 'tis sweet to stam-
mer one letter

Of the Eternal's language ; on earth it is call'd *for-
giveness*.—*Tegner.*

1716. HEALTH : essential to happiness.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest !

For the short term by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest !

For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great ;

Whatever sweets we hope to find
In Love's delightful snare ;

Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,
Whatever pause from care :

All flourish at thy smile divine ;
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts,
With thee approaches and departs.

Bland, from Alciphron.

Slow wandering on the margin of the deep,
I breathe the cheering gale of health once more ;
And see the billows gently dash the steep,
That rears its bold head on the sandy shore.

Fresh looks the landscape with the dews of dawn ;
A bluish mist swims o'er the soften'd grove ;
The wanton deer bound lightly o'er the lawn,
And every copse resounds with notes of love.

The village-clocks proclaim the passing hour ;
The tall spires glitter to the early sun ;
The ploughman, whistling, quits his low-roof'd
bower,
And now his peaceful labour is begun.

Yet not this ocean, cheer'd with many a sail,
Nor all these rural sounds, and pastures fair,
To solace worn disease could aught avail,
Or from his bosom chase the clouds of care.

The merry morn no rapture could impart,
Nor converse sweet of friends his hours beguile ;
In vain could beauty warm his aching heart,
Or on his cold wan cheek awake a smile.

Yet oft we slight thy worth, O blessed Health !
Poor mortals as we are, till thou art flown ;
And thy sweet joys, more dear than fame or wealth,
Touch not our hearts, but pass unfelt, unknown.

The joys, without whose aid whate'er of blest,
Or great, or fair, the heavens to man ordain,
Is dull and tasteless to the unthankful breast,
Love loveless, youth old age, and pleasure pain.

Hamley.

1717. HEALTH. Ingredients of

THE common ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.—*Sidney.*

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.

Churchill.

My body is from all diseases free ;
My temperate pulse does regularly beat.

Dryden.

1718. HEALTH : rarely enjoyed.

THERE is no health : physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality.—*Donne.*

1719. HEALTH : uncertain.

WHAT is life?—like a flower, with the bane in its
bosom,
To-day, full of promise, to-morrow it dies !
And health, like the dew-drop that hung on its
blossom,
Survives but a night, and exhales to the skies ;
How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk !
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest,
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work !

Beattie.

1720. HEARERS : how they invert the truth.

WHAT use the preacher's truth and earnest exhorta-
tion ?

The hearer makes thereof inverted application.
A miser listen'd once to a discourse most moving,
The habit of unstinted charity approving.
He said : 'I never was before so much affected :
How beautiful is charity when well directed !
So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving,
At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living.'

Oriental.

1721. HEARING. Mystery of

THY functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision ! And a spirit aerial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind ;
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave ;

Strict passage through which sighs are brought,
And whispers for the heart their slave ;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh ; and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair ;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiems answer'd by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats !—*Wordsworth.*

1722. HEARING. Sense of

THIS is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense !
For even the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence ;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.
And though this sense first gentle music sound,
Her proper object is the speech of men ;
But that speech, chiefly, which God's heralds sound,
When their tongues utter what His Spirit wrote.

Davies.

1723. HEART : a camera obscura.

WE, in the dark chamber of the heart,
Sitting alone, see the world tabled to us ;
And the world wonders how recluses know
So much, and most of all, how we know them.
It is they who paint themselves upon our hearts
In their own lights and darknesses, not we.

Bailey.

1724. HEART. Activity of the

A MILLSTONE and the human heart are driven ever
round ;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must them-
selves be ground.

Von Logau, tr. by Longfellow.

1725. HEART. Breaking a

WHEN other things are broken, they are nothing
worth,
Unless it be to some old Jew or some repairer ;
But hearts, the more they're bruised and broken here
on earth,
In heaven are so much the costlier and the fairer.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1726. HEART. Burying a

THOU know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day :
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away ;

And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.—*Aytoun.*

1727. HEART. Calls to the
Who calleth thee, Heart? World's Strife,
With a golden heft to his knife:
World's Mirth, with a finger fine
That draws on a board in wine
Her blood-red plans of life:
World's Gain, with a brow knit down:
World's Fame, with a laurel crown,
Which rustles most as the leaves turn brown—
Heart, wilt thou go?
—'No, no!
Calm hearts are wiser so.'

Howbeit all is not lost:
The warm noon ends in frost,
The worldly tongues of promise,
Like sheep-bells die off from us
On the desert hills cloud-cross'd!
Yet, through the silence, shall
Pierce the death-angel's call,
And 'Come up hither,' recover all.
Heart, wilt thou go?
—'I go!
Broken hearts triumph so.'

E. B. Browning.

1728. HEART. Consecration of the
'HAD I a thousand hearts, I'd raise
Them all in my Redeemer's praise,'
We sometimes cry;
And still we find it hard to give
Our one poor offering, and live
As He were by!
O purest, truest, boundless love!
Worthy of Him who reigns above,—
Our heavenly Guide!
He takes the heart we fain would give,
He deigns in it Himself to live,
With us to 'bide.
Tune, Lord, this heart as 'twere a lyre
Of heavenly make, till every wire
And every chord
Wake but one strain—one deepest thrill,
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still,—
Love to my Lord.
Louisa von Flottenbaus.

1729. HEART. Contents of the
I'll introduce thee to a single heart;
A human heart; we enter not the worst;

But one by God's renewing Spirit touch'd;
A Christian heart, awaked from sleep of sin.
What seest thou here? what mark'st? observe it
well—

Will, passion, reason, hopes, fears, joy, distress,
Peace, turbulence, simplicity, deceit,
Good, ill, corruption, immortality.
A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends; the dwelling-place of all
The heavenly virtues—charity and truth,
Humility, and holiness, and love,
And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust;
Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft with hell;
A soldier listed in Messiah's band,
Yet giving quarter to Abaddon's troops:
With seraphs drinking from the well of life,
And yet carousing in the cup of death;
An heir of heaven, and walking thitherward,
Yet casting back a covetous eye on earth:
Emblem of strength and weakness; loving now,
And now abhorring sin; indulging now,
And now repenting sore; rejoicing now
With joy unspeakable, and full of glory;
Now weeping bitterly, and clothed in dust.
A man willing to do, and doing not;
Doing, and willing not; embracing what
He hates, what most he loves abandoning.
Half saint, and sinner half—half life, half death;
Commixture strange of Heaven, and Earth, and
Hell!

What seest thou here? what mark'st? a battle-
field—
Two banners spread; two dreadful fronts of war
In shock of opposition fierce engaged—
God, angels, saw whole empires rise in arms;
Saw kings exalted; heard them tumbled down,
And others raised, and heeded not; but here
God, angels, look'd; God, angels, fought; and Hell
With all his legions fought: here error fought
With truth; with darkness light; and life with
death:
And here not kingdoms, reputations, worlds,
Were won; the strife was for eternity;
The victory was never-ending bliss;
The badge, a chaplet from the tree of life.—*Pollok.*

1730. HEART. Darkness in the
Festus. SOME seem to live,
Whose hearts are like those unenlighten'd stars
Of the first darkness—lifeless, timeless, useless—
With nothing but a cold night air about them;
Not suns—not planets—darkness organized;
Orbs of a desert darkness, with no soul
To light its watch-fire in the wilderness,

And civilize the solitude one moment.
There are such seemingly ; but how or why
They live I know not. This to me is life :
That if life be a burden, I will join
To make it but the burden of a song.—*Bailey.*

1731. HEART. Depravity of the

LORD, when we search the human heart,
We find a fallen world within ;
There is no health in any part,
Sin reigns throughout, and death by sin.

Large provinces are pagan still,
Where other lords dominion share ;
Idols of mind, affection, will,
The power of darkness triumphs there.

Here, the false prophet's wild domains,
Where lust, and cruelty, and hate,
With baleful passions fire the veins,
And seal the conscience up in fate.

'Midst all the stubborn, stiff-neck'd Jew,
Blind, like his kindred prone to roam,
Denies the Saviour whom he slew,
Mammon his God, and earth his home.

I know a bosom, which within
Contains the world's sad counterpart ;
'Tis here,—the reign of death and sin ;
O God ! evangelize my heart !

Then will I strive, through earth's whole round,
Thy name, Thy knowledge to diffuse ;
And send the Gospel's joyful sound
To pagans, infidels, and Jews.

James Montgomery.

1732. HEART: determines the moral quality of
our actions.

ALL our actions take
Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.—*Bacon.*

1733. HEART. Germs in the

A YOUNG maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs,
Hid by the cunning hand of Nature there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season ;
And though the love of home first breaks the soil,
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow.
While that one fades, as summer's lush of bloom
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.
Maids must be wives and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.

Frances Anne Kemble.

1734. HEART. God's love for the

WITH God 'tis one
To guide a sunbeam or create a sun—
To rule ten thousand thousand worlds or none.
Go, worlds ! said God, but learn, ere ye depart,
My favour'd temple is an humble heart ;
Therein to dwell I leave my loftiest skies—
There shall my holy of all holies rise !—*Bailey.*

1735. HEART. Highway of the

A WRETCHED thing it were, to have our heart
Like a broad highway or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause, or pass on, as in an open mart ;
Or like some roadside pool, which no nice art
Has guarded, that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it can give back no part.
But keep thou thine a holy solitude,
For He who would walk there, would walk alone ;
He who would drink there, must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own ;
Keep thou thine heart, close-fasten'd, unreveal'd,
A fenced garden and a fountain seal'd.—*Trench.*

1736. HEART. Influence of the

'Tis Home where'er the heart is :
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Throng'd haunts or mossy dell ;
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is ;
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert spring.
There are green isles in each ocean,
O'er which affection glides ;
And a haven on each shore,
When love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is ;
Nor chains, nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirings,
The spirit's pealing hymn !
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power,
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

1737. HEART. Judging the

WHO made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.—*Burns*.

1738. HEART. Music in the

THERE are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holier strain repeat.
K'ble.

1739. HEART: out of tune.

BIRD, blossom, branch, and stream,
All quiet as the air;
And lying as in a dream,
Earth seemeth passing fair.
Oh, what a hymn divine
Breathes from this golden noon;
Only this heart of mine
Is beating out of tune.

1740. HEART: should be the supreme object of care.

I CARE not, so my kernel relish well,
How slender be the substance of my shell;
My heart being virtuous, let my face be wan,
I am to God, I only seem to man.—*Quarles*.

1741. HEART. Soil of the

HAST thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had—
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees
A paradise of mysteries—
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?
These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts; culture's hand
Has scatter'd verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurp'd the scene.
And such is man. A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds:

Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite:
Just as his heart is train'd to bear
The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.—*Bowring*.

1742. HEART. Stillness in the

MY heart is like the sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by,
Who dip their wings, and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.—*Willis*.

1743. HEART. Storms in the

THE ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;
The ocean, lash'd to fury loud,
Its high waves mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
To passion's dark and boundless sea.
There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
When storms are warring in the breast;
There is no moment of repose
In bosoms lash'd by hidden woes.
Eastburn.

1744. HEART: the fountain of feeling.

I AM not old—though Time has set
His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now;—
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening sky.
Benjamin.

1745. HEART. Weakness of the

WHICH is the weakest thing of all
Mine heart can ponder;
The sun a little cloud can pall
With darkness yonder,—
The cloud a little wind can move
Where'er it listeth,—
The wind, a little leaf above,
Though sere, resisteth?
What time that yellow leaf was green,
My days were gladder;
But now, whatever Spring may mean,
I must grow sadder.

Ah me! a leaf with sighs can wring
My lips asunder—
Then is mine heart the weakest thing
Itself can ponder.

Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined
And drop together,
And at a blast which is not wind
The forests wither,
Thou from the darkening, deathly curse,
To glory breakest—
The Strongest of the universe
Guarding the weakest!—*E. B. Browning.*

1746. HEATHENISM. Gods of

APOLLYON, Baalim, Beelzebub,
Bel, Dagon, Chemosh, Nisroch, Arioch,
Merodach, Moloch, these and countless more,
With hosts of spirits subordinate to each,
They to their princedoms, these to Satan bound,
Ranged in imperious tyranny abroad,
And chose their various realms as liked them best,
And parcell'd out the kingdoms of the world
Amongst them as their rightful heritage.
Each region had its dynasty of gods:
Primeval Asshur hers, whose altars blazed
Upon the plains of Shinar: Persia hers,
Beside her founts of liquid fire: and where
The mighty Indus rolls its tide of wealth,
Innumerable shrines, sparkling with gems,
Studded the odorous banks. But none like Greece
Could boast its names of graceful deities
For every fountain, and for every breeze,
For every stream, and wood, and ocean shore,
For night and day, for sunshine, and for storm,
For every changeful phase of Nature's moods,
For every passion of the human heart,
For wine, for war, for laughter, and for tears,
For nuptial dances, and for funeral dirge,
For all things from the cradle to the grave,
And past the grave in Hades—over all
Were gods, or goddesses, or demigods,
Sylphs, nymphs, fawns, muses, graces president;
For here the sevenfold power of Ashtaroth,
Encamping with his liminary hosts,
First fix'd his seat, in after years removed
Where Tiber rolls beneath the walls of Rome.

Bickersteth.

1747. HEAVEN. Attractions of

THOUGH earth has still many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
Is the hope of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
In the land which no mortal may know.

There the water of life, bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on and for ever will flow;
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.—*Barton.*

1748. HEAVEN. A year in

ONE year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been.
One year has heaven's white portal shut back the
sound of sin;
And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating down
from thee,
To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven may
be.

Our hearts before it listen—the beautiful closed gate:
The silence yearns around us: we listen and we wait.
It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies bloom;
In thine immortal garland canst find for these no
room?

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us
here:
Now from the heights of heaven seems earth no
longer dear?
We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state
afar,
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and distant
star.

Heaven is but life made richer; therein can be no
loss:
To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to
cross:
No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen;
A veil before us only:—thou hast the light serene.

That veil twixt earth and heaven a breath might
waft aside;
We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear
Guide:

Pass'd into open vision, out of our mist and rain,
Thou seest how sorrow blossoms, how peace is won
from pain.

And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep calm of
bliss,
To say of earth, ' Beloved, how beautiful it is !
The lilies in this splendour—the green leaves in this
dew ;
Oh earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed
anew ! '

Because we know thee near us, and nearer still to
Him

Who fills the cup of being with glory to the brim,
We will not stain with grieving our fair, though
fainter light,

But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and
go,

Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow,
Hearing, from that sweet country where blighting
never came,

Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and heaven
the same.—*Lucy Larcom.*

1749. HEAVEN. Blessedness of

THREE happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our
joys !

There light or shade succeed no more by turns,
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

Watts.

1750. HEAVEN. Certainty of

THERE is a heaven :

This shred of life cannot be all the web
Nature hath wrought to govern divine spirits ;
There is a heaven, because there's misery.

The Divine Power, ever blest and good,
Made not the world for an ill-natured jest,
To sport Himself in pains of those He made.

Crown.

1751. HEAVEN : cloudless.

No shadows yonder !
All light and song :
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng ?

No weeping yonder !
All fled away ;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder !
Time and space never
Again shall sunder ;
Hearts cannot sever ;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp for ever.

None wanting yonder,
Bought by the Lamb !
All gather'd under
The evergreen palm ;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.—*Bonar.*

1752. HEAVEN. Degrees in

If loftier posts superior state declare ;
More virtuous acts if ampler meeds requite ;
If brightest crowns on noblest prowess light,
And well-sown fields a fuller harvest bear ;
If thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers there are,
Which God's inferior hosts excel in might ;
If day's bright orb outshine the lamp of night,
And Hesper's radiance the remotest star :
Then shall the younger brethren of the sky,
If right I scan the records of their fate,
In varied ranks of social harmony
God's mount encircle. Glorious is the state
E'en of the lowest there : but seats more nigh
The Sovereign's throne His greater servants wait.

Mant.

1753. HEAVEN. Delights of

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

Prepare us, Lord, by grace Divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.—*Anne Steele.*

1754. HEAVEN : desired.

I WOULD I were at last at home,
And all earth's trials overcome ;
At home in that calm, happy place
Where I shall see God face to face !
Then thither, Heart, for refuge flee,
Where angel-hosts are waiting thee.
If earth for thee be only gloom,
Thou wilt but get the sooner home.
A thousand years are as a day,
For weariness hath there no sway.
Repent thy sins, prepare for home,
To-morrow may the Voice say, Come.
Farewell, O World, now home I fare ;
God guide all true hearts safely there !
Henry of Loufenburg.

1755. HEAVEN. Desiring

LET me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest ;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared His people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell for evermore ;
I would join the friends that wait me,
Over on the other shore.
Let me go ; 'tis Jesus calls me ;
Let me gain the realms of day ;
Bear me over, angel pinions ;
Longs my soul to be away.

Let me go where none are weary—
Where is raised no wail of woe ;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart ; I cannot stay.

Let me go ; why should I tarry ?
What has earth to bind me here ?
What but cares and toils and sorrows ?
What but death and pain and fear ?
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd,
Blasted round me often lie.
Oh ! I've gather'd brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

Let me go where tears and sighing
Are for evermore unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

Let me go, oh ! speed my journey,
Saints and seraphs lure away,
Oh ! I almost feel the raptures
That belong to endless day.
Oft methinks I hear the singing
That is only heard above ;
Let me go, oh ! speed my going,
Let me go where all is love.
L. Hartough.

1756. HEAVEN. Emblems of

THE bright and beautiful we here behold
Are only shadows of sublimer things,
Stretching themselves across the vale of time ;
They are but drift-weed from the grander shores
Of Immortality, for which our hearts
Pant in our calmer moods, when moon, or stars,
Still sea, or golden clouds arrest our gaze.
The sunbeams lift our thoughts to heaven, just as
They draw the dew-drops from the earth, and weave
Them into drapery for the sky. The mountains,
Too, are steps that bid us climb to heights far
Loftier than their proudest summits reach,
Or eagle's wing hath touch'd. The very flowers
That fade do prophesy of deathless bloom
In yon fair world, where summer never ends.

1757. HEAVEN. Epitome of

ZION is our home ;
Jerusalem, the city of our God.
O happy home ! O happy children here !
O blissful mansions of our Father's house !
O walks surpassing Eden for delight !
Here are the harvests reap'd once sown in tears ;
Here is the rest by ministry enhanced ;
Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven,
Riches of glory incorruptible,

Crowns, amaranthine crowns of victory,
The voice of harpers harping on their harps,
The anthems of the holy cherubim,
The crystal river of the Spirit's joy,
The Bridal palace of the Prince of Peace,
The Holiest of Holies—God is here.—*Bickersteth.*

1758. HEAVEN. Esteeming

WHAT a poor value do men set on heaven !
Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty ; and all this not subject to
The waste of time ; but in their height eternal ;
Lost for a pension or a poor spot of earth,
Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure,
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their tapers at a glow-worm.

Shirley.

1759. HEAVEN : for whom it is reserved.

THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God,—
Who may hope to gain them,
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white ?

He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground ;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, ' I will be crown'd ; '
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

St John Damascene, tr. by J. M. Neale.

1760. HEAVEN. Friendship in

OFT weeping memory sits alone,
Beside some grave, at even,
And calls upon some spirit flown,
Oh say, shall those on earth our own
Be ours again in heaven ?

Amid these lone, sepulchral shades,
Where sleep our dear ones riven,
Is not some lingering spirit near,
To tell if those divided here
Unite and know in heaven ?

Shall friends who o'er the waste of life
By the same storms are driven,
Shall they recount, in realms of bliss,
The fortunes and the tears of this,
And love again, in heaven ?

When hearts which have on earth been one,
By ruthless death are riven,
Why does the one which death has reft
Drag off in grief the one that's left,
If not to meet in heaven ?

The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 'tis given ;
But there's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite ; and this is heaven.

If love on earth is but ' In part,'
As light and shade at even,—
If sin doth plant a thorn between
The truest hearts—there is, I ween,
A perfect love in heaven.

O happy world ! O glorious place !
Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like meeting streams, shall flow,
For ever one, in heaven.

1761. HEAVEN. Gleams of

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimm'd by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal ;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers ;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision :
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlock'd by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.—*Nancy A. W. Priest.*

1762. HEAVEN. Glory of

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy throne !
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord ! one beam of Thine :
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine !

Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit so impure
Upon Thy glory gaze ?
Anoint, O Lord ! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

Mühlenberg.

1763. HEAVEN. God in

YES, 'tis God's presence gives the welcomed blest
Their joy and bliss supreme. With Him to dwell,
To see His glory, and His praises tell,
To copy Him of perfectness possess,
The Holy, Holy, Holy ! First and best
Of joys, fruition's base and pinnacle ;
Without Him, heaven would more resemble hell ;
Darkness with Him were light, and labour rest.

Mant.

1764. HEAVEN: has its seat in the soul.

IN Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend ;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend !

And wherefore should I seek above
The city in the sky ?
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie ?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised ?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crown'd and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

1765. HEAVEN: how it is to be reached.

HEAVEN is not reach'd by a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet ;
By what we have master'd of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquish'd ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light ;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way ;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray ;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reach'd at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. Holland.

1766. HEAVEN: incorruptible.

No joy is true, save that which hath no end ;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever ;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send ;
No love is real, save that which changeth never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade ;
If its fair glory could hereafter wane ;
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

And what would be the city of the just,
If time could shake its battlements, or age
Could crumble down its palaces to dust,
Or with its towers victorious warfare wage ;

If its pure river could sink low or cease,
Or its rich palm-boughs shed the leaf and die ;
If there could pass upon its loveliness
One darkening taint of time's mortality ;

If its high harmonies could lose their tone,
Or one of its glad songs could silenced be ;
If, of its voices, even the feeblest one
Should falter in the glorious melody ;

If one of all its stars should e'er grow faint,
Or one of its bright lamps should e'er burn low ;
If through its happy air, decay's dull taint
Should for a moment its dark poison throw !

But no. Its beauty is for ever vernal ;
Its glory is the glory of its King,
Undying, incorruptible, eternal ;
And ever new the songs its dwellers sing.—*Bonar.*

1767. HEAVEN : its blessedness.

IN the Fount of life perennial the parch'd heart its
thirst would slake,
And the soul, in flesh imprison'd, longs her prison-
walls to break,—
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning in her fatherland to
wake.

There no moon shines chill and changing, there no
stars with twinkling ray,
For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the Sun
and Day ;
Night and time are known no longer, day shall never
fade away.

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at
dawn they glow ;
Crowned victors after conflict, all their joys together
flow,
And secure they count the battles where they fought
the prostrate foe.

Every stain of flesh is cleansed, every strife is left
behind,
Spiritual are their bodies, perfect unity of mind ;
Dwelling in deep peace for ever, no offence or grief
they find.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their
souls they steep,—
Truth by actual vision learning, on its form their gaze
they keep,—
Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living
waters deep.

Time, with all its alternations, enters not those hosts
among ;
Glorious, wakeful, blest, no shade of chance or
change o'er them is flung ;
Sickness cannot touch the deathless, nor old age the
ever young.

There their being is eternal, things that cease have
ceased to be ;
All corruption there has perish'd, there they flourish
strong and free ;
Thus mortality is swallow'd up of life eternally.

Nought from them is hidden, knowing Him to
whom all things are known,
All the spirit's deep recesses, sinless to each other
shown,—
Unity of will and purpose, heart and mind for ever one.

Diverse as their varied labours, the rewards to each
that fall,
But Love, what she loves in others, evermore her
own doth call ;
Thus the several joy of each becomes the common
joy of all.

Ever fill'd, and ever seeking, what they have they
still desire,
Hunger there shall fret them never, nor satiety shall
tire,—
Still enjoying whilst aspiring, in their joy they still
aspire.

There the new song, new for ever, those melodious
voices sing,
Ceaseless streams of fullest music through those
bless'd regions ring,
Crowned victors ever bringing praises worthy of the
King !

Bless'd who the King of heaven in His beauty thus
behold,
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe
unfold,—
Sun, and moon, and stars, and planets, radiant in
His light unroll'd !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors, of that city make
me free ;
When my warfare shall be ended to its mansions lead
Thou me ;
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy
gifts to be !

Let Thy soldier, yet contending, still be with Thy
strength supplied ;
Thou wilt not deny the quiet when the arms are laid
aside,
Make me meet with Thee for ever in that country to
abide !—*Damiani, tr. by Mrs Charles.*

1768. HEAVEN : its joys anticipated.

THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
 The fair, sweet morn awakes.
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land !

There the red rose of Sharon
 Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
 And fills the air of heaven
 With ravishing perfume.
 Oh, to behold it blossom,
 While by its fragrance fann'd,
 Where glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land !

The King there in His beauty,
 Without a veil, is seen ;
 'T were a well-spent journey,
 Though seven deaths lay between !
 The Lamb, with His fair army,
 Doth on Mount Zion stand ;
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land !

O Christ ! He is the fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love :
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above.
 There to an ocean's fulness
 His mercy doth expand ;
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land !

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
 To me thou art still dear ;
 E'en from the verge of heaven,
 I drop for thee a tear.
 Oh, if one soul from Anworth
 Meet me at God's right hand,
 My heaven will be two heavens
 In Immanuel's Land !

I've wrestled on towards heaven
 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide ;
 Now, like a weary traveller
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 I hail the glory dawning
 From Immanuel's Land !

With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove ;

And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love.
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
 When throned where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's Land !

The Bride eyes not her garments,
 But her dear Bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But at my King of grace !
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand ;
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's Land !—*Rutherford.*

1769. HEAVEN : its present enjoyment.

WHILE in this bleak world I tarry,
 In another world I live ;
 While this life's sore cross I carry,
 Wear the crown that life doth give.
 There I find in full completeness
 All the joys that cheat me here.
 There life's flowers keep all their sweetness,
 Blighted not by frost or tear.

There the light is ever golden ;
 There's no night with chilling dew ;
 There the happy years and olden
 Meet the happy days and new.
 There no storm-clouds ever gather,
 Drenching all my garden ground ;
 There the sunny summer weather
 Of the heart is ever found.

There the true and tender-hearted
 Meet me from the farther shore ;
 There the loved and long departed
 Take me to their heart once more ;
 There the ties that years have broken
 (Life, like death, can part as well)
 Are renew'd, and sweet words spoken
 Mortal tongues may never tell.

There are hearts and souls unfetter'd,
 Earth's conventions far above ;
 There the wise and the unletter'd
 Meet upon the plane of love ;
 There to prison'd souls is given
 All the truth that sets them free ;
 There is light and warmth and Heaven,
 There is love and liberty.

Blessèd land of the ideal !
 Blessèd life my soul doth live !
 Blessèd world ! the true, the real ;
 This the shadow that doth give.

Spread, O human hearts, your pinions !
 Rise to all that's fair and sweet !
 That is Life's own bright dominions,
 This the clouds beneath our feet.

Mrs J. G. Burnett.

1770. HEAVEN : its present influence.

THERE is a city of the saints,
 Where we ere long shall stand,
 When we shall strike these desert tents,
 And quit the desert sand.

Fair vision ! how thy distant gleam
 Brightens time's saddest hue ;
 Far fairer than the fairest dream,
 And yet so strangely true !

With thee in view, the rugged slope
 Becomes a level way,
 Smooth'd by the magic of thy hope,
 And gladden'd by thy ray.

With thee in view, how poor appear
 The world's most winning smiles ;
 Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
 And vain hell's varied wiles.

Now welcome toil, and care, and pain !
 And welcome sorrow too !
 All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
 With such a prize in view.—*Bonar.*

1771. HEAVEN : its present influence.

GOING home ! and going quickly !
 'Tis a thought to cheer the heart :
 Should we suffer, be it meekly,
 Soon the world and we must part,
 Never more to meet again ;
 There's an end of suffering then,
 There's an end of all that grieves us ;
 How the thought of this relieves us !

Going home ! How sweet and cheering !
 Going to the place we love,
 There in royal state appearing
 'Mid the shining court above :
 There our Father lives and reigns,
 Greater He than fancy feigns ;
 There His people live for ever,
 There's a portion failing never.

Going home ! There's nothing dearer
 To the pilgrim's heart than home.
 Drawing nearer still and nearer
 To the place where pilgrims come ;
 Much he thinks of what will be,
 Much of what he hopes to see,

Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,
 But of Christ above all others.

'Tis the blessed hope of seeing
 Him he loves in glory there,
 Blessed hope of ever being
 With the Lord, His joys to share ;
 'Tis the hope which lightens toil,
 And in sorrow makes him smile,
 Cheers him in the midst of strangers,
 Keeps him when beset with dangers.

Going home ! Then it behoves us
 Here to live as strangers do :
 When the trial comes, it proves us,
 Proves if we have faith or no :
 Let us make the promise sure,
 Let us to the end endure,
 In the Saviour's love abiding,
 In the Saviour's strength confiding.

1772. HEAVEN. Knowledge in

THE saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
 And the dear favours of kind Heaven rehearse,
 Each feels the other's joys ; both doubly share
 The blessings which devoutly they compare.
 If saints such mutual joy feel here below,
 When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,
 What joys transport them at each other's sight,
 When they shall meet in empyreal height !
 Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss,
 Should they not know each other when in bliss.

Ken.

1773. HEAVEN. Meetings in

OH, when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?—*Southey.*

1774. HEAVEN. Nearing

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 I'm nearer home to-day,
 Than I have been before :

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be,
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
 Where burdens are laid down,
 Nearer to leave the cross,
 And nearer to the crown ;

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream
Cross'd ere we reach the light.

Jesus, confirm my trust ;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.—*Phoebe Carey.*

1775. HEAVEN. Nearness of

SURELY, yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth? 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;
'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside ;
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwelling of the glorified—
The Land of which I dream !—*Bonar.*

1776. HEAVEN. No night in

No night shall be in heaven ! no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come ;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven ! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power—
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptur'd soul.

No night shall be in heaven ! but endless noon ;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon ;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven ! no darken'd room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb ;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in heaven ! But night is here !
The night of sorrow and the night of fear ;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in heaven ! Oh, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

1777. HEAVEN. No stranger in

I WAS no stranger in a strange land there :
But rather as one who travel-worn and weary,
Weary of wandering through many climes,
At length returning homeward, eyes far off
The white cliffs of his fatherland, and ere
The labouring ship touches its sacred soil
Leaps on the pier, while round him crowding press
Children and kith and friends, who in a breath
Ask of his welfare, and with joyous tongues
Pour all their love into his thirsty ear.—*Bickerstaff.*

1778. HEAVEN : not to be sacrificed for the
pleasures of earth.

THE world, in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendour bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary light :
Anon, the assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black lowers the tempest in the sullen sky ;
Before the driving blast the vision dies,
And all the vivid tints of splendour fly ;
Pass but a moment, every ray is gone ;
Nor e'en a vestige left where the bright glories shone.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
Degenerate, swerve from Heaven's immortal plan ?
Give up, for vanity's light airy dream,
The nobler heritage reserved for man ?—*Hayes.*

1779. HEAVEN. Obscurity of

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show :
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope :
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light :
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
The sun shall then be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.—*Prior.*

1780. HEAVEN : our home.

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side !
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.—*Baker.*

1781. HEAVEN. Prayer for

OH ! bring us home at last,
Thou who didst guide us when our morn was
bright ;
Darkness is falling fast,
Gather Thy children home before the night.

Oh ! bring us home at last ;
The evening mists steal o'er us, damp and chill,
While autumn's moaning blast
Sweeps in sad music over vale and hill.

Oh ! bring us home at last :
Have we much farther through the night to go ?
Have we not almost pass'd
The wilderness ? Thou wilt not leave us so.

Oh ! bring us home at last,
Our Father ! Bid our weary wanderings cease,
Uplift the veil o'ercast
Between our spirits and the home of peace.

1782. HEAVEN. Recognition in

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—

When sweet angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there ?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land ?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore ?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before ?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago ;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

O ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way ;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touch'd by angel fingers ;
Murmur'd in my rapturous ear ;
Evermore their sweet song lingers :
' We shall know each other there.'

1783. HEAVEN. Scorning

Belial. WHAT place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower ! Suppose He should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
Stand in His presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to His Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs ; while He lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and His altar breathes
Ambrosial odours, and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile off'rings ? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight ; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate !—*Milton.*

1784. HEAVEN : the end of the Christian's pilgrimage.

HEAVENWARD still our pathway tends,
Here on earth we are but strangers ;

Till our road in Canaan ends,
Safely pass'd this wild of dangers,
Pilgrims we, a scatter'd band,
Seek above our Fatherland.

Heavenward still, my soul, ascend !
Thou art one of Heaven's creations ;
Earth can ne'er give aim or end
Fit to fill thy aspirations :
Turns a heaven-illuminated mind
Evermore its source to find.

Heavenward still ! God's volume blest,
Thus, throughout its sacred pages,
Calls me on, and speaks of rest,
Rest with Him through endless ages ;
While my heart that call attends,
Still to heaven my path ascends.

Heavenward still my thoughts arise,
When His festal board invites me ;
Then my spirit upward flies,
Foretaste then of heaven delights me :
When on earth this food has ceased,
Comes the Lamb's own Marriage-feast.

Heavenward still my spirit wends,
That fair land by faith exploring ;
Heavenward still my heart ascends,
Sun and moon and stars out-soaring ;
Their faint rays in vain would try
Once with light of heaven to vie.

Heavenward still ! when life shall close,
Death to my true home shall guide me ;
There, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting bliss shall God provide me :
Christ Himself the way has led,
Joyful in His steps I tread.

Still then heavenward ! heavenward still !
That shall be my watchword ever !
Joys of heaven my heart shall fill,
Chasing joys that fill'd it never :
Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
Till the gate of heaven is won.

Schmolke, tr. by Miss Cox.

1785. HEAVEN. The Indian's

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky-way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold ;
No fiends torment, no Christian thirst for gold :
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.—*Pope.*

1786. HEAVEN : unveiled

WHAT no human eye hath seen, what no mortal ear
hath heard,
What on thought hath never been, in its noblest
flights, conferr'd—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore !

When the shaded pilgrim-land fades before the
closing eye,
Then, reveal'd on either hand, heaven's own scenery
shall lie ;
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

When this aching heart shall rest, all its busy pulses
o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest, shall my spirit up-
ward soar :
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Lang.

1787. HEAVEN : will not be strange to us.

No, not strange the Land and far,
Where the 'many mansions' are :
Drawing near the pearly gate,
I am sure some one must wait
For my spirit, some dear heart,
Knowing 'twere a lonesome part
Even to enter heaven alone,
Find but strangers round God's throne.

When, a dreamful day ago,
To this sweet earth singing low
Cradle songs through groves of May
Came I, and, a baby, lay
Just within the gates of life,
Waiting for its joy and strife,
Holiest love that bides on earth
Folded round me at my birth,
Home and raiment were prepared,
As a child beloved I fared.

Not with love less true and deep
Angels up in heaven keep
Watch for children coming there.
He who does a place prepare,

Knows full well that many come
From dear human friends and home ;
Home and friends shall ready be,
And God's work for thee and me.

Earth, whose fulness is the Lord's,
Sweet thy work and thy rewards ;
Yet without regret I go,
From God's vineyard here below,
To His higher pastures, where,
Still beneath His tender care,
Life shall be more dear and sweet,
Being nearer to His feet.

Elizabeth Converse.

1788. HEAVEN AND EARTH. Contrast of

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity, free from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burden'd with a grand, majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, the music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapp'd around us like a sunlit halo)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

1789. HEAVEN AND EARTH. Joys of

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven !
Oh, for the golden floor !
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh, for a heart that never sins !
Oh, for a soul wash'd white !

Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
Oh, by Thy life laid down !
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away Thy crown !

C. F. Alexander.

1790. HEAVEN AND EARTH. Worlds of

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again ;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air ;
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded since to change or death ;
The mother kiss'd the child whose days are o'er.
Alas ! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead :
We see them—visions strange—amid the
Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold : to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vex'd memory starts
From that long-faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer,
People that happy land,—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand.
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hush'd in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem ;
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—

Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar ;
 Yet does the turbulent surge
 Howl on its very verge.

One moment—and we breathe within the
 Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
 Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
 Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carol-
 lings soar.

Eternal peace have they ;
 God wipes their tears away.

Thither we hasten through the regions dim,
 But lo ! the wide wings of the seraphim
 Shine in the sunset ! On that joyous shore
 Our lighten'd hearts shall know
 The life of long ago ;

The sorrow-burden'd past shall fade for
 Evermore.

1791. HELL: has its seat in the soul of the
 wicked.

HELL hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
 In one self place ; but where we are is hell,
 And where hell is, there must we ever be ;
 And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
 And every creature shall be purified,
 All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Marlowe.

1792. HELL. Memory a

I'll tell thee what is hell—thy memory
 Still mounted up with records of the past,
 Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,
 Telling the tale of joy and innocence,
 And hope and peace and love ; recording, too,
 With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
 Wrought upon weakness and defencelessness ;
 The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurn'd ;
 All that hath been that ought not to have been,
 That might have been so different, that now
 Can but be irrevocably past.—*Starkey.*

1793. HELL. Portal of

'THROUGH me, ye go into the doleful city,
 Through me, ye go into eternal pain,
 Through me, ye go among the lost for ever :
 'Twas justice moved my Founder ; Power Divine,
 Infinite Wisdom and primeval Love,
 Ordain'd and fix'd me here. Before me nought
 That is existed, save eternal things,
 And I unto eternity endure ;
 Abandon every hope, all ye that enter !'

These words in sombre colours I beheld
 Inscribed upon the summit of its portal.

There sighs, and groans, and lamentable wailings,
 So rang throughout that region without star,
 That on the threshold I began to weep :
 Horrible tongues, discordant languages,
 Words full of dolour, accents of sharp anger,
 Shrill and hoarse voices, sounds of smitten hands,
 Rose in wild tumult, eddying through the gloom,
 Like sands before the whirlwind of the desert.

Dante, tr. by James Montgomery.

1794. HELP. Mutual

ONE day a blind man chanced to meet
 A lame one limping in the street ;
 The former hoped with fond delight,
 The latter would conduct him right.

The lame man cried, 'Lend aid to thee ?
 I cannot walk, unhappy me !
 And yet, methinks, to bear a load,
 Thou hast good shoulders strong and broad.

'If thou'lt resolve to bear me hence,
 I'll be thy guide as recompense :
 Thy firm strong foot will then be mine,
 And my bright eye be also thine.'

The lame man, with his crutches, rode
 Upon the blind man's shoulders broad ;
 United thus achieved the pair
 What each would have accomplish'd ne'er.

Gallert.

1795. HERITAGE: of rich and poor.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
 With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscle and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learn'd of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless the door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.
 Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-fill'd past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.—*Lowell.*

1796. HERO. A modern

BUT dream not helm and harness
 The sign of valour true;
 Peace hath higher tests of manhood
 Than battle ever knew.
 Would'st know him now? Behold him,
 The Cadmus of the blind,
 Giving the dumb lip language,
 The idiot clay a mind.
 Walking his round of duty
 Serenely day by day,
 With the strong man's hand of labour
 And childhood's heart of play.
 True as the knights of story,
 Sir Lancelot and his peers,
 Brave in his calm endurance
 As they in tilt of spears.
 As waves in stillest waters,
 As stars in noonday skies,
 All that wakes to noble action
 In his noon of calmness lies.
 Wherever outraged nature
 Asks word or action brave,
 Wherever struggles labour,
 Wherever groans a slave,—
 Wherever rise the peoples,
 Wherever sinks a throne,
 The throbbing heart of freedom finds
 An answer in his own.
 Knight of a better era,
 Without reproach or fear!
 Said I not well that Bayards
 And Sidneys still are here?—*Whittier.*

1797. HERO. Death of a

NOR at the battle front—writ of in story;
 Not on the blazing wreck steering to glory;

Not while in martyr-pangs soul and flesh sever,
 Died he—this hero new; hero for ever.

No pomp poetic crown'd, no forms enchain'd him,
 No friends applauding watch'd, no foes arraign'd
 him:

Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
 Only an honest man doing his duty:

Death found—and touch'd with finger in flying:
 Lo! he rose up complete—hero undying.

Now all men mourn for him, lovingly raise him
 Up from his life obscure, chronicle, praise him;

Tell his last act, done midst peril appalling,
 And the last word of cheer from his lips falling;

Follow in multitudes to his grave's portal;
 Leave him there, buried in honour immortal.

So many a hero walks unseen beside us,
 Till comes the supreme stroke sent to divide us.

Then the Lord calls His own—like this man, even,
 Carried, Elijah-like, fire-wing'd, to heaven.

D. M. Mulock Craik.

1798. HERO. Marks of the

WHAT makes a hero?—not success, not fame,
 Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
 Of glutton avarice,—caps toss'd up in air,
 Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
 Bells peal'd, stars, ribbons, and a titular name—
 These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
 His rightful tribute not his end or aim,
 Or true reward; for never yet did these
 Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
 What makes a hero?—an heroic mind,
 Express'd in action, in endurance proved.
 And if there be preëminence of right,
 Derived through pain well suffer'd, to the height
 Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
 Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
 Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
 But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts
 Launch'd by the country he had served and loved:
 This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
 This, in the strength of silence to endure,
 A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
 Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown.
 This is the hero's compliment and crown;
 This miss'd, one struggle had been wanting still—
 One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
 One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

Henry Taylor.

1799. HERO : the title is often basely won.

MARK by what wretched steps their glory grows ;
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose :
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man.—*Pope.*

1800. HEROES. Forgotten

WHERE are the heroes of the ages past ?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days ?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim Forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;
Hush'd in his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eyeball. Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth. To-day—'tis what ?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.—*Kirke White.*

1801. HEROES. God's

NOT on the gory field of fame
Their noble deeds were done ;
Not in the sound of Earth's acclaim
Their fadeless crowns were won.
Not from the palaces of Kings,
Nor Fortune's sunny clime,
Came the great souls, whose life-work flings
Lustre o'er Earth and Time.

For Truth with tireless zeal they sought ;
In joyless paths they trod ;
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest to God.
The lowliest sphere was not disdain'd :
Where love could soothe or save,
They went, by fearless faith sustain'd,
Nor knew their deeds were brave.

The foes with which they waged their strife
Were passion, self, and sin ;
The victories that laurell'd life
Were fought and won within.
Not names in gold emblazon'd here,
And great and good confest,
In Heaven's immortal scroll appear
As noblest and as best.

No sculptured stone in stately temple
Proclaims their rugged lot ;
Like Him who was their great example,
This vain world knew them not.
But though their names no poet wove
In deathless song or story,
Their record is inscribed above ;
Their wreaths are crowns of glory.—*Dewart.*

1802. HEROES. Moral

ALL may be heroes :
'The man who rules his spirit,' saith the voice
Which cannot err, 'is greater than the man
Who takes a city.' Hence it surely follows,
If each might have dominion of himself,
And each would govern wisely, and thus show
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,
And all the princely soul in private virtues ;
Then each would be a prince, a hero, greater ;
He will be man in likeness of his Maker !

Mrs Hale.

1803. HEROES. True

THEN to side with Truth is noble when we share
her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—that were souls
that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurl'd the con-
tumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden
beam incline
To the side of perfect justice master'd by their faith
divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding
feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that
turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each
generation learn'd
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-
hearts hath burn'd
Since the first man stood God-conquer'd with his
face to heaven upturn'd.

For Humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the
martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in
his hands ;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling
faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe
return
To glean up the scatter'd ashes into History's golden
urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light
a crime.

Was the Mayflower launch'd by cowards, steer'd by
men behind their time ?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime ?—*Lowell.*

1804. HEROINE. Grave of a

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies ;
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild-flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart ;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,

Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame :
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May :
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chill'd with fear,
And armies muster'd at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East—
Grey captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave :
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought ;

Through that long strife, her constant hope was stay'd
On God alone, nor look'd for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That alter'd not beneath the frown they wore ;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frown'd no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquish'd hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
But when she enter'd at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes
rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung.
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat ;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragg'd death, disarm'd, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun ;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthen'd thee,
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armoury,
That minister'd to thee, is open still.—*Bryant.*

1805. HEROISM. Military

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods ;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.

Milton.

1806. HERO-WORSHIP.

A LITTLE maiden read her books,
And only loved the more
Sir PHILIP SIDNEY every day,
Than even the day before.

And when her suitors came to woo,
 She match'd them in her mind
 With PHILIP SIDNEY, one and all,
 But far they fell behind.

For this one lack'd the courtliness,
 And this, the perfect grace,
 And this, the learning rare and wide,
 And this, the handsome face.

And so she sent them all away,
 But only loved the more
 Sir PHILIP SIDNEY every day,
 Than she did the day before.

O maiden of the fancy bright,
 If it could only be,
 Sir PHILIP should himself o'erleap
 For you the centuries three,

And come upon his doughty steed
 A-riding to your gate,
 And for your favour crave and sue,
 And for your answer wait,

I ween you'd look him through and through,
 But never bid him stay ;
 In favour of his fancied self
 You'd send himself away.

1807. HISTORIANS. Follies of

SOME write a narrative of wars and feats
 Of heroes little known, and call the rant
 A history ; describe the man of whom
 His own coevals took but little note,
 And paint his person, character, and views,
 As they had known him from his mother's womb.

Cowper.

1808. HISTORIANS. Rules for

HISTORIANS, only things of weight,
 Results of persons, or affairs of state,
 Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate :
 Laconic shortness memory feeds.—*Heath.*

But seeing causes are the chiefest things
 That should be noted of the story writers,
 That men may learn what end all causes brings,
 They be unworthy name of chroniclers,
 That leave them clean out of their registers,
 Or doubtfully report them : for the fruit
 Of reading stories, standeth in the suit.

Mirror for Magistrates.

1809. HISTORY. Duration of

ROME, whose majesty
 Is there described, in after times shall owe

For her memorial to your learned pen,
 More than to all those fading monuments
 Built with the riches of the spoiled world.
 When rust shall eat her brass, when Time's strong
 hand

Shall bruise to dust her marble palaces,
 Triumphant arches, pillars, obelisks ;
 When Julius' temple, Claudius' aqueducts,
 Agrippa's baths, and Pompey's theatre ;
 Nay, Rome itself shall not be found at all,
 Historian's books shall live ; those strong records,
 Those deathless monuments, alone shall show
 What, and how great, the Roman empire was.

May.

1810. HOLINESS. Seeking

HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand ;
 I give myself, my all, to Thee ;
 Thou hast redeem'd me by Thy precious blood ;
 Thine only will I be.
 No love but Thine, but Thine, can me relieve,
 No light but Thine, but Thine, will I receive,
 No light, no love, but Thine !

Take, take me as I am. Thou need'st me not,
 I know Thou need'st me not at all :
 All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning-star ;
 High angels wait Thy call ;
 I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
 The child of evil and dark misery ;
 Yet take me as I am !

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord ;
 A word would do it, or a sign,
 It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God ;
 Thy words have power divine.
 And oh the boundless blessedness to me,
 Loved, saved, forgiven, renew'd, and blest by Thee !
 Oh speak, oh speak the word !

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son
 Has power to cleanse even me ;
 Oh wash me now in that all-precious blood ;
 Give my soul purity ;
 Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine,
 Light up the midnight of this soul of mine ;
 Let all be song and joy !—*Bonar.*

1811. HOLINESS. Throne of

KNOW that Holiness keeps her throne
 Not in cloisters or temples alone ;
 The temple where she loves to dwell
 Is a pure spirit's sacred cell.

L. Van Welthem.

1812. HOLINESS. Way to

Who would be cleansed from every sin,
Must to God's holy altar bring
The whole of life—its joys, its tears,
Its hopes, its loves, its powers, its years,
The will, and every cherish'd thing !
Must make this sweeping sacrifice—
Choose God, and dare reproach and shame,
And boldly stand in storm or flame
For Him who paid redemption's price ;
Then trust (not struggle to believe),
And trusting wait, nor doubt, but pray
That in His own good time He'll say,
'Thy faith hath saved thee ; now receive.'

His time is when the soul brings all,
Is all upon His altar lain ;
When pride and self-conceit are slain,
And crucified with Christ, we fall
Helpless upon His word, and lie :
Then, faithful to His word, we feel
The cleansing touch, the Spirit's seal,
And know that He does sanctify.—*Allis.*

1813. HOLY SPIRIT. Descent of the

SWIFTLY and straight each tongue of flame,
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow of Jesus blest.
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream ;
Where'er the Lord is, there are they ;
In every heart that gives Him room,
They light His altar every day,
Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.—*Koble.*

1814. HOLY SPIRIT : His indwelling in the human soul.

His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart.
He crowns His work with blessing,
And helpeth me to cry
'My Father !' without ceasing,
To Him who dwells on high.

And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and oppress'd,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be express'd ;
But God's quick eye discerns them,
Although they give no sound,
And into language turns them,
Even in the heart's deep ground.

To mine, His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.
There God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.—*Gerhardt.*

1815. HOLY SPIRIT. Litany to the

IN the hours of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm toss'd about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And reproves me for untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.—*Herrick.*

1816. HOLY SPIRIT. Offices of the

THE Spirit of God
From heaven descending, dwells in domes of clay ;
In mode far passing human thought, He guides,
Impels, instructs : intense pursuit of good,
And cautious flight of evil he suggests,
But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
His heavenly voice, we must have done His will.
Hey.

1817. HOLY SPIRIT. Power of the

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His last farewell,
A guide—a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

He comes, His graces to impart;
A willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And vict'ry won.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness see;
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.—*Harriet Auber.*

1818. HOLY SPIRIT. Prayer to the

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song.

A.D. 1662.

Holy Ghost, with light Divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all His beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me
Which are only known by Thee.—*Reed.*

1819. HOLY SPIRIT. Prayer to the

COME, heavenly Spirit, come,
Kind Father of the poor!

The Giver and the Gift,
Enter my lowly door.
Be Guest within my heart,
Nor ever hence depart.

Thou the eternal Truth,
Into dark hearts steal in!
True Light, give light to souls
Sunk in the night of sin!
True Strength, put forth thy power
For us in evil hour!

Ours is a world of wiles,
Of beauteous vanities;
Come, and in us destroy
Its fair impurities,
Lest, by its tempting arts,
From Thee it steal our hearts.

Unveil Thy glorious self
To us, O Holy One!
That Thou into our hearts
Mayst shine, Thyself alone!
Saved from earth's vanities,
To Thee we long to rise!

Renew us, Holy One!
Oh purge us in Thy fire!
Refine us, heavenly Flame!
Consume each low desire!
Prepare us as a sacrifice
Well pleasing in Thine eyes.

Far from Thee we have lived,
Exiles from home and Thee:
Oh bring us back in love,
End our captivity!
Be Thou the way we wend,
Be Thou that way's blest end!

Tr. by Bonar, from the Gallican Breviary.

1820. HOLY SPIRIT. Prayer to the

COME, Holy Ghost! in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noon-day glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosom fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams Divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !

Exalt our low desires ;
Extinguish passion's fires ;
Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend ;
Our icy coldness end ;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ :
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy !—*Ray Palmer.*

1821. HOLY SPIRIT. Prayer to the

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O Light Divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly ;
Without Thy pure Divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed,
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy sevenfold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above.—*A. P. Stanley.*

1822. HOME. Affections of the

HOME's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded ;
Home is where affection calls,
Fill'd with shrines the heart hath builded !
Home ! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us ;
Home is where there's one to love !
Home is where there's one to love us !

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it ;
• Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it !
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us ?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us !

Charles Swain.

1823. HOME. Ceremonies of

KEEP your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honour without end.
'Tis found and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets its majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious court ;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand and gaze ;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.
This makes pleasures that do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life.

1824. HOME: changed.

We leave

Our home in youth—no matter to what end—
Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not ;
And coming back in few short years, we find
All as we left it outside: the old elms,
The house, grass, gates, and latchet's self-same
click :

But lift that latchet,—all is changed as doom.

Bailey.

1825. HOME. Contented with

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance ;

Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given :
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

Cotton.

1826. HOME. Dying at

IN all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.—*Goldsmith.*

Death is, no doubt, in every place the same ;
Yet nature casts a look towards home, and most,

Who have it in their power, choose to expire
Where first they drew their breath.—*Lillo.*

1827. HOME : essential to happiness.

AND say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun.
Byron.

1828. HOME. Ideal of

HOME is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.—*Thomson.*

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace,
The spot where angels find a resting-place,
When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth.
Mrs Hale.

1829. HOME. Joys of

SWEET are the joys of Home,
And pure as sweet ; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too ;
But Home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride ;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar ;
But stars approach'd, become more bright,
And Home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground !
But in Home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given ;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.—*Bourning.*

1830. HOME. Love of

MAN's greatest strength is shown in standing still ;
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.—*Young.*

Some spot there is, some cherish'd spot,
 We love, all other spots above ;
 And few so wretched that have not
 Some early-cherish'd spot to love.
 The mountain heights are dear to some,
 To some the valley's deep recess ;
 To some the desert is a home,
 With thoughts to cheer and joys to bless

To some the tempest-troubled sea
 Is music ; while the snows and ice
 That gird earth's arctic scenery,
 To some bring dreams of paradise.

The fervour of the tropic beams—
 The darkness of deep woods—the fall
 Of dangerous cataract—shaken streams—
 All scatter joys around them—all.

Yes ! all, some spot, some cherish'd spot,
 Love, every other spot above ;
 And none so destitute as not
 To have some spot on earth to love.

Bouring.

1831. HOME. Man's and Woman's

MAN's home is everywhere. On ocean's flood,
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood,
 Earth's utmost zones together,
 Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave
 Where the rich diamond ripens, mid the flame
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
 He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth
 rove ;
 He with short pang and slight
 Doth turn him from the checker'd light
 Of the fair moon through his own forests dancing,
 Where music, joy, and love,
 Were his young hours entrancing ;
 And where ambition's thunder-claim
 Points out his lot,
 Or fitful wealth allures to roam,
 There doth he make his home,
 Repining not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls,
 Though ruinous and lone,
 Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-mother's
 tone ;
 The home with humble walls,
 Where breathed a parent's prayer around her bed ;
 The valley where, with playmates true,
 She cull'd the strawberry, bright with dew ;
 The bower where Love her timid footsteps led :
 The hearthstone where her children grew ;
 The damp soil where she cast

The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide the
 blast—

Affection with unfading tint recalls,
 Lingering round the ivied walls,
 Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,
 Making fresh honey of remember'd things,
 Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of stings.
Mrs Sigourney.

1832. HOME. Memory of

THOUGH long the wanderer may depart,
 And far his footsteps roam,
 He clasps the closer to his heart
 The image of his home.
 To that loved land, where'er he goes,
 His tenderest thoughts are cast,
 And dearer still, through absence, grows
 The memory of the past.—*Burns.*

1833. HOME : no home without love.

HE enter'd in his house,—his home no more,
 For without hearts there is no home,—and felt
 The solitude of passing his own door
 Without a welcome.—*Byron.*

1834. HOME. Piety in the

Lo ! where yon cottage whitens through the green,
 The loveliest feature of a matchless scene ;
 Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear,
 An aged mother draws her children near ;
 While from the Holy Word, with earnest air,
 She teaches them the privilege of prayer.
 Look ! How their infant eyes with rapture speak ;
 Mark the flush lily on the dimpled cheek ;
 Their hearts are fill'd with gratitude and love,
 Their hopes are centred in a world above,
 Where, in a choir of angels, Faith portrays
 The loved, departed father of their days.—*Darves.*

1835. HOME : should be peaceful.

CLAMOURS our privacies uneasy make ;
 Birds leave their nests disturb'd, and beasts their
 haunts forsake.—*Rowe.*

1836. HOME. Sorrows of

THERE is no spot, or high or low,
 Which darkness visits not at times ;
 No shelter from the reach of woe,
 In farthest lands of fairest climes.

The tempests shake the stoutest tree,
 And every flow'ret droops in turn :
 To mourn is nature's destiny,
 And all that live must live to mourn.

No home so happy, but that pain,
And grief, and care, the doors will press,
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,
More anxious from their helplessness.

And yet, if aught can soften grief,
'Tis home's sweet influence ; if there be
Relief from sorrow, that relief
Springs from domestic sympathy.

The home that virtue hallows, flings
Another bliss o'er blessedness ;
And e'en to sorrow's children brings
Or peace to calm, or hope to bless.—*Bowring.*

1837. HOME. Sweet

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet home !
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain :
Ah ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing sweetly that come to my call ;
Oh, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all !
Home, sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home.—*Payne.*

1838. HOME. Trifles of

THE angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought ;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the colour of domestic life ;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things—
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.

Hannah More.

1839. HOME. Wealth not essential to a happy

NOR need we power or splendour —
Wide hall or lordly dome ;
The good, the true, the tender—
These form the wealth of home.—

Mrs Hale.

1840. HOMES. English

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand !
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land ;

The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shades and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light.
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told ;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !
By thousands on her plains
They're smiling o'er her silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.—*Mrs Hemans.*

1841. HONEST MAN. The

WHO is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true :
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Herbert.

1842. HONESTY. Frankness of

HIS nature is too noble for the world ;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth ;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent.

Shakespeare.

1843. HONESTY : is prompt in its decisions.

THE man who pauses on his honesty
Wants little of the villain.—*Martyn.*

1844. HONESTY. Majesty of

AN honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm ;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

1845. HONESTY : must never be surrendered.

LANDS mortgaged may return, and more esteem'd ;
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

Middleton.

1846. HONESTY : needs no concealment.

EACH thought was visible that roll'd within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen ;
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.—*Dryden.*

1847. HONESTY. Nobility of

AN honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope.*

Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty
of action ;
And all men love to lean on him, who never failed
nor fainted.
Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and nobleness of
nature at his heart,
And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his
head ;
So he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels,
and to men ;
Yea, when the shattered globe shall rock in the
throes of dissolution,
Still will he stand in his integrity, sublime—an
honest man.—*Tupper.*

1848. HONESTY. Nobility of

I ASK not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of this world's wealth
But slender be his part ;
If yes you answer when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart ?

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—

If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst :
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of ; but answer this—
Is he an honest man ?

Nay, blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath ;
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth !
Be nought, be any, everything—
I care not what you be—
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free?—*Nicoll.*

1849. HONESTY. Rewards of

ALL is vanity which is not honesty—thus is it graven
on the tomb ;
I speak of honest purpose, character, speech, and
action.
Honesty, even by itself, though making many adver-
saries
Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity
have soften'd,
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man
great honour.—*Tupper.*

1850. HONESTY. Selling

YET there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling
honesty for interest ;
And do they gain ? They gain but loss ; a little cash,
with scorn.
Behold the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen
nature :
He hath lost his own esteem and other men's respect ;
For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in
the heaviness of cringing.
For plain truth, where none could err, he hath
chosen tortuous paths ;
In lieu of his majesty of countenance, the timorous
glances of servility ;
Instead of Freedom's honest pride, the spirit of a
slave.—*Tupper.*

1851. HONESTY. Stability of

AN honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock ;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device,
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Davenport.

1852. HONOUR [Fashionable code of right].

THIS deity, whose altars reek with blood,
 Though millions bend the prostituted knee
 Before the radiant shrine, though millions own,
 His power vindictive just, and call him *Honour*,
 All cannot sanctify what public good,
 What nature's moral dictates, disavow,
 And Heaven's almighty mandate impious deems.

Hayes.

Honour—in blood congeal'd to take a life,
 Which had been murder in the heat of strife!

Honour—when its result we dare not tell!

Honour—to plunge a fellow's soul to hell!

Honour—to stand to be a murderer's mark,
 And hurl defiance e'en with life's last spark;
 To dare that law which has for ages stood—
 'He dies by man who sheds a brother's blood!'

Oh, in that moment when we all shall stand
 Waiting the judgment of the Almighty hand,
 Will then thy honour palliate the crime,
 And Heaven's high Monarch hear the plea of time?
 Stript of those robes which make it honour here,
 Before that throne the murder will appear,
 Disrobed of ornament the sin is there;
 The crime is Cain's; why not his judgment share—
 An outcast on the earth, and in the Heaven,
 O God! can crimes like these be e'er forgiven?

Anon.

1853. HONOUR [Moral rectitude].

SAY what is honour?—'Tis the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffer'd or done.—*Wordsworth.*

Honour's a sacred tie,—the law of kings,
 The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
 That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
 And imitates her actions when she is not:
 It ought not to be sported with.—*Addison.*

Give me a staff of honour for mine age;
 But not a sceptre to control the world.

Shakespeare.

If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself; better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless.—*Shakespeare.*

Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake.—*Shakespeare.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

When great additions swell, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour: good alone
 Is good.—*Shakespeare.*

Better to die ten thousand deaths
 Than wound my honour.—*Addison.*

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
 At every tender twig of nice distinctions.
 These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well:
 But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
 Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,
 Stand at another bar than that of laws.

Thomson.

A life of honour and of worth
 Has no eternity on earth,—
 'Tis but a name:
 And yet its glory far exceeds
 That base and sensual life which leads
 To want and shame.—*Longfellow.*

1854. HONOUR [Reputation, Glory].

MINE honour is my life; both grow in one;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Shakespeare.

Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright. To have done is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
 In monumental mockery.—*Shakespeare.*

Thou idol, Honour, which we fools adore!
 How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us!
 Which when we have, we find there is much more
 Than that, which only is a name, can give us:
 Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
 And of those joys thou often dost deprive us;
 Thou with ourselves doth set us at debate,
 And make us beggars in our greatest state.

Drayton.

You still insist upon that idol, Honour:
 Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth?
 That, take off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
 To gaze upon you in your age? can Honour,
 That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
 And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,
 Leave you the most respected person living?

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Honour is like that glassy bubble
 That finds philosophers such trouble;
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.—*Butler.*

What is honour? a silly vain opinion,
That hangs but on the rabble's idle breath;
For them we court it, yet by them 'tis scorn'd.

Martyn.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good;
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed without the portion of reward?—*Dryden.*

The honour is overpaid
When he that did the act is commentator.

Shirley.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.—*Addison.*

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienced men
To real mischief, while they hunt a shadow.

Addison.

Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part: there all the honour lies.

Pope.

There was a people once by wisest counsels steer'd,
Who temples twain to Virtue and to Honour rear'd.
Excepting through the first—they stood so, wall to wall—

No man within the second one could get at all.
As forecourt unto Honour's temple Virtue's stood,
'Through merit praise is reach'd,'—such was the moral good.

An age did those two temples thus together stand,
And all was noble-toned and prosperous in the land.
But long ago did Virtue's solemn temple fall;
And Honour's shrine, profaned, is open now to all.

Oriental.

1855. HONOURS. Earthly

GIVE me honours, what are these
But the pleasing hindrances,
Stiles, and stops, and stays that come
In the way 'twixt me and home?
Clear the walk and then shall I
To my heaven less run than fly.—*Herrick.*

How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Pope.

Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'Dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

Young.

1856. HOPE. Basis of

ON Truth's substantial rock Hope takes her seat,
While waves tumultuous dash against her feet;

The sky with blackness now becomes o'erspread;
The tempest threatens her devoted head;
Louder and louder still the thunders sound;
The lightning flings its fearful glare around;
Creation trembles; but fast anchor'd there,
Hope sits unshaken, never in despair;
With eyes turn'd upward, whence her help descends,
She waits expecting till the tempest ends.

Holmes.

1857. HOPE. Beguiling

THE winds that play'd, now brisk, now slack,
Against the stream were driving back
The running waves, and made them seem
To show an upward-flowing stream:
As man, while hope beguiles him, thinks
His life is rising while it sinks.—*Barnes.*

1858. HOPE. Brightest

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

Scott.

1859. HOPE. Characteristics of

DEAR Hope! earth's dowry and heaven's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet:
Subtlest, but surest being.—*Crashaw.*

Fair Hope! our earlier heaven! by thee
Young time is taster to eternity.—*Crashaw.*

Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where or what we be;
But what and where we would be: thus art thou
Our absent present, and our future now.

Crashaw.

What is hope? The beauteous sun,
Which colours all it shines upon!
The beacon of life's dreary sea;
The star of immortality!
Fountain of feeling, young and warm,
A day-beam bursting through the storm!
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh! too sweet, too pure, for earth!
A blossom of that radiant tree
Whose fruit the angels only see!
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen, enjoy'd, confess'd, each hour!
A portion of that world to come,
When earth and ocean meet—the last o'er-
whelming doom.—*Swain.*

1860. HOPE. Christian

JESUS lives, and so shall I;
Death, thy sting is gone for ever!

He who deign'd for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever :
He shall raise me with the just ;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives and reigns supreme ;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning ;
God has promised ; be it must ;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by His grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living :
Me He raises from the dust ;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives ! I know full well,
Nought from Him my heart can sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Joy, nor grief, henceforth for ever :
None of all His saints is lost ;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory ;
Courage, then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee ;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just ;
Jesus is thy Hope and Trust.—*Gellert.*

1861. HOPE. Empire of

HOPE rules a land for ever green ;
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
Are confident and gay ;
Clouds at her bidding disappear ;
Points she to aught ?—the bliss draws near,
And fancy smooths the way.—*Wordsworth.*

1862. HOPE. Encourage

TAKE heart, nor of the laws of fate complain ;
Though now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.

Norris.

Say thou not sadly, 'never,' and 'no more,'
But from thy lips banish those falsest words ;
While life remains, that which was thine before
Again may be thine ; in Time's storehouse lie
Days, hours, and moments, that have unknown
boards

Of joy, as well as sorrow ; passing by,
Smiles come with tears ; therefore with hopeful eye
Look thou on dear things, though they turn away,
For thou and they, perchance, some future day

Shall meet again, and the gone bliss return ;
For its departure then make thou no mourn,
But with stout heart bid what thou lov'st farewell ;
That which the past hath given, the future gives as
well.—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

1863. HOPE. Eternal

ETERNAL Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When, wrapp'd in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light Thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Campbell.

1864. HOPE. Faith and

FOUNTAIN of song, its prayer begins and ends,
Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends.
Some may allege I wander from the path,
And give to hope the proper rights of faith ;
Like love and friendship, these, a comely pair,
What's done by one, the other has a share :
When heat is felt, we judge that fire is near ;
Hope's twilight comes—faith's day will soon appear.
Thus when the Christian's contest doth begin,
Hope fights with doubts, till faith's reserves come in :
Hope comes desiring and expects relief ;
Faith follows, and peace springs from firm belief.
Hope balances occurrences of time ;
Faith will not stop till it has reach'd the prime.
Just like co-partners in joint-stock of trade,
What one contracts is by the other paid.
Make use of hope thy labouring soul to cheer,
Faith shall be given if thou wilt persevere.
We see all things alike with either eye,
So faith and hope the self-same object spy.
But what is hope ? or where or how begun ?
It comes from God, as light comes from the sun.

Hogg.

1865. HOPE. Field of

HOPE humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, death ; and God adore.
What's future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest :
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.—*Pope.*

1866. HOPE. Fruition of

OH send me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above !

Here, Marah's water fills my cup ;
But there, all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire ;
But there, the spark's a flaming fire :
Joys here are drops, that passing flee ;
But there, an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear :
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing ;
But there, the captive is a king ;
And grace is like a buried seed,
But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion here's a crumb at best ;
But there, the Lamb's eternal feast :
My praise is now a smother'd fire ;
But then, I'll sing and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day ;
But then, the shades will flee away ;
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And show His glory face to face.

My numerous foes now beat me down ;
But then I'll wear the victor's crown ;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King !—*Erskine.*

1867. HOPE. Grace of

HOPE sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deem'd substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use ;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic art,
The lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak—for he can, and none so well as he—
What treasures centre, what delights, in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;

The fragrant grove, the inestimable mine,
Were light, when view'd against one smile of thine.
Couper.

1868. HOPE. Heavenly

ALL hope on earth for ever fled,
A higher hope remaineth ;
For while His waves roll o'er my head,
I know my Saviour reigneth.
The worm may waste the withering clay,
When flesh and spirit sever ;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God for ever.—*Dalt.*

1869. HOPE. Illusiveness of

THUS through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come ?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

Prior.

Brother of fear, more gaily clad !
The merrier fool o' the two, yet quite as mad :
Sire of repentance ! child of fond desire !
That blow'st the chymics' and the lovers' fire ;
Leading them still insensibly on
By the strange witchcraft of 'anon !'—*Cowley.*

Hope ! fortune's cheating lottery,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be
Fond archer, Hope ! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are !

Cowley.

Hope's at best
A star that leads the weary on,
Still pointing to the unpossess'd,
And palling that it beams upon.

1870. HOPE : indestructible.

HOPE's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.—*Moore.*

1871. HOPE. Influence of

TRUE hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Shakespeare.

Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh ;

Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite :
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.—*Dryden*.

Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
Till, lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

Pope.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe ;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring ;
What viewless forms the Æolian organs play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.—*Campbell*.

The rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.—*Byron*.

And, as in sparkling majesty a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
Bright'ning the half-veil'd face of heaven afar,
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope ! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head !—*Keats*.

1872. HOPE. Inspiration of

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us here ;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears ; and Transport has her death ;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest ;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys :
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame, and vigour to the mind !
A joy attemper'd ! A chastised delight !
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet,
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below.—*Young*.

O Hope ! sweet flatterer ! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,—
Relieves the load of poverty,—sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,—
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain.

Glover.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth ;
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.—*Cowper*.

1873. HOPE. Losing

IT is sad

To see the light of beauty wane away,
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling, feet
Losing their springs, and limbs their lily roundness ;
But it is worse to feel the heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay within us.—*Baile*.

1874. HOPE : ministers to health.

KNOW then whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope : the balm and life-blood of the soul ;
It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we can least spare,
Is hope : the last of all our evils, fear.

Armstrong.

1875. HOPE : must have an object

WORK without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

Coleridge.

1876. HOPE. Origin of

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
When every form of death and every woe
Shot from malignant stars the earth below ;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car ;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again—
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.
Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Campbell.

1877. HOPE : our anchor.

MY bark is on a troubled sea ;
The winds and waves may adverse be ;
But hope, my anchor, 's firmly cast
Within the vail, for ever fast.

How oft, when tempest-toss'd at night,
I watch in vain for dawning light,
Yet think, when terrors would prevail,
My anchor is within the vail.

1878. HOPE. Paternal

WHEN doom'd to poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.

Campbell.

1879. HOPE. Personification of

WITH him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She always smiled, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

Spenser.

1880. HOPE. Philosophy of

HOPE, eager Hope, the assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under-foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than Despair.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession why more tasteless than pursuit?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?
Because in the great future buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.

Young.

1881. HOPE. Power of

HOPE leads the child to plant the flower, the man to
sow the seed,
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, but prompts again
to deed,
And ere upon the old man's dust the grass is seen to
wave,
We look through falling tears to trust hope's sun-
shine on the grave.
Oh no! it is no flattering lure—no fancy weak or
fond—
When hope would bid us rest secure in better life
beyond.
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin, her promise
may gainsay;
The voice Divine hath spoke within, and God did
ne'er betray.—*Sarah F. Adams.*

1882. HOPE. Praise of

HOPE, of all ill that men endure,
The only chief and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat, thou sure entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer, for none
Flatter unhappy man but thou alone!
Hope, thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroys:
Who out of fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfil;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!
Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fix'd estate,
Thy portion yet in movables is great.
Happiness itself's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future's thine, the present his!
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss;
Best apprehender of our joys, which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!
Hope, thou sad lover's only friend!
Thou way, that may'st dispute it with the end!
For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee:
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.—*Cowley.*

1883. HOPE. Preciousness of

CEASE, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.—*Campbell.*

1884. HOPE. Prophecies of

INSPIRING thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,

If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd, when life was new?

Campbell.

1885. HOPE : ruined.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound.

Cowley.

1886. HOPE. The Christian's

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee;
Oh leave the Father's throne;
Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us as Thine own.

Oh bid the bright archangel now
The trump of God prepare,
To call Thy saints—the quick, the dead,
To meet Thee in the air.

No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and Thee.

But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours,
But only, Lord, above
Our heart without a pang shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

1887. HOPE. The Good Man's

THE good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep

Of mortal desolation. He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampart ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark vicissitude. Even in death,
In that dread hour, when, with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre. The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope, which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed. Even He,
The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way—
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to those celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.

Henry Kirke White.

1888. HOPE : the medicine of the miserable.

THE miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.—*Shakespeare.*

1889. HOPE : the spring of happiness.

WHEN the heart is light
With hope, all pleasures, nothing comes amiss.
Rogers.

1890. HOPE : unconquerable.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.—*Goldsmith.*

Though at times my spirit fails me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall,
Though my lot is hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.

Mrs Norton.

1891. HOPES. Earthly

HOPES, what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass,
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

Wordsworth.

There are hopes
 Promising well, and love-touch'd dreams for some,
 And passions, many a wild one, and fair schemes
 For gold and pleasure.
 Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
 Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
 If truth, and fervour, and devotedness,
 Finding no worthy altar, must return
 And die with their own fulness—if beyond
 The grave there is no heaven, in whose wide air
 The spirit may find room, and in the love
 Of whose bright habitants this lavish heart
 May spend itself—what thrice-mock'd fools are we !

Willis.

1892. HOSPITALITY.

SIR, you are very welcome to our house :
 It must appear in other ways than words,
 Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Shakespeare.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest :
 Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Pope.

By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
 And what to those we give to Jove is lent.

Pope.

Blest be the spot, where cheerful guests retire,
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire.
 Blest that abode, where want and pain despair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair :
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.—*Goldsmith.*

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
 and feasted ;
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
 together,
 All things were held in common, and what one had
 was another's :
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seem'd more
 abundant.—*Longfellow.*

1893. HOUSEHOLD. Angels in the

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who have never
 Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.

Alas ! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels that are to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air ;
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Leigh Hunt.

1894. HOUSEHOLD. A Christian

OH happy house ! oh home supremely blest,
 Where Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art entertain'd,
 As the most welcome and beloved guest,
 With true devotion and with love unfeign'd ;
 Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,
 Where eyes grow brighter as they look on Thee,
 Where all are ready at the slightest sign,
 To do Thy will, and do it heartily.

Oh happy house ! where man and wife are one,
 Through love of Thee, in spirit, heart, and mind ;
 Together join'd by holy bands, which none,
 Not death itself, can sever or unbind ;
 Where both on Thee unfailingly depend,
 In weal and woe, in good and evil days,
 And hope with Thee eternity to spend,
 In sweet communion and eternal praise.

Oh happy house ! where with the hands of prayer
 Parents commit their children to the Friend,
 Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
 Will watch and keep them safely to the end ;
 Where they are taught to sit at Jesu's feet,
 And listen to the words of life and truth,
 And learn to lisp His praise in accents sweet,
 From early childhood to advancing youth.

Oh happy house ! where man and maid pursue
 Their daily labours as unto the Lord,
 Desiring only that whate'er they do,
 May be according to His will and word ;—
 As servants, yet as friends and brethren too,
 Their love with deep humility combined,
 No less in little than in great things true,
 They serve Him gladly with a willing mind.

Oh happy house ! where Thou dost share the weal,
 Where none forget Thee whatsoe'er befall ;
 Oh happy house ! where Thou the wounds dost heal,
 The Healer and the Comforter of all ;
 Till every one his stated task hath done,
 And all at length shall peacefully depart
 To the bright realms where Thou Thyself art gone,—
 The Father's house where Thou already art.

Spitta. From Lyra Domestica.

1895. HOUSEHOLD. Happiness of the

BUT happy they, the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate

Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illuminated face—
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm—
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss ;
 All various nature pressing on the heart—
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink, in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Thomson.

1896. HUMAN LIFE.

BETWEEN two worlds life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge :
 How little do we know that which we are !
 How less what we may be ! the eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lash'd from the foam of ages, while the graves
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

Byron.

1897. HUMANITY. Brotherhood of

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
 The frantic warrior's call !
 Why should the earth be drench'd with gore ?
 Are we not brothers all ?

Want, from the wretch depart !
 Chains, from the captive fall !
 Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart—
 Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall ;
 Let love each harsher feeling drown—
 Christians are brothers all.

Let love and truth alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That Heaven its work at length may own,
 And men be brothers all.—*Johns.*

1898. HUMANITY. Cry of

'THERE is no God,' the foolish saith,
 But none, 'There is no sorrow ;'
 And nature oft the cry of faith
 In bitter need will borrow :
 Eyes which the preacher could not school,
 By wayside graves are raised ;
 And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
 Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'

Be pitiful, O God !

E. B. Browning.

1899. HUMBLE. Consolations for the

HE that high growth on cedars did bestow,
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.
 In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
 Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe :
 The lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
 Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
 We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Southwell.

The great Controller of our fate
 Deign'd to be man, and lived in low estate.

Dryden.

1900. HUMBLE. Safety of the

OFTEN to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.—*Shakespeare*.

The noble find their
Lives and deaths still troublesome ;
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm
Grows hoarse with scolding.—*Davenant*.

He that is down need fear no fall ;
He that is low, no pride :
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.—*Bunyan*.

1901. HUMILITY. Affected

IN proud humility a pious man went through the
field ;
The ears of corn were bowing in the wind, as if they
kneel'd :
He struck them on the head, and modestly began to
say,
'Unto the Lord, not unto me, such honours should
you pay.'—*Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger*.

1902. HUMILITY. Blessing of

OH ! learn that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod ;
If thou would'st keep thy garments white and holy,
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted,
Is in God's sight a fool :
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As His abiding rest ;
An angel by some patriarch's tent hath waited,
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valley free ;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood ;
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighbourhood.

The censor, swung by the proud hand of merit,
Fumes with a fire abhor'd ;
But faith's two mites, dropp'd covertly, inherit
A blessing from the Lord.

1903. HUMILITY. Caution respecting

HUMILITY mainly becometh the converse of man
with his Maker,
But oftentimes it seemeth out of place of man with
man ?
Render unto all men their due, but remember thou
also art a man,
And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is owing
to thy reasonable being.—*Tupper*.

1904. HUMILITY. Confident

THE mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping—
But I knock on the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray—
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me Nay.

My mistakes His love shall cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gate of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go His hand,
I shall see Him in His beauty—
The King in the far-off land.

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping—
But the Lord will let me in.—*Una Locke*.

1905. HUMILITY : contrasted with pride.

PRIDE, with haughty port, defies in vain
The force of rough adversity, which rends
With double violence the stubborn heart.
But, like a tender plant, Humility
Bends low before the threat'ning blast unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.
Pride is the livery of the prince of darkness,
Worn by his slaves who glory in their shame ;
A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent, and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of Heaven.
But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestow'd by Heaven upon its favourite sons ;
The robe which God approves and angels wear—
Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of Light,
Who stoop'd to dwell (Divine humility !)
With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.
Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death ;

But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.
Humility, how glorious ! how divine !
Thus clothed, and thus enrich'd, oh may I shine ;
Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

Mrs Steele.

1906. HUMILITY. Demand for

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go ;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low :
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility.—*Herrick.*

1907. HUMILITY. Fable of

FROM a dark cloud a drop of rain
Was falling, when, alas ! ashamed
As it approach'd the boundless main,
In woeful accents it exclaim'd,
'How wide ; how vast !—Ah, me, forlorn !
With *that* compared, I am but nought !'
While thus it view'd itself with scorn,
A shell it in its bosom caught ;
Thus conscious of its humbler state,
'Twas changed into a brilliant gem,
An orient pearl—and raised by fate
To deck the brightest diadem.—*Oriental.*

1908. HUMILITY. False

THERE are some that use
Humility to serve their pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wish'd journey's end.—*Denham.*

1909. HUMILITY : fits us for service.

LORD, I have question'd oft who best can work
For Thee below ?
Who can live nearest unto Thee, and most
Of Thy will know ?
Whom hast Thou given most to taste the joy
Of winning souls ?
'Tis he who humblest is, who on his Lord
Each burden rolls.
Yes, who would do Thee truest service, Lord,
Must lowly be ;
And humbly lay his will down at Thy feet,
To learn of Thee.
Lord, I would empty me of self, so may
The praise be Thine
Of work Thou givest me, while what is left—
Its joy—be mine.
For I am only happy, Lord, when I
Can merge my will
In Thine, the good and perfect one ; 'tis thus—
I can be still.

Read we the roll of faithful saints who have
High service done :

Holy and humble 'men of heart' were they
Whose wills were one

With Thine : they knew no other thought than this—
To set the Lord

Always before their face, and to obey
His lightest word.

God's saints are but the vessels which are fill'd
From heavenly springs ;

Through whom He, as a fountain, His choice gifts
Around Him flings.

But if the vessel first be overcharged
With selfish dross,

'Tis not itself alone, but all around,
Who suffer loss.

And humble souls are willing God should take
Into His care

Their vessels, which He cleanses for their place
In heaven, where

No more opposing thoughts can entrance find
Within the breast

Of one who, through God's discipline, has pass'd
To endless rest.

1910. HUMILITY. Ideals of

HUMILITY is the softening shadow before the statue
of Excellence,

And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely
as the violet ;

Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth
her brother,

The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues ;
Humility bringeth no excuse ; she is welcome to God

and man :

Her countenance is needful unto all who would
prosper in either world ;

And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in
the eyes of her companions,

And straightway stand they accepted, children of
penitence and love.—*Tupper.*

1911. HUMILITY. Place of

GIVE me the lowest place ; not that I dare

Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place : or if for me

That lowest place too high, make one more low,
Where I may sit and see

My God, and love Thee so.

Christina G. Rossetti.

1912. HUMILITY. Reward of

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest ;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the ' better part ,'
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet :
Fairest and best adorn'd is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends ;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.—*J. Montgomery.*

1913. HUMILITY : the eldest-born of virtue.

HUMILITY is eldest-born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven.
Murphy.

1914. HUMILITY : the root and foundation of virtue.

HUMILITY, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.—*Moore.*

Lowliness is the base of every virtue :
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.
My God keeps all His pity for the proud.
Bailey.

1915. HYPOCRISY. Ceremonious

It was withal a highly polish'd age,
And scrupulous in ceremonious rite.
When stranger stranger met upon the way,
First each to each bow'd most respectfully,
And large profession made of humble service,
And then the stronger took the other's purse.
And he that stabb'd his neighbour to the heart,
Stabb'd him politely, and return'd the blade
Reeking into its sheath, with graceful air.

Pollok.

1916. HYPOCRISY : common.

LIKE the detested tribe
Of ancient Pharisees, beneath the mask
Of clamorous piety, what numbers veil
Contaminated, vicious hearts ! How many
In the devoted temple of their God,
With hypocritic eye, from which the tear

Of penitential anguish seems to flow,
Pour forth their vows, and by affected zeal
Pre-eminent devotion boast ; while vice
Within the guilty breast rankles unseen.

Hayes.

Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best ;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself ; and therefore Fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

Byron.

1917. HYPOCRISY : depicted.

NEXT stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling and demurely looking down ;
But hid the dagger underneath the gown.—*Dryden.*

1918. HYPOCRISY : deplored.

AH, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !
Shakespeare.

Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !—*Shakespeare.*

1919. HYPOCRISY : invisible.

HYPOCRISY, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through heaven and earth.
And oft, though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.—*Milton.*

1920. HYPOCRISY. Merit of

HYPOCRISY, detest her as we may
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet),
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.—*Cowper.*

1921. HYPOCRISY : profitless.

SEEMING devotion doth but gild the knave
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave ;
But when religion doth with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.—*Waller.*

1922. HYPOCRISY. Successful

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.—*Shakespeare.*

1923. HYPOCRITE : accursed.

No man's condition is so base as his ;
None more accursed than he : for man esteems

Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is ;

God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems :
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of God and man ?—*Quarles*.

1924. HYPOCRITE : detected.

GOD beholds thee, wretch, though wrapt in prayer,
A wolf disguised, a painted sepulchre ;
Regards no more thy cant and godly whine,
Than yon dumb statue on the marble shrine,
Whose hands are seen in holy rapture closed,
And steadfast eyes to heaven alone disposed,
Prayer's senseless image, where no soul within
Speaks through the form, and animates the mien.

James Scott.

1925. HYPOCRITE. Devices of the

WHY, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears ;
And frame my face to all occasions.—*Shakespeare*.

How smooth and even do they bear themselves !
As if allegiance in their bosom sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Shakespeare.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glossy courtesy,
Baited with reason not unplaussible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares.—*Milton*,

They

Can pray upon occasion, talk of heaven,
Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach, like any priest.—*Otway*.

1926. HYPOCRITE. Emblem of a

THE devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shakespeare.

1927. HYPOCRITE. Fate of the

To just contempt ye vain pretenders fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.—*Pope*.

1928. HYPOCRITE. Simile of a

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.
Behold him in conceited circles sail,

Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt 'the eyes of Europe' on his tail !
As for the humble breed retain'd by man,

He scorns the whole domestic clan—

He bows, he bridles,

He wheels, he sidles,

As last, with stately dodgings in a corner,
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan !

'Look here,' he cries (to give him words).

'Thou feather'd clay, thou scum of birds !'—

Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—

'Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,

Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner,

Behold these lovely variegated dyes !

These are the rainbow colours of the skies,

That Heaven has shed upon me *con amore*—

A Bird of Paradise ?—a pretty story !

I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick !

Look at my crown of glory !

Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, dragged jill !'

And off goes Partlett, wriggling from a kick,

With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill

That little simile exactly paints

How sinners are despised by saints.

By saints !—the hypocrites that ope heaven's door

Obsequious to the sinful man of riches ;

But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor

In parish stocks, instead of breeches.—*Hood*.

1929. HYPOCRITE. The world a

THE world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;
The world's all face : the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities and scorn'd.—*Young*.

1930. HYPOCRITE. Unmasked

HE was a man

Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in : in Virtue's guise
Devour'd the widow's house and orphan's bread ;
In holy phrase transacted villainies

That common sinners durst not meddle with.

At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,

And with his guilty hands touch'd holiest things.

And none of sin lamented more, or sigh'd

More deeply, or with graver countenance,

Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,

Whose infant children, at the moment, he

Plann'd how to rob : in sermon style he bought,

And sold, and lied ; and salutations made

In Scripture terms : he pray'd by quantity,

And with his repetitions long and loud,

All knees were weary ; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sound-
ing—

He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man !
A serpent with an angel's voice ! a grave
With flowers bestrew'd ! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues being over-done, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments open'd in spite of him,
Through which the well-accustom'd eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blush'd.
As in the all-piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones :
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming ; but, meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose balk'd : the righteous smiled, and even
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,
As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.
Detected wretch ! of all the reprobate,
None seem'd maturer for the flames of hell ;
Where still his face, from ancient custom, wears
A holy air, which says to all that pass
Him by : I was a hypocrite on earth.—*Pollok.*

1931. HYPOCRITES : the serpents of society.

THINK'ST thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them ?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in Fortune's suns,
And sting the soul—ay, till its healthful frame
Is changed to secret, festering, sore disease,
So deadly is the wound.—*Joanna Baillie.*

1932 IDLENESS : destroys the possibility of
fame.

Who doth to slough his younger days engage,
For fond delight, he clips the wings of fame ;
For sloth, the canker-worm of honour's badge,
Fame's feather'd wings doth fret ; burying the name
Of virtue's worth in dust of dunghill shame,
Whom action out of dust to light doth bring,
And makes her mount to heaven with golden wing.
Mirror for Magistrates.

1933. IDLENESS. Miseries of

FROM other care absolved, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon :
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous self-love, with sickening fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason : some for fear of want,
Want all their lives ; and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

Armstrong.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd ;
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun ?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on Fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay ;
Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

Byron.

1934. IDLENESS : renders men useless.

AN idler is a watch that wants both hands ;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.—*Cowper.*

1935. IDLENESS. Results of

SEE the issue of your sloth ;
Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending,
Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,
And of theft comes hanging.—*Chapman.*

By nature's laws, immutable and just,
Enjoyment stops where indolence begins ;
And purposeless, to-morrow, borrowing sloth,
Itself heaps on its shoulders loads of woe,
Too heavy to be borne.—*Pollok.*

1936. IDLENESS : robs men of rest.

THERE, too, my Paridel ! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.—*Pope.*

The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.

Cowper.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
And sleep not : see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it :—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy ; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

Cowper.

1937. IDLENESS : shameful.

AN empty form
Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused ;
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world.—*Thomson.*

I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance : I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old.—*Hillhouse.*

1938. IDLENESS : sometimes falsely charged.

How various his enjoyments, whom the world
Calls idle ; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too !
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation, who has these ?
Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy ?—*Cowper.*

1939. IDLENESS : unreasonable.

Hamlet. WHAT is man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? A beast, no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused.—*Shakespeare.*

1940. IDOLATRY : common.

AND still from Him we turn away,
And fill our hearts with worthless things ;
The fires of avarice melt the clay,
And forth the idol springs !

Ambition's flame, and passion's heat,
By wondrous alchemy transmute
Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
To fill Jehovah's seat.—*Clinch.*

1941. IDOLATRY. Cruelties of

BEFORE the idol-monster was the blood
Of man pour'd out by man. No mother there
Bless'd the fair skies which smiled upon her babe,
But hasten'd rather, with unnatural hand,
To crush the unfolding life, and turn aside
The dark inheritance of woe and pain,
Ere yet the unconscious victim own'd its doom.

Alexander

1942. IDOLATRY : legend of the boy Abraham.

THE sire of Abraham, Terah by name,
Made idols for his tribe, selling the same
To whosoever wanted. Now, one day,
Having work elsewhere, he went away
Leaving the lad in charge. The first to call
Was an old man, who gravely priced them all,
And pick'd one out to buy. 'Old man, tell me
Thine age,' ask'd Abraham. 'Three-score,' said he.
'Art thou three-score, and yet no whit ashamed
To worship what my father's cunning framed
In half-a-dozen hours ? I marvel much
That one should bend his hoary head to such
A baby god !' At this, albeit sorely vex'd,
The man in dumb abashment left him. Next
Came in a woman, serious-faced, to bring
Of flesh and loaves and fruit an offering.
'Feed them thyself,' laugh'd Abraham, 'and see
How fast they eat !' Whereat right joyfully
She parcel'd each its share. Then did he take
A club of stone, and, cleverly smiting, brake
In myriad pieces every idol but
The largest, in whose fist he slyly put
The weapon. Terrified, the woman fled ;
And when Terah return'd and saw, he said :
'What impious thing is here ? Go get me rods
To scourge who thus hath dared abase the gods !'
'Nay, father,' spake the youth, 'while thou wast
gone
A woman brought them victuals ; whereupon
The younger gods began to eat, and so
Enraged the eldest, with one heavy blow
He smash'd their heads.' 'Out on thee for a liar !'
Cried Terah angrily. 'Wilt mock thy sire ?
Do I not know these neither eat nor drink,
Hear not with ears, nor see with eyes, nor think ?'
'And yet,' urged Abraham, 'expectest thou
That I to such mere dummies mean to bow ?'
Then Terah for his crime had Abraham sent
Forthwith before the judge for punishment.

And Nimrod ask'd the youth : 'Hast thou such ire
Against thy father's gods? Then worship fire.'

'Why may I not to water pray,' said he,
'That quencheth fire?' 'Well, then, so let it be ;
Pray to the water.' 'Yet why not, instead,
Unto the clouds, that water hold?' he said.
'Well, then, to them.' 'But to the wind, why not,
That sways the clouds as swayeth thee my thought?'
'Yes, pray unto the wind.' 'But nay, Nimrod,
Be fire nor water, cloud nor wind, my god.
Before a Mightier than they I fall—
Him only will I serve who made them all !'

Rachel Pomeroy.

1943. IDOLATRY. Modern forms of

If, when the Lord of Glory is in sight,
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,
To bow before the 'little drop of light'

Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here :
What dost thou, but adore the sun, and scorn
Him at whose only word both sun and stars were
born?

If while around the gales from Eden breathe,
Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy peevish moan
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,
Some darling of blind fancy, dead and gone,
As wisely might'st thou in Jehovah's fane
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain.

Turn thee from these, or dare not to inquire
Of Him whose Name is Jealous, lest in wrath,
He hear and answer thine unblest desire :

Far better we should cross His lightning's path,
Than be according to our idols heard,
And God should take us at our own vain word.

Koble.

1944. IDOLATRY. Overthrow of

No more at Delos or at Delphi now,
Or e'en at mighty Ammon's Libyan shrine,
The white-robed priests before the altar bow,

To slay the victim and to pour the wine,
While gifts of kingdoms round each pillar twine.
Scarce can the classic pilgrim, sweeping free

From fallen architrave the desert vine,
Trace the dim names of their divinity :
Gods of the ruin'd temples, where, oh where are
ye?—*Bathune.*

1945. IDOLS. Breaker of

Lo! a hundred proud pagodas have the Moslem
torches burn'd,

Lo! a thousand monstrous idols Mahmoud's zeal has
overturn'd.

He from Northern Ghuznee issuing, through the
world this word doth bear—

God is ONE ; ye shall no other with the peerless One
compare :

Till in India's farthest corner he has reach'd the cost-
liest shrine

Of the Brahmins, idol-tending—which they hold the
most divine.

Profits not the wild resistance ; stands the victor at
the gate,

With this hugest idol's ruin all his work to consum-
mate.

Forth in long procession streaming came the sup-
pliant priests to meet—

Came with ransom and with homage the resistless
one to greet.

Ransom huge of gold they offer, pearls of price and
jewels rare,

Purchase of their idol's safety, this their dearest will
he spare.

And there wanted not who counsel'd, that he should
his hand withhold,

Should that single image suffer, and accept this
needed gold.

But he rather—'God raised me, not to make a shame-
ful gain,

Trafficking in hideous idols, with a service false and
vain ;

But to count my work unfinish'd, till I sweep them
from the world :

Stand, and see the thing ye sued for, by this hand to
ruin hurl'd.'

High he rear'd his battle-axe, and heavily came down
the blow :

Reel'd the abominable image, broken, bursten, to
and fro ;

From its shatter'd side revealing pearls and diamonds,
showers of gold ;

More than all that proffer'd ransom, more than all a
hundredfold.

Thou too, Heaven's commission'd warrior to cast
down each idol throne,

In thy heart's profan'd temple, make this faithful
deed thine own.

Still they plead and still they promise ; wilt thou
suffer them to stand?

They have pleasures, gifts, and treasures, to enrich
thee at command.

Heed not thou, but boldly strike them ; let descend
the faithful blow ;
From their wreck and from their ruin first will thy
true riches flow.

Thou shalt lose thy life, and find it ; thou shalt boldly
cast it forth,
And then back again receiving, know it in its endless
worth.—*Trench.*

1946. IDOLS : removed.

GOD keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols ; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them, raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

E. B. Browning.

1947. IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE is the curse of God ;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Shakespeare.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

Butler.

But 'tis some justice to ascribe to chance
The wrongs you must expect from ignorance :
None can the moulds of their creation choose,
We therefore should men's ignorance excuse.
When born too low to reach to things sublime,
'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime.

Davenant.

Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt ;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

Daniel.

If we see right, we see our woes ;
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows :
The only wretched are the wise !—*Prior.*

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more : where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.—*Gray.*

By ignorance is pride increased ;
Those most assume who know the least :

Their own self-balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.—*Gay.*

1948. ILLNESS.

MAY be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound : we're not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.—*Shakespeare.*

Thou art like night, O Sickness ! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low, sweet voices by life's tumult drown'd ;
Thou art like awful night !—thou gatherest round
The things that are unseen, though close they lie,—
And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.

Mrs Hemans.

I lay ill ;
And the dark hot flood throbbing through and
through me,
They bled me, and I swoon'd ; and as I died,
Or seem'd to die, a soft sweet sadness fell
With a voluptuous weakness on my soul,
That made me feel all happy.—*Bailey.*

1949. ILLNESS. Consolation in

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away ;

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold Him, and adore ;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.—*Toplady.*

1950. ILLS. Philosophy of

ALL evils natural are moral goods ;
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.

None are unhappy . . . all have cause to smile,
 But such as to themselves that cause deny.
 Our faults are at the bottom of our pains :
 Error in act or judgment is the source
 Of endless sighs. We sin, or we mistake,
 And nature tax, when false opinion stings.
 Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulged ;
 But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
 Joy from the joyous frequently betrays,
 Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe. . . .
 Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts :
 'Tis joy and conquest—joy, and virtue too.
 A noble fortitude in ills delights
 Heaven, earth, ourselves. . . 'tis duty, glory, peace.
 Affliction is the good man's shining scene ;
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
 As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire.
 The *crown of manhood* is a winter joy,
 An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
 'Tis a prime part of happiness to know
 How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;
 A part which few possess. I'll pay life's tax
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a man
 Who thinks it is shall never be a god.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

Young.

1951. ILLUSTRATION. Habit of

WHEREFORE, it is wise and well to guide the mind
 aright,
 That its aptness may be sensitive to good, and shrink
 with antipathy from evil,
 For use will mould and mark it, or non-usage dull
 and blunt ;
 So to talk of spirit by analogy with substance ;
 And analogy is a truer guide than many teachers tell
 of.
 Similitudes are scattered round, to help us, not to
 hurt us ;
 Moses, in his every type, and the Greater than a
 Moses, in His parables,
 Preach, in terms that all may learn, the philosophic
 lessons of analogy.—*Tupper.*

1952. IMAGINATION. Cheat of the

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation : where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
 In him alone. Can nature show so fair ?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare

Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men ?

The unreach'd paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom
 again ?

Who loves, raves ; 'tis youth's frenzy, but the cure
 Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
 Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most
 undone.—*Byron.*

1953. IMAGINATION : outruns reality.

Do what he will, he cannot realize
 Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies ;
 Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
 The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.

Rogers.

1954. IMAGINATION. Pleasures of

O BLEST of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the siren ! not the tribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm the enliven'd soul ! What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life ; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet Nature's care to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marble and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake

Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only ; for the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers,
 Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
 On outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair-inspired delight : her temper'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.—*Akenside.*

1955. IMAGINATION. Power of the

Thesius. MORE strange than true : I never may
 believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
 That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or in the night imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear !—*Shakespeare.*

Fancy can save or kill ; it hath closed up
 Wounds when the balsam could not, and without
 The aid of salves :—to think hath been a cure.
 For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
 Of mere imagination.—*Cartwright.*

1956. IMAGINATION. Powerlessness of the

OH, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 Oh no, the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Shakespeare.

1957. IMAGINATION. Support of

'WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind!
 Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays,
 Heavy is woe ; and joy, for humankind,
 A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !'
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
 Who wants the glorious faculty assign'd
 To elevate the more than reasoning mind,
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
 Imagination is that sacred power,
 Imagination lofty and refined :
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Wordsworth.

1958. IMAGINATION. Tortures of the

PRESENT fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.

Shakespeare.

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
 Imaginary ills and fancied tortures?—*Addison.*

1959. IMAGINATION : unfits men for the realities of life.

I HAVE fed
 Perhaps too much upon the lotus-fruits
 Imagination yields,—fruits that unfit
 The palate for the more substantial food
 Of our own land—reality.—*L. E. Landon.*

1960. IMITATION : natural to man.

BEHOLD the child among his new-born blisses—
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See at his feet some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art—
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral—
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song.
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part—
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'

With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation. — *Wordsworth.*

1961. IMMODESTY.

IMMODEST words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
Roscommon.

1962. IMMORTALITY. Argument for

MAN'S soul immortal is : whilst here they live,
The purest minds for perfect knowledge strive ;
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds : in this abode
Of flesh, the soul can never reach so high,
So reason tells us. If the soul then die,
When from the body's bonds she takes her flight,
Her unfulfill'd desire is frustrate quite,
And so bestow'd in vain ! It follows then,
The best desires, unto the best of men,
The Great Creator did in vain dispense,
Or else the soul must live when gone from hence,
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it must die at all ?
May.

1963. IMMORTALITY : asserted.

THE spirit of man,
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod. — *Milton.*

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die.
Campbell.

The sun is but a spark of fire, —
A transient meteor in the sky :
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die !

J. Montgomery.

1964. IMMORTALITY. Confidence in

OF man immortal ! Hear the lofty style :
'If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust : the soul is safe ;
The man emerges ; mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from Nature's funeral pyre ;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles ;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well pleased to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated storms.'
Young.

1965. IMMORTALITY. Denial of

If dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their whole of being ! If the breath
Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death,
O Man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finish'd vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She form'd with restless hands unconsciously !
Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
The counter-weights ! Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other ! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold ?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
These costless shadows of thy shadowy self ?
Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !
Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have none ;
Thy being's being is contradiction. — *Coleridge.*

1966. IMMORTALITY. Desire for

FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

For ever with the Lord !
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 ' For ever with the Lord ! '

James Montgomery.

1967. IMMORTALITY. Hope of

DOUBTLESS all souls have a surviving thought ;
 Therefore of death we think with quiet mind ;
 But if we think of being turn'd to nought,
 A trembling horror in our souls we find.

Davies.

Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
 That onward looks to immortality :
 Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
 Pure, spiritual, and loving. I believe
 The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
 That hold us in affection to our kind.
 I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
 Watching and waiting those I loved on earth ;
 Anxious in heaven, until they, too, are there.
 I will attend your guardian angel's side
 And weep away your faults with holy tears :
 Your midnight shall be fill'd with solemn thought :
 And when, at length, death brings you to my love,
 Mine the first welcome heard in Paradise.

1968. IMMORTALITY. Inference of

LOOK Nature through : 'tis revolution all—
 All change—no death. Day follows night, and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise :
 Earth takes th' example. See the Summer gay,
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
 Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the Spring : soft Spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just :
 Nature revolves, but man advances ; both
 Eternal—that a circle, this a line.

The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life, born from Death,
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers Lorenzo ? Can it be ?
 Matter immortal ? And shall spirit die ?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise ?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know ? Shall man alone,
 Imperial man ! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds ?
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
 Severely doom'd Death's single unredeem'd ?

If Nature's revolution speaks aloud
 In her gradation, hear her louder still.
 Look Nature through—'tis neat gradation all.
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends !
 Each middle nature join'd at each extreme—
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
 Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
 Abhor divorce. What love of union reigns !
 Here, dormant matter waits a call to life ;
 Half-life, half-death, join there ; here, life and sense ;
 There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray :
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserved
 The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
 Of incorporeal life ? those realms of bliss
 Where death hath no dominion ? Grant a make
 Half-mortal, half-immortal—earthly, part—
 And part ethereal ; grant the soul of man
 Eternal : or in man the series ends.
 Wide yawns the gap ; connection is no more ;
 Check'd Reason halts ; her next step wants support ;
 Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme ;
 A scheme Analogy pronounced so true !
 Analogy, man's surest guide below.—*Young.*

1969. IMMORTALITY. Longing for

AWAY with death—away
 With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
 Impervious to the day,
 Where nature sinks into inanity.
 How can the soul desire
 Such hateful nothingness to crave,
 And yield with joy the vital fire
 To moulder in the grave !
 Yet mortal life is sad,
 Eternal storms molest its sullen sky ;
 And sorrows ever rife
 Drain the sacred fountain dry—
 Away with mortal life !

But hail the calm reality,
 The seraph immortality !
 Hail the heavenly bowers of peace,
 Where all the storms of passion cease.
 Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
 The wearied spirit weeps no more ;
 But wears the eternal smile of joy,
 Tasting bliss without alloy.
 Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
 Where no passing tempest lowers ;
 But the azure heavens display
 The everlasting smile of day ;
 Where the choral seraph choir
 Strike to praise the harmonious lyre ;
 And the spirit sinks to ease,
 Lull'd by distant symphonies.
 Oh ! to think of meeting there
 The friends whose graves received our tear,
 The daughter loved, the wife adored,
 To our widow'd arms restored ;
 And all the joys which death did sever,
 Given to us again for ever !
 Who would cling to wretched life,
 And hug the poison'd thorn of strife ;
 Who would not long from earth to fly,
 A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
 When the glorious prospect lies
 Full before his raptur'd eyes ?—*H. K. White.*

1970. IMMORTALITY. Mystery of

STILL seems it strange that thou shouldst live for
 ever ?

Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all ?
 This is a miracle, and that no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
 Deny thou art—then, doubt if thou shalt be.
 A miracle with miracles enclosed,
 Is man ; and starts his faith at what is strange ?
 What, less than wonders, from the Wonderful ?
 What, less than miracles, from GOD can flow ?
 Admit a GOD (that mystery supreme !
 That cause uncaused !), all other wonders cease.
 Nothing is marvellous for Him to do !
 Deny Him all is mystery besides !
 Millions of mysteries ! each darker far
 Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
 If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side ?
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous ;
 Yet what is marvellous we can't believe.—*Young.*

1971. IMMORTALITY. Patrimony of

OH what a patrimony this ! A being
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,

Not worlds possess can raise it—worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course
 When thine, O Nature ! ends : too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure this !
 The monarch is a beggar to the man.

IMMORTAL ! Ages pass'd, yet nothing gone ?
 Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! Life
 Beginning still, where computation ends !

Immortal ! What can strike the sense so strong,
 As this the soul ? It thunders to the thought ;
 Reason amazes ; gratitude o'erwhelms !
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate !
 Roused at the sound, the exulting soul ascends
 And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
 Ambitions high and fans ethereal fires ;
 Quick-kindles all that is divine within us,
 Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Immortal ! Were but one immortal, how
 Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing less ?
 How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven !
 Oh vain, vain, vain, all else ! Eternity !
 A glorious and a needful refuge that,
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.
 'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
 That only, and that amply, this performs ;
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above :
 Their terror, those—and these their lustre lose !
 Eternity depending, covers all ;
 Eternity depending, all achieves ;
 Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shade ;
 Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her powers :
 The low, the lofty, joyous and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns and fascinating smiles,
 Make one promiscuous and neglected heap
 The man beneath ; if I may call him man
 Whom immortality's full force inspires.—*Young.*

1972. IMMORTALITY. Progress in

I HAVE learn'd
 This doctrine from the vanishing of youth.
 The pictured primer, true, is thrown aside ;
 But its first lesson liveth in my heart.
 I shall go on through all eternity.
 Thank God, I only am an embryo still ;
 The small beginning of a glorious soul,
 An atom that shall fill immensity.—*Coxe.*

1973. IMMORTALITY. Reason for

Cato. It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well !
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for
 Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

Addison.

1974. IMMORTALITY. Solemnity of the hope of

IMMORTALITY o'ersweeps

All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals
 Like the eternal thunders of the deep
 Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st for ever!

Byron.

1975. IMMORTALITY. Transition of

Nothing is dead but that which wish'd to die;
 Nothing is dead but wretchedness and pain;
 Nothing is dead but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
 Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise?
 Too dark the sun to see it; higher stars
 Too low to reach it; Death, great Death alone,
 O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition, though the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
 Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.

Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all:
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
 Death, and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance—never are alike:
 Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess;
 Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades;
 And these the formidable picture draw.—*Young.*

1976. IMMORTALITY. Universal testimony to

HENCE springs that universal strong desire
 Which all men have of immortality:
 Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire,
 But all men's minds in this united be.—*Davis.*

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach,
 With general voice, that souls can never die,
 'Tis not man's flattering gloss, but nature's speech,
 Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.—*Davis.*

1977. IMMORTALITY. Verdict of

THE witnesses are heard: the cause is o'er.
 Let Conscience file the sentence in her court,
 Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey.
 Thus seal'd by truth, the authentic record runs:
 'Know, all—know, infidels! (unapt to know!)
 'Tis immortality your nature solves;
 'Tis immortality deciphers man,
 And opens all the mysteries of his make.
 Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
 Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
 His very crimes attest his dignity;
 His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
 Declares him born for blessings infinite.
 What less than infinite makes unabsurd
 Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?
 Fierce passions, so mismeasured to this scene,
 Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
 Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
 For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
 And evidence our title to the skies.'—*Young.*

1978. IMMORTALITY. Wonder of

To think for aye! to breathe immortal breath,
 And know nor hope, nor fear, of ending death;
 To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
 Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
 Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of thought;
 O God Omnipotent! who in me wrought
 This conscious world, whose ever-growing orb,
 When the dead Past shall all in time absorb,
 Will be but as begun,—oh, of Thing own
 Give of the holy light that veils Thy throne,
 That darkness be not mine, to take my place
 Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space!

So may this wondrous life, from sin made free,
Reflect Thy love for aye, and to Thy glory be !
Allston.

1979. IMPATIENCE. Check to

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load ;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be ?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea ?

If we knew the baby fingers
Press'd against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow ?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now ?—*K. A. S.*

1980. IMPATIENCE : unreasonable.

Of night impatient, we demand the day ;
The day arrives, and for the night we pray.
Blackmore.

1981. IMPRISONMENT : ceases at death.

DEATH is the pledge of rest, and with one bail,
Two prisons quits ; the body and the jail.—*King.*

1982. IMPRISONMENT. Joyous

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.
Nought have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long ;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty,
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,

To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty Will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.
Madame Guyon, tr. by Thomas C. Upham.

1983. IMPRISONMENT : not to be feared.

LET them fear bondage who are slaves to fear ;
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.—*Ford.*

1984. IMPRISONMENT : the common lot.

WHY should we murmur to be circumscribed,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters ?
When the whole world was meant but to confine us ;
Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedom of the prison :
Our soul was the first captive, born to inherit
But her own chains ; nor can it be discharged,
Till nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone, to be at liberty.—*Shirley.*

Captivity

Is the inheritance of all things finite ;
Nor can we boast our liberty, though we
Are not restrain'd by strong-holds ; when as
The neighb'ring air confines us, and each man
Is thralldom's perfect emblem : for in all,
The soul is captive, and the body's thrall.
Marriage Broker.

1985. INCARNATION. Wonders of the

OH, how wondrous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth !
See, the mighty Lord of glory
Leaves His heaven to visit earth.

If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Could their warmest love refuse ?

But 'twas He to whom in heaven
Hallelujahs never cease ;
He, the mighty God, was given—
Given to us—a Prince of peace.

None but He who did create us
Could redeem from sin and hell ;
None but He could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had He come, the glorious Stranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great ;
Had He lived in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal state—

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love would dwell ;
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise,
Thus our lowest state to borrow !
Oh, the high mysterious ways—
God's own Son a child of sorrow !

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure
He our suffering nature bore ;
'Twas to give us heavenly treasure
He was willing to be poor.—*Hannah More.*

1986. INCOMPLETENESS. Law of

Deal gently with us, ye who read !
Our largest hope is unfulfill'd—
The promise still outruns the deed—
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find ;
Our ripest fruit we never reach ;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

Holmes.

1987. INCOMPREHENSIBLE. Struggle for the

IN mind, in matter, much was difficult
To understand : but what in deepest night
Retired, inscrutable, mysterious, dark,
Was evil ; God's decrees ; and deeds decreed,
Responsible. Why God, the just and good,
Omnipotent and wise, should suffer sin
To rise. Why man was free, accountable ;
Yet God foreseeing, overruling all,
Where'er the eye could turn, whatever track
Of moral thought it took, by reason's torch,
Or Scripture's led, before it still this mount
Sprung up, impervious, insurmountable,
Above the human stature rising far ;
Horizon of the mind—surrounding still
The vision of the soul with clouds and gloom.
Yet did they not attempt to scale its sides,
And gain its top. Philosophy, to climb,
With all her vigour toil'd from age to age :
From age to age, Theology, with all
Her vigour, toil'd ; and vagrant Fancy toil'd.
Not weak and foolish only, but the wise,
Patient, courageous, stout, sound-headed man
Of proper discipline, of excellent wind,
And strong of intellectual limb, toil'd hard,
And oft above the reach of common eye
Ascended far, and seem'd well-nigh the top :
But only seem'd ; for still another top

Above them rose, till giddy grown, and mad,
With gazing at these dangerous heights of God,
They tumbled down, and in their raving said,
They o'er the summit saw : and some believed ;
Believed a lie ; for never man on earth
That mountain cross'd, or saw its farther side.
Around it lay the wreck of many a Sage,
Divine, Philosopher ; and many more
Fell daily, undeter'd by millions fallen ;
Each wondering why he fail'd to comprehend
God, and with finite measure infinite.
To pass it, was no doubt desirable ;
And few of any intellectual size
That did not sometime in their day attempt ;
But all in vain : for as the distant hill,
Which on the right, or left, the traveller's eye
Bounds, seems advancing as he walks, and oft
He looks, and looks, and thinks to pass ; but still
It forward moves, and mocks his baffled sight,
Till night descends and wraps the scene in gloom,
So did this moral height the vision mock ;
So lifted up its dark and cloudy head,
Before the eye, and met it evermore.
And some, provoked, accused the righteous God !
Accused of what ? hear human boldness now ;
Hear guilt, hear folly, madness, all extreme !
Accused of what ? the God of truth accused
Of cruelty, injustice, wickedness !
Abundant sin ! Because a mortal man,
A worm at best of small capacity,
With scarce an atom of Jehovah's works
Before him, and with scarce an hour to look
Upon them, should presume to censure God—
The infinite and uncreated God !
To sit in judgment—on Himself, His works,
His providence ! and try, accuse, condemn !
If there is aught, thought or to think, absurd,
Irrational, and wicked, this is more—
This most ; the sin of devils, or of those
To devils growing fast : wise men and good,
Accused themselves, not God ; and put their hands
Upon their mouths and in the dust adored.—*Pollak.*

1988. INCONSTANCY. Human

Oh what a thing is man ! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest !
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building : and 'tis partly true,
His mind is so.

Oh what a sight is man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind ;

And like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires!—*Herbert.*

1989. INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!
The life of life, that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.

Thomson.

Hail! Independence—by true reason taught,
How few have known and prized thee as they ought!
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
Ambition some, some Avarice misleads,
And, in both cases, Independence bleeds.

Churchill.

I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy! choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office.—*Cowper.*

1990. INDOLENCE. Awaking from

I WASTE no more in idle dreams
My life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self—
I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain,
I've lavish'd all too long:
Henceforth to holier purposes
I pledge myself, my song!

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame
Upon the dreary past—
My heart, my soul pour'd recklessly
On dreams that could not last:
My bark was drifted down the stream,
At will of wind or wave—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
And steer as conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of fate,
Though wild the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
If once I give it sway:
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard soul! unclothe thine eyes—
No more in luxury soft

Of joy ideal waste thyself:
Awake and soar aloft!
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!—*Osgood.*

1991. INDOLENCE. Victim of

NOT all at once

He yielded to the soothing voice of sleep;
But having seen a bough of laurel wave,
He effort made to climb; and friends, and even
Himself, talk'd of his greatness, as at hand,
And prophesying drew his future life.
Vain prophecy! his fancy, taught by sloth,
Saw in the very threshold of pursuit
A thousand obstacles; he halted first,
And while he halted, saw his burning hopes
Grow dim and dimmer still: Ambition's self,
The advocate of loudest tongue, decay'd;
His purposes, made daily, daily broken,
Like plant uprooted oft, and set again,
More sickly grew, and daily waver'd more:
Till at the last, decision, quite worn out,
Decision, fulcrum of the mental powers,
Resign'd the blasted soul to staggering chance;
Sleep gather'd fast, and weigh'd him downward still;
His eye fell heavy from the mount of fame;
His young resolves to benefit the world
Perish'd, and were forgotten; he shut his ear
Against the painful news of rising worth;
And drank with desperate thirst the poppy's juice;
A deep and mortal slumber settled down
Upon his weary faculties oppress'd;
He roll'd from side to side, and roll'd again;
And snored, and groan'd, and wither'd, and expired,
And rotted on the spot, leaving no name.—*Pollok.*

1992. INDUSTRY. Benefit of

Ho, all who labour, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
Oh, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.—*Orme.*

1993. INDUSTRY: essential to prosperity.

If little labour, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

Herrick.

To be rich, be diligent ; move on
Like Heaven's great movers that enrich the earth ;
Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone ;
And make the spring straight bury all her birth.
Rich are the diligent who can command
Time—nature's stock.—*Davenant.*

1994. INDUSTRY. Female

BEHOLD !

The ruddy damsel singeth at the wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.
Perchance his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thoughts,
(For men have deeper minds than women—sure !)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make.—*Mrs Sigmourney.*

She was knowing in all needlework,
And shone in dairy and in kitchen too,
As in the parlour.—*Barker.*

1995. INDUSTRY. Incentives to

TOIL, and be glad ! let Industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !
Who does not act is dead : absorb'd entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath ;
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss !
How tasteless then whatever can be given !
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,
While he whom Toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
day.

Oh who can speak the vigorous joys of health !
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind ;
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.

In health the wiser brutes true gladness find,
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind ;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds.

Come, follow me ; I will direct you right,
Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet : come, follow this good Knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your
sight.

Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
To senates some, and public sage debates,

Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states ;
To high discovery some, that new creates
The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;
Some to the rural reign and softer fates ;
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart :
All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.
Thomson.

1996. INDUSTRY. Motives for

DEATH worketh,
Let me work too ;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too ;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too ;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.—*Bonar.*

1997. INDUSTRY. Peace of

STILL hope ! still act ! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil, in tasks however mean,
For all we know of right and true—
In this alone our worth is seen ;
'Tis this we were ordain'd to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give ;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,
By thee let others nobler live.

Thou wilt have angels near above,
By whom invisible aid is given ;
Thy journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest, except in heaven.—*Sterling.*

1998. INDUSTRY. Rewards of

SHORTLY his fortune shall be lifted higher ;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire.
Shakespeare.

1999. INDUSTRY : should not be excessive.

LET not the poor
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like moral and immortal creatures.—*Bailey*.

2000. INDUSTRY. Victories of

INDUSTRIOUS wisdom often does prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable.

2001. INDUSTRY. Works of

Now sober Industry, illustrious power !
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy ; now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare, tames the stubborn soil ;
Leads the long drain along the unfertile marsh :
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks, and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests and the golden grain.—*Bruce*.

2002. INEBRIETY. (See Drunkenness, Intemperance.)

I DRANK ; I liked it not ; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.—*Prior*.

Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage ;
Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbinger, lie latent in the draught ;
And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.—*Prior*.

2003. INFAMY.

WHAT grief can be, but time doth make it less ?
But infamy, time never can suppress.—*Drayton*.

Shame ever sticks close to the ribs of honour ;
Great men are never sound men after it.
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.
Middleton.

2004. INFANCY. Death in

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white ;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,

They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose :
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song ; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncover'd to his grave : 'tis closed—her loss
The mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn ;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued ;
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.—*Wordsworth*.

2005. INFANT. Gift of an

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled
When this frail treasure in her arms she press'd :
Her prayer was heard—she clasp'd a living child ;
But how the gift transcends the poor request !
A child was all she ask'd, with many a vow :
Mother—behold the child an angel now !

Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;
Or if to earth she takes a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light ;
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou may'st also be.
Jane Taylor.

2006. INFANTS. Future life of

A BABE in glory is a babe for ever :
Perfect as spirits, and able to pour forth
Their glad heart in the tongues which angels use,
These nurslings, gather'd in God's nursery,
For ever grow in loveliness and love
(Growth is the law of all intelligence),
Yet cannot pass the limit which defines
Their being. They have never fought the fight,
Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
Nor stagger'd underneath the weary cross :
Conceived in sin, they sinn'd not ; though they died,
They never shudder'd with the fear of death :
These things they know not, and can never know.
Yet fallen children of a fallen race,
And early to transgression, like the rest,
Sure victims, they were bought with Jesus' blood,
And cleansed by Jesus' Spirit, and redeem'd
By His Omnipotent arm from death and hell :
A link betwixt mankind and angelhood :
As born of woman, sharers with all saints
In that great ransom paid upon the cross :
In purity and inexperience
Of guilt akin to angels. Infancy
Is one thing, manhood one. And babes, though part
Of the true archetypal house of God
Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,
Nor will be ever, massive rocks rough-hewn,
Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted shafts

Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles ;
But rather as the delicate lily-work
By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,
Enwreathed upon the brazen chapiters,
Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.
Innumerable flowers thus bloom and blush
In heaven. Nor reckon God's designs in them
Frustrate, or shorn of full accomplishment :
The lily is as perfect as the oak ;
The myrtle is as fragrant as the palm ;
And Sharon's roses are as beautiful
As Lebanon's majestic cedar crown.—*Bickersteth.*

2007. INFANTS. Mourning for

WEEP not for them ! it is no cause of sorrow
That theirs was no long pathway to the tomb ;
They had one bright to-day, no sad to-morrow
Rising in hope, and darkening into gloom.

Weep not for them ! Give tears unto the living !
Oh waste no vain regret on lot like theirs !
But rather make it reason for thanksgiving,
That ye have nurtured angels unawares.

2008. INFIDELITY. Guilt of

'THERE is a God,' all nature cries,
All knowledge proves 'there is a God :'
'There is no God,' the fool replies,
Whose heart is duller than the clod.

The grateful clod, refresh'd with rains,
Pours flowers along its Maker's path ;
But the fool's heart a fool's remains,
Untouch'd by love, unmoved by wrath.

And yet the wretch himself deceives ;
While fiends believe and trembling fly,
He trembles though he disbelieves ;
And conscience gives his life the lie.

James Montgomery.

2009. INFIDELS. Rebuke of

THE solemn mountain lifts its head, the Almighty to
proclaim,
The brooklet from its crystal bed doth leap to greet
His name ;
High swells the deep and fitful sea upon its billowy
track,
And red Vesuvius opes its mouth to hurl the false-
hood back.

'No God !' With indignation high, yon fervent sun
is stirr'd,
And the pale moon turns paler still, at such an im-
pious word ;

And from their thrones in heaven the stars look down
with angry eye,
That man, a worm of dust, should mock eternal
majesty.

2010. INFLUENCE. Double

THE bird that to the evening sings
Leaves music when her song is ended ;
A sweetness left, which takes not wings,
But with each pulse of eve is blended :
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers ;
The heart that makes its own delight,
Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower
Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it ;
And sweetness closes, like a flower
That shuts itself, from tones that grieve it :
Thus life involves a double joy,
Or double gloom, for each hath brothers ;
The heart that makes its own annoy,
Makes also an annoy for others.—*Charles Swain.*

2011. INFLUENCE. Good

Sow on in faith !
Sow the good seed ! another after thee
Shall reap. Hast thou not garner'd many fruits
Of others' sowing, whom thou knowest not ?
Canst tell how many struggles, sufferings, tears,
All unrecorded, unremember'd all,
Have gone to build up what thou hast of good ?

2012. INFLUENCE : immortal

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirr'd our hearts in youth ;
The impulse of a worldless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes :
These things shall never die.

The timely hand stretch'd forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart :
These things can never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,

And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss.
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasp'd, those lips have met;
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high;
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.—*Dickens.*

2013. INFLUENCE. Lesson of

DROP follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives for ever.

Flake follows flake, like spirits
Whose wings the winds dis sever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind for ever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy for ever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul for ever.

2014. INFLUENCE. Perpetuity of

NOTHING fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the
stone

In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Whittier.

2015. INFLUENCE. Power of

OUR many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;

And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.

Faber.

2016. INFLUENCE. Responsibility of

THE smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore:
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be; and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumber'd barks that follow in our
wake.—*Mrs Bolton.*

2017. INFLUENCE. Saintly

WHEN one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence these treasures are supplied.

Cowper.

2018. INFLUENCE. Unconscious

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.—*Kable.*

2019. INGRATITUDE: a mark of a vicious nature.

FOR vicious natures, when they once begin
To take distaste, and purpose no requital,
The greater debt they owe, the more they hate.
May.

2020. INGRATITUDE : base.

THE stall-fed ox, that is grown fat, will know
His careful feeder, and acknowledge too ;
The generous spaniel loves his master's eye,
And licks his fingers though no meat be by :
But man, ungrateful man, that's born and bred
By Heaven's immediate power ; maintain'd and fed
By His providing hand ; observed, attended,
By His indulgent grace ; preserved, defended,
By His prevailing arm : this man, I say,
Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they.
Man, oh most ungrateful man, can ever
Enjoy Thy gift, but never mind the Giver ;
And like the swine, though pamper'd with enough,
His eyes are never higher than the trough.—*Quarles.*

2021. INGRATITUDE : brutal.

THE wretch whom gratitude once fails to bind,
To truth or honour let him lay no claim ;
But stand confess'd the brute disguised in man.
Froude.

2022. INGRATITUDE : common.

ON adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.—*King.*

He that doth public good for multitudes
Finds few are truly grateful.—*Marston.*

2023. INGRATITUDE. Filial

INGRATITUDE ! thou marble-hearted fiend ;
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.—*Shakespeare.*

Filial ingratitude,
Is it not as the mouth should tear the hand
For lifting food to 't?—*Shakespeare.*

2024. INGRATITUDE. Human

WE find the fiercest things that live,
The savage born, the wildly rude,
When soothed by Mercy's hand, will give
Some faint response of gratitude.

But man !—oh ! blush, ye lordly race !—
Shrink back, and question thy proud heart !
Do ye not lack that thankful grace
Which ever forms the soul's best part ?

Will ye not take the blessings given,
The priceless boon of ruddy health,
The sleep unbroken, peace unruven,
The cup of joy, the mine of wealth—

Will ye not take them all, and yet
Walk from the cradle to the grave,
Enjoying, boasting, and forget
To think upon the God that gave ?

Thou'lt even kneel to blood-stain'd kings,
Nor fear to have thy serfdom known ;
Thy knee will bend for bauble things,
Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.

Eliza Cook.

2025. INGRATITUDE. Monster of

TIME hath a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.—*Shakespeare.*

Ingratitude is a monster—
To be strangled in the birth ; not to be cherish'd.
Massinger.

2026. INGRATITUDE. Painfulness of

SHE hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd Unkindness, like a vulture, here.
Shakespeare.

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Shakespeare.

2027. INGRATITUDE : punished.

I HAVE been base ;
Base even to him from whom I did receive
All that a son could to a father give :
Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind ;
Th' ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

Dryden.

2028. INGRATITUDE : the worst of crimes.

I HATE ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.—*Shakespeare.*

If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude.—*Brooke.*

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one ;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

Young.

2029. INGRATITUDE : treason.

ALL should unite to punish the ungrateful :
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.—*Thomson*.

2030. INGRATITUDE. Unkindness of

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind ;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Shakespeare.

2031. INJURIES.

THEY that do pull down churches, and deface
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the Godhead.
A calm wise man may show as much true valour,
Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain show security,
By his brave conduct through an enemy's country.
A wise man never goes the people's way ;
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion, so doth he to opinion :
He will examine if those accidents
Which common fame calls injuries, happen to him
Deservedly or no? Come they deservedly?
They are no wrongs then ; but punishments :
If undeservedly, and he not guilty?
The doer of them first should blush—not he.

Jonson.

The purpose of an injury ;—'tis to vex
And trouble me : now nothing can do that
To him that's truly valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is less than it.—*Jonson*.

Not Fortune's self,

When she encounters Virtue, but comes off
Both lame and less. Why should a wise man then
Confess himself the weaker by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury
Be meant me ; I may choose, if I will take it :
But we are now come to that delicacy
And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
Worse than injury ; base words worse than deeds :
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong : like children,
We are made afraid with vizards. Such poor sounds
As is the lie, or common words of spite,
Wise laws thought never worthy of revenge ;
And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
Our poverty and beggary of spirit,
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at
me !

He broke a jest ! a third took place of me !
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these !

Notes of a queasy and sick stomach, labouring
With want of a true injury ! the main part
Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it !—*Jonson*.

2032. INNOCENCE.

INNOCENCE shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—*Shakespeare*.

All your attempts
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves ; or like waves against a rock,
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury .
But foam and splinters : my innocence like these
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest ;
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.

Massinger.

Innocence unmoved
At a false accusation, doth the more
Confirm itself ; and guilt is best discover'd
By its own fears.—*Nabb*.

Misfortune may benight the wicked ; she
Who knows no guilt, can sink beneath no fear.

Habington.

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.—*Milton*.

Heaven may awhile correct the virtuous,
Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make
Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence
Conceal'd is the stol'n pleasure of the gods,
Which never ends in shame, as that of men
Doth oftentimes do ; but, like the sun, breaks forth,
When it hath gratified another world ;
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious through its late obscurity.

John Fountain.

There is no courage but in innocence,
No constancy but in an honest cause.—*Southern*.

Oh that I had my innocence again !
My untouch'd honour ! But I wish in vain.
The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.

Waller.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin :
He's arm'd without that's innocent within :
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.

Pope.

2033. INSANITY.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy.—*Shakespeare.*

How pregnant, sometimes, his replies are !
A happiness that often madness hits on,
Which sanity and reason could not be
So prosperously deliver'd of.—*Shakespeare.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.—*Dryden.*

There is a pleasure in being mad
Which none but madmen know.—*Dryden.*

In reason's absence fancy wakes,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Milton.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought ;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.

Churchill.

Of lunacy

Innumerable were the causes : humbled pride,
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man ;
Sorrow that made the reason drunk, and yet
Left much untasted—so the cup was fill'd :
Sorrow that, like an ocean dark, deep, rough,
And shoreless, roll'd its billows o'er the soul
Perpetually, and without hope of end.—*Pollok.*

2034. INSTINCT.

TELL me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores, and bring home the corny ear ?
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care ?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good ;
Abhor the poison and receive the food ;
Like us they love or hate ; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend ;
And use the means proportion'd to the end.

Then vainly the philosopher avers
That reason guides our deeds, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same ?
Instinct and reason how can we divide ?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

Prior.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food ?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

Pope.

Say, where full-instinct is the unerring guide,
What hope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest ;
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer ;
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human wit.—*Pope.*

The meaner creatures never feel control,
By glowing instinct guided to the goal ;
Each sense is fed, each faculty employ'd,—
And all their record is—a life enjoy'd.—*Mrs Hale.*

The meaner tribe the coming storm foresees,
In the still calm the bird divines the breeze ;
The ox that grazes shuns the poison weed ;
The unseen tiger frights afar the steed ;
To man alone no kind foreboding shows
The latent horror or the ambush'd foes ;
O'er each blind moment hangs the funeral pall,—
Heaven shines, earth smiles—and night descends on
all.—*The New Timon.*

2035. INSTRUCTION. Exemplary

HE is a good divine that follows his
Own instructions ; I can easier
Teach twenty what were to be done, than
To be one of the twenty to follow
My own teaching : The brain may devise laws
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
A cold decree.—*Shakespeare.*

2036. INSTRUCTION : of the young.

LABORIOUS still, he taught the early mind,
And urged to manners meek and thoughts refined ;

Truth he impress'd, and every virtue praised ;
While infant eyes in wondering circles gazed ;
The worth of time would day by day unfold,
And tell them every hour was made of gold.

Dwight.

2037. INSTRUCTION. Prayer for

AND chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest : Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark,
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.—*Milton.*

2038. INSTRUCTION. Systematic

It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction ;
It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books.—*Tupper.*

2039. INTELLECT. Council of the

BETWEEN the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.—*Shakespeare.*

2040. INTELLECT. Distribution of

BUT strange indeed the distribution seem'd
Of intellect ; though fewer here complain'd ;
Each with his share, upon the whole, content.
One man there was—and many such you might
Have met—who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course ;
But told them o'er, each in its 'customed place,
From morn till night, from youth till hoary age.
Little above the ox which grazed the field
His reason rose : so weak his memory,
The name his mother call'd him by, he scarce
Remember'd ; and his judgment so untaught,
That what at evening play'd along the swamp,
Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
With quivering heart and winged footsteps home.
The word philosophy he never heard,
Or science ; never heard of liberty,
Necessity, or laws of gravitation ;

And never had an unbelieving doubt.
Beyond his native vale he never look'd ;
But thought the visual line, that girt him round,
The world's extreme : and thought the silver moon,
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield. He lived—
Lived where his father lived—died where he died—
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
Be not surprised. He loved and served his God.

There was another, large of understanding,
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep :
Who knew all learning, and all science knew,
And all phenomena, in heaven and earth,
Traced to their causes ; traced the labyrinths
Of thought, association, passion, will ;
And all the subtle, nice affinities
Of matter traced ; its virtues, motions, laws ;
And most familiarly and deeply talk'd
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
Leaving the earth at will, he soar'd to heaven,
And read the glorious visions of the skies ;
And to the music of the rolling spheres
Intelligently listen'd ; and gazed far back
Into the awful depths of Deity ;
Did all that mind assisted most could do ;
And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
Because he wanted holiness of heart.

A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,
And nearer cut the branches of their pride ;
That not in mental, but in moral worth,
God excellence placed ; and only to the good,
To virtue, granted happiness alone.—*Pollok.*

2041. INTELLECT. Grades of

BUT when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The flow
Of life-time is a graduated scale ;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is set
A standard measuring our worth for heaven.
The pathway to the grave may be the same,
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
With his bow'd head, shall bear him company.
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God !
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The god-like and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven
When time is a forgotten circumstance !
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters ; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God

Will measure the capacities of mind ;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more.
'Tis life's probation task. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power ;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.—*Willis.*

2042. INTELLECT. Wealth of

WHAT wealth in intellect, that sovereign power !
Which sense and fancy summons to the bar—
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
And from the mass those underlings import,
From their materials sifted and refined,
And in truth's balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms art and science, government and law—
The solid basis and the beauteous frame,
The vitals and the grace of civil life !—*Young.*

2043. INTEMPERANCE. Blight of

ONCE the demon enters,
Stands within the door,
Peace, and hope, and gladness
Dwell there never more.—*Chellis.*

2044. INTEMPERANCE. Curse of

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne ;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall ;
See every cherish'd promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turn'd to gall ;
Hope's faded flowers strew'd all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt ;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay ;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow ;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirror'd his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirr'd,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crush'd spirit cheer ;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear ;
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chain'd her there mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife !
And stamp'd on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child !

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow ;
See if its brightness can atone ;
Think if its flavour you would try,
If all proclaim'd—'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word ;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirr'd
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL !

2045. INTEMPERANCE. Effects of

HE that is drunken
Is outlaw'd by himself ; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
Herbet.

The pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face.—*Milton.*

Man with raging drink inflamed
Is far more savage and untamed ;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence.—*Bulter.*

Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.—*Denham.*

Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance.—*Dryden.*

Know whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted, spurs to its last stage tired life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.

Armstrong.

Frequent debauch to habitude prevails ;
Patience of toil and love of virtue fails.—*Prior.*

2046. INTENTION. Retribution of

BIKÁSÚR had of penances fulfill'd his task,
And promise won of any boon that he might ask.
'Grant, Siva, that on whom I place my hand,
He may become a heap of ashes on the land.'
The boon is granted. Lo ! at once Bikásúr strives
To place his hand on *Siva's* head, whom terror drives
To fly, as close the steps of his pursuer press.
Then Hari, Nand's blue son, saw Siva's deep distress,
And went before Bikásúr, and demanded why
He thus was chasing Siva round the earth and sky.
And then he said—when he the whole truth had received—

'Bikásúr ! by some goblin you have been deceived.
The mighty boon is all a cheat, a vanity :
Just put your hand upon your own head, and then
see !'

Bikásúr, made by *Maia's* power both blind and drunk,
The test applied, and to a heap of ashes sunk !
Rejoicing music floated from the heavenly bowers,
And all the gods applauded loud, and rain'd down
flowers.—*Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

2047. INTENTIONS. Value of good

THE intent and not the deed
Is in our power ; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.—*Brown.*

2048. INTERCESSION. Christ's

WHY gaze the cluster'd stars on Hermon's height ?
Immensity around—why gaze they there ?
On its high top, as farthest up from earth,
Enshrined in darkness and alone, there kneels
The world's great Intercessor. Evening came,
And found Him kneeling there : the rising morn

Linger'd awhile upon His upturn'd brow ;
And night pass'd over Him, and still He kneels ;
Till all the air is incense and a prayer,
As He would save the world by prayer alone,
Close clasping the eternal throne,—His voice,
Unheard below, was heard in heaven intent.—*Anon.*

With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near
The mercy-seat, and Heaven received his prayer.
Yet still his hope was dimm'd by doubt and fear :
'If Thou should'st mark transgression, who might
dare

To stand before Thee ?' Mercy loves to spare
And pardon, but stern Justice has a voice,
And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
Uncleanness in the people of His choice.

But now One Offering, ne'er to be renew'd,
Hath made our peace for ever. This now gives
Free access to the throne of Heavenly Grace,
No more base fear and dark disquietude,
He who was slain—the Accepted Victim !—lives,
And intercedes before the Father's face.

Conder.

2049. INTERCESSION. Legend of

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumber'd,
By Jacob was seen as he slumber'd
Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassion'd and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer ;

From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

Longfellow.

2050. INVALID. Hymn for an

LORD, a whole long day of pain
Now at last is o'er !
Ah ! how much we can sustain
I have felt once more ;
Felt how frail are all our powers,
And how weak our trust ;
If Thou help not, these dark hours
Crush us to the dust.

Could I face the coming night,
If Thou wert not near ?
Nay, without Thy love and might
I must sink with fear.
Round me falls the evening gloom,
Sights and sounds all cease,
But within this narrow room
Night will bring no peace.

Other weary eyes may close,
All things seek their sleep,
Hither comes no soft repose,
I must wake and weep.
Come then, Jesus, o'er me bend,
Give me strength to cope
With my pains, and gently send
Thoughts of peace and hope.

Draw my weary heart away
From this gloom and strife,
And these fever-pains allay
With the dew of life.
Thou canst calm the troubled mind,
Thou its dread canst still,
Teach me to be all-resign'd
To my Father's will.

2051. INVENTION.

TH' invention all admired, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd ; so easy it seem'd,
Once found, which yet unfound most would have
thought
Impossible.—*Milton.*

Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.

Denham.

By improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

Roscommon.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.—*Butler.*

Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion ;
A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden
aptitudes.—*Tupper.*

The eye cannot make light, nor the mind spirit ;
Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty
invention.—*Tupper.*

2052. INVITATION. Christ's

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
Oh strange delusion ! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chill'd the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee !'
And, oh ! how often to that voice of sorrow,
'To-morrow we will open,' I replied.
And when the morrow came I answer'd still,
'To-morrow.'—*Longfellow.*

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,
'All of self, and none of Thee !'
Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding, on the accursed tree ;
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father !'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of Thee !'
Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,
'Less of self, and more of Thee !'
Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd ;
Grant me now my soul's desire—
'None of self, and all of Thee !'

Theodore Monod.

2053. INVITATION. Death's

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast:
 She heard the call and rose with willing feet;
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet
 For such a bidding to put on her best,
 She has gone from us for a few short hours
 Into her bridal closet, there to wait
 For the unfolding of the palace gate,
 That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
 We have not seen her yet, though we have been
 Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
 Have listen'd underneath the postern green,
 And laid fresh flowers, and whisper'd short and
 soft,
 But she hath made no answer, and the day
 From the clear west is fading fast away.—*Alford.*

2054. INVITATION. Gracious

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
 Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
 Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
 From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather round His feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty,
 But is mightier than it seems.
 'Tis our Father; and His fondness
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven;
 There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
 Of new worlds as great as this;
 There is room for fresh creations
 In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind;
 And the Heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own;
 And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus:
 It is something more than all—
 Greater good because of evil,
 Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
 And, oh, come not doubting thus,
 But with faith that trusts more bravely
 His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.—*Faber.*

2055. IRRESOLUTION.

OUR doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt.—*Shakespeare.*

That we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this *would*
 changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing.—*Shakespeare.*

Like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect.—*Shakespeare.*

I am a heavy stone,
 Roll'd up a hill by a weak child: I move
 A little up, and tumble back again.—*Rider.*

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
 Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
 For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
 Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,
 It err but little from the intended line,
 It falls at last far wide of his design:
 So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,
 Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye;
 That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
 The least obliquity is fatal here.—*Cowper.*

2056. ISOLATION. Human

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought ;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;
Man by man was never seen ;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known ;
Mind with mind did never meet ;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scatter'd lie ;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream ?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scatter'd stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorb'd again,
Melting, flowing into one.—*Cranch.*

2057. ITALY.

FAIR Italy !

Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree,
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility ;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be de-
faced.—*Byron.*

2058. JACOB'S LADDER.

WHEN Jacob slept in Bethel, and there dream'd
Of angels ever climbing and descending
A ladder, whose height of splendour seem'd
With glory of the Ineffable Presence blending,

The place grew sacred to his reverent thought ;
He said, 'Lo ! God is here—I knew it not.'

The patriarch's vision—not for him alone
Lighted that golden mystery his slumber ;
Beneath it slept a world of souls unknown.

When God sets up a sign, no man may number
Its meanings infinite. Who runneth reads,
And finds the interpretation that he needs.

Wherever upward, even the lowest round,
Man by a hand's help lifts his feeble brother,
There is the house of God and holy ground.
The gate of heaven is love ; there is none other.
When generous act blooms from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.

This ladder is let down in every place
Where unto nobler virtues men aspire.
Our human lineaments gain angel grace,
Leaving behind low aim and base desire.
Deserts of earth are changed to Bethel thus :
The vision is for every one of us.

2059. JACOB'S VISION.

HE slept beneath the desert skies,
His pillar was the desert stone,
Yet heavenly visions bless'd his eyes,
And cheer'd his spirit sad and lone.
He saw the stair of light let down,
Whose shining steps the angels trod,
And call'd the desert where it shone
The gate of heaven—the house of God.

Thy sleepless eye, O God, still keeps
Its watch o'er every covenant heir ;
And angels down that ladder's steps
From Thee to me a blessing bear.
Through Christ to Thee ascends my prayer,
Through Christ on me is grace bestow'd ;
Each place becomes, when Christ is there,
The gate of heaven—the house of God.

In dungeons dark, in dwellings mean,
Where suffering saints have bent the knee,
That mystic ladder has been seen,
And angels come with gifts from Thee.
This night may I the vision see,
My spirit climb that radiant road ;
This night my quiet chamber be
The gate of heaven—the house of God.

2060. JEALOUSY.

FOUL Jealousy ! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart

With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine
And feed itself with self-consuming smart :
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

Spenser.

Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed ;
The sparks soon quench, the springing weed out-
weed.—*Spenser.*

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.—*Shakespeare.*

When this disease of jealousy can find
A way to seize upon a crazy mind,
Most things, instead of help, or giving ease,
The humour feed, and turn to the disease.

Howard.

All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth ; or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.—*Davenant.*

O Jealousy ! thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the grave ! what ravages
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms !

Mallet.

Among the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own !
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence.
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.—*Churchill.*

It is Jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great ; nay, out of nought
To conjure much ; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.—*Young.*

Jealousy, saidst thou ? I disdain it :—no—
Distrust is poor, and a misplaced suspicion
Invites, and justifies the falsehood fear'd.—*Hill.*

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell ! ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.—*Thomson.*

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find—
Yet even those joys, dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.

Lyttleton.

All other passions have their hour of thinking,
And hear the voice of reason. This alone
Breaks at the first suspicion into phrenzy,
And sweeps the soul in tempests.—*Francis.*

2061. JERUSALEM. Desolate

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne ?
Where the lone desert rears the craggy stone,
Where suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy
view'd ?

Where now thy power, which all those kings sub-
dued ?

No martial myriads muster in thy gates
No suppliant nation at thy temple waits,
No prophet bard, thy glittering courts among,
Wakes the full lyre, and swells the tide of song ;
But lawless force and meagre want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear ;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid the ruins laid,
Hides his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.—*Heber.*

2062. JERUSALEM. Modern

THY strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,
And broken are thy walls ;
The harp of Israel sounds no more
In thy deserted halls :
But where thy Kings and Prophets trod,
Triumphant over death
Behold the living Soul of God—
The Christ of Nazareth !

The halo of His presence fills
Thy courts, thy ways of men ;
His footsteps on the holy hills
Are beautiful as then ;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betray'd
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

Woe unto thee, Jerusalem !
Slayer of Prophets, thou
That in thy fury stonest them
God sent and sends thee now :
Where Thou, O Christ ! with anguish spent,
Forgave Thy foes, and died,
Thy garments yet are daily rent,
Thy soul is crucified !

They darken with the Christian name
The light that from Thee beam'd,
And by the hatred they proclaim
Thy Spirit is blasphemed ;

Unto Thine ear the prayers they send
Were fit for Belial's reign,
And Moslem cimeters defend
The temple they profane.

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem?
Her scatter'd children bring
From earth's far ends, and gather them
Beneath her sheltering wing?
For Judah's sceptre broken lies,
And from his kingly stem
No new Messiah shall arise
For lost Jerusalem!

But let the wild ass on her hills
Its foal unfrighted lead,
And by the source of Kedron's rills
The desert adder breed:
For where the love of Christ has made
Its mansion in the heart,
He builds in pomp that will not fade
Her heavenly counterpart.—*Bayard Taylor.*

2063. JERUSALEM: rebellious and ruined.

THE signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;
Her tale of splendour now is done;
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er—her grandeur and her guilt.
Oh, fair and favour'd city, where of old,
The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
The heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice!
How stately then was every palm-deck'd street
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!
How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-robed Levites, and high-mitred priests!
How gorgeous her temple's sacred state!
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentiles' scorn,
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn.

Milman.

Jerusalem! alas! alas! of old,
Deaf to whate'er prophetic seers foretold,
Assailing all whom Heaven in mercy sent,
And murdering those that warn'd thee to repent!
Thou, the world's Saviour who suspendedst high,
His works reviled, and mock'd His agony,
How oft hath God, still gracious, striven to bring
Thy devious brood beneath His sheltering wing,

To save thee from the hovering eagle's power,
And shield the unequall'd misery of this hour!
But no! thou would'st not! thence this signal fate!
Thence art thou fall'n! deserted! desolate!

Gibson.

2064. JESTING.

LAUGH not too much; the witty man laughs least:
For wit is news only to ignorance:
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses: for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.
Pick from thy mirth, like stones out of the ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness:
These are the scum with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare this well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain,
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.—*Herbert.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.—*Shakespeare.*

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Young.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen;
The fame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.
Young.

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.—*Johnson.*

2065. JESUS. Charity of

THE Master came one evening to the gate
Of a far city; it was growing late,
And, sending His disciples to buy food,
He wander'd forth, intent on doing good,
As was His wont. And in the market-place
He saw a crowd, close gather'd in one space,
Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground.
Jesus drew nearer, and thereon He found
A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck,
A dead dog with a halter round his neck.
And those who stood by mock'd the object there,
And one said, scoffing, 'It pollutes the air!'
Another, jeering, ask'd, 'How long to-night
Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?'
'Look at his torn hide,' sneer'd a Jewish wit;
'You could not cut even a shoe from it,'

And turn'd away. 'Behold his ears that bleed,'
 A fourth chimed in. 'An unclean wretch indeed!'
 'He hath been hang'd for thieving,' they all cried,
 And spurn'd the loathsome beast from side to side.
 Then Jesus, standing by them in the street,
 Look'd on the poor spent creature at His feet,
 And, bending o'er him, spake unto the men,
 '*Pearls are not whiter than his teeth.*' And then
 The people at each other gazed, asking,
 'Who is this stranger pitying the vile thing?'
 Then one exclaim'd, with awe-abated breath,
 'This surely is the Man of Nazareth;
 This must be Jesus, for none else but He
 Something to praise in a dead dog could see!'
 And, being ashamed, each scoffer bow'd his head,
 And from the sight of Jesus turn'd and fled.

An Oriental Legend.

2066. JESUS. Cling to

CLING to the Crucified!
 His death is life to thee,—
 Life for eternity.
 His pains thy pardon seal;
 His stripes thy bruises heal;
 His cross proclaims thy peace,
 Bids every sorrow cease.
 His blood is all to thee,
 It purges thee from sin;
 It sets thy spirit free,
 'It keeps thy conscience clean.
 Cling to the Crucified!

Cling to the Crucified!
 His is a heart of love,
 Full as the hearts above;
 Its depths of sympathy
 Are all awake for thee:
 His countenance is light,
 Even to the darkest night.
 That love shall never change—
 That light shall ne'er grow dim;
 Charge thou thy faithless heart
 To find its all in Him.
 Cling to the Crucified!—*Bonar.*

2067. JESUS: God and Man.

SPRING-TIDE and leaf-fall, eve and morn,
 Earth saw the slow-paced centuries go;
 She wore her verdure, wore her snow,
 The long night went, the day was born.

Then glow'd the heavens with angel eyes;
 On Night's dark brow the starry Sign—
 Red flared the Dawn; from tongues divine
 Down slid the golden symphonies

To shepherd ears; all earth around,
 A ghastly dread, a horror fell,
 A blight on shrine and oracle;
 The gods bow'd crumbling to the ground.

A child He came, to man He grew,
 He breathed earth's tainted, common air;
 He loathed its foul, He loved its fair,
 Cool on His brow the evening blew.

Soft dropp'd His eye on wayside flowers,
 He heard the whispers of the palms
 Creep o'er the noontide's golden calms,
 He took the burden of the Hours.

With shadow'd brow and aching ear
 He heard the wail, the hunger-cry,
 Smite up against the deaf, cold sky,
 The sob above the dead and dear.

Like man's His lips could smile or groan,
 Like man He ate, like man He slept,
 Rejoiced, was weary, thirsted, wept,
 And evermore He walk'd alone.

Both God and man, to man He came,
 He made a sunrise round the grave,
 Smitten, the smiter He forgave,
 He fed the hungry, cured the lame.

They pierced His hands, His feet, His side,
 All Nature own'd the Holy One,
 A shadow trail'd across the sun,
 The mountains trembled when He died.

He rules the World Invisible—
 The countless, the undying hosts
 That line those unseen, mystic coasts,
 All give Him praise, in Him they dwell.

He gently leads the friends that we
 Behold no more, by waters still,
 Beyond the flesh, the evil will;
 To Him they lift their eyes and see

That smile more bland than when on earth
 It cheer'd the hearts on which it shone,
 And dried the tear and still'd the moan,
 And beam'd upon the nuptial mirth.

But He is more; I may rejoice
 To know this world above, around,
 Cloud, mountain, river, storm, and sound,
 The stars, the seasons, hear His voice.

In Him the breeze of Summer blows
 O'er grass and many-murmuring corn;
 In Him the dews and leaves are born,
 He paints the lily and the rose.

Before the things that are He was ;
 Before the pyramids arose,
 Or Andes glitter'd in their snows,
 He saw the dateless Centuries pass.

He was when earths and suns were not—
 When space was but a starless pall,
 And Night and Chaos old were all,
 The worlds were sculptured in His thought

The universe, in Him conceal'd,
 Lay waiting the appointed Hour—
 Seed rising into perfect flower,
 The flower to fruit by bank and field.

This fair, frail violet that blows
 Beside the rock, this gentian fringe
 Thrice dipp'd in heaven's glorious tinge,
 This little brook that by me goes

Singing a low and quiet song,
 No less than yonder glittering domes
 That shine above ten thousand homes,
 And streets that thicken with the throng,

All lived in Him, all stood and shone
 Parts of that wise, stupendous plan,
 Whose glory, crown, and end is Man,
 Man saved through the Eternal Son—

The Love that neither depth nor height
 Could hold, nor angel's tongue express,
 The Man Divine, than God no less,
 Immortal Life, Eternal Light.

He in our souls His kingdom lays
 In power to fight, endure, withstand,
 In seeing eye and willing hand,
 God-likeness, patience, love, and praise.

Even in the flesh, conjoin'd to Him,
 Earthly united with Divine,
 On heavenly thrones we sit and shine ;
 We walk and talk with Seraphim.

Death smites our brain, the walls grow dim ;
 The Resurrection and the Life
 He stands within the dying strife ;
 Death is the door that leads to Him.—*Hempstead.*

2068. JESUS : last and first.

JESUS ! when my soul is parting
 From this body frail and weak,
 And the deathly dew is starting
 Down this pale and wasted cheek,—
 Thine, my Saviour,
 Be the Name I last shall speak.

Jesus ! when my memory wanders
 Far from loved ones at my side,

And in fitful dreaming ponders
 Who are they that near me glide,—
 Last, my Saviour,
 Let my thoughts on Thee abide.

When the morn in all its glory
 Charms no more mine ear nor eye,
 And the shadows closing o'er me
 Warn me of the time to die,—
 Last, my Saviour,
 Let me see Thee standing by.

When my feet shall pass the river,
 And upon the farther shore
 I shall walk, redeem'd for ever—
 Ne'er to sin—to die no more,—
 First, Lord Jesus !
 Let me see Thee, and adore.—*Mackellar.*

2069. JESUS. Mementos of

I'LL carve our passion on the bark,
 And every wounded tree
 Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
 That Jesus died for me.
 The swains shall wonder when they read,
 Inscribed on all the grove,
 That Heaven itself came down, and bled,
 To win a mortal's love.—*Watts.*

2070. JESUS. Name of

JESUS, Immanuel, Saviour !
 Words holy and sublime ;
 How shall their wondrous cadence
 Re-echo through all time !
 Jesus, the sweetest music
 That mortals e'er can know,
 It soothes the child of sorrow,
 And lightens every woe.

As breezes in the desert,
 As dew on sterile ground,
 So to the sad and weary
 Comes the reviving sound.
 As flowers without the sunbeam
 Must lose their bloom and die ;
 So hearts can only flourish,
 Dear Lord, beneath Thine eye.

Jesus, Thy love unbounded,
 Our dearest theme shall be ;
 Forbid that we should wander,
 In heart or life, from Thee :
 Keep, keep us then enfolded
 Within Thine arm of might—
 Be Thou our guiding pillar,
 We ask no better light.—*Mrs Parker.*

2071. JESUS. Need of

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !
 For I am full of sin ;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within ;
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious ;
 The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 For I am very poor ;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 With little earthly store :
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 I need a Friend like Thee ;
 A Friend to soothe and sympathize—
 A Friend to care for me ;
 I need the heart of Jesus,
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every want to,
 And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 For I am very blind !
 A weak and foolish wanderer,
 With dark and evil mind ;
 I need the light of Jesus,
 To tread the thorny road,
 To guide me safe to glory,
 Where I shall see my God.—*Whitfield.*

2072. JESUS : our sufficiency.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fulness dwells in Him :
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is pour'd.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.—*Bonar.*

2073. JESUS. Prayer to

JESUS ! when I fainting lie,
 And the world is flitting by,
 Hold Thou up my head :
 When the cry is, 'Thou must die,'
 And the awful hour draws nigh,
 Stand by my bed.

Jesus ! when the worst is o'er,
 And they bear me from the door,
 Meet the sorrowing throng :
 'Weep not !' let the mourner hear :
 Widow's woe and orphan's tear
 Turn into song.

Jesus ! in that last great day
 Come Thou down and touch my clay,
 Speak the word 'Arise.'
 Friend to gladsome friend restore ;
 Living, praising, evermore
 Above the skies !

2074. JESUS. Precious Name of

WHATE'ER the anguish of my breast, its fluttering
 doth cease

Whene'er Thy name of comfort fills my spirit with
 Thy peace !

No consolation is so sweet as that Thy name doth
 give—

Thy Jesus name ! O David's Son and Lord, by
 whom I live !

Thy name of Jesus is a store of all that heart can
 need,

Enfolding every precious thing—fruit, blossom, leaf,
 and seed !

He spends his time most worthily who seeks that
Name to know :

Its ocean-fulness riseth still as ages onward flow !

Apart from Jesus' precious name I've nothing to de-
sire ;

Of all beside, e'en were it mine, my heart would
only tire.

Apart from Him there's nought of worth, created
things are vain ;

He is my glory and my wealth, my honour and my
gain !

Thy precious name, Lord Jesus Christ ! is better far
to me,

Than all the wealth that can be found in earth, or
air, or sea.

Thou art the paradise, set forth by God's own hand
of love ;

Thy presence is itself the heaven, where I shall dwell
above.—*Baron von Canitz.*

2075. JESUS: the joy of loving hearts.

Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts !

Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !

From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good ;
To them that find Thee, all in all !

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still !
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

St Bernard, tr. by Ray Palmer.

2076. JESUS. Touching

He came a leper, all unclean and foul ;
He left, as fresh as freshest infancy.

So come I to Thy feet, unclean in soul,
So leave I, Lord, cleansed and restored by Thee.

I touch Thee and am cured ! No touch of mine
Can render Thee impure, whatever be

The foulness of the hand that touches Thine :
Thee it defiles not, yet it cleanses me.

That touch to me is Paradise restored,
It is to me the very gate of heaven.

Thou art my help, my happiness, O Lord,
In Thee I stand, deliver'd and forgiven.—*Bonar.*

2077. JESUS: unchanged.

ALL is dying ; hearts are breaking,
Which to ours were once fast bound ;
And the lips have ceased from speaking,
Which once utter'd such sweet sound ;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay ;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watch'd us night and day.

Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave ;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave :
All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames must cease to glow ;
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust,
'Lean on Me alone,' He sayeth,
'Hope and love, and firmly trust !'
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives !

Spitta, tr. by R. Massie.

2078. JESUS. Work of

JESUS, the friend of humankind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The Hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much Divine.

And now His conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While, broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.—*Barbauld.*

2079. JEWS. Desolation of the

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless
dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

Byron.

2080. JEWS. Fate of the

THEIR glory faded, and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first,
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
'Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn;
If we escaped not, if Heaven spared not us,
Peel'd, scatter'd, and exterminated thus;
If Vice received her retribution due,
When we were visited, what hope for you?'

Cowper.

2081. JEWS. Honour of the

THRICE happy nation! Favourite of Heaven!
Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
To be His chosen race, ordain'd to spread
His glory through remotest realms, and teach
The Gentile world Jehovah's awful Name.

Hodson.

They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the Eternal Mind;
Were trusted with His own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of His cause;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs, by birth, the Saviour of us all.

Cowper.

2082. JEWS: scattered.

THAT people once
Famed, whom God Himself vouchsafed to call
His chosen race, and with a guardian hand

Deign'd to protect, from Palestine exiled,
Are doom'd to wander; although scatter'd thus
Through all the globe, there is no clime which they
Can call their own, no country where their laws
Hold sovereign rule. Irrefragable proof,
That every oracle of Holy Writ
Was given by Heaven itself!—*Hayes.*

2083. JOY. Aids to

THEIR lost they have, they hold; from pain
A keener bliss they borrow.
How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow.—*Jean Ingelow.*

2084. JOY: alloyed.

WISE Heaven doth see it as fit
In all our joys to give us some alloys,
As in our sorrows comforts: when our sails
Are fill'd with happiest winds, then we most need
Some heaviness to ballast us.—*Fountain.*

2085. JOY. Cause for

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinn'd?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
'THY FATHER LOVES THEE.'—*Jean Ingelow.*

2086. JOY. Departed

OH for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,—
Days when my spirit so enjoy'd
More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never pall'd,—
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was call'd!

Then, when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless, and bright, and beautiful
Beyond all my control.

Oh ! who hath lock'd those fountains up ?
Those visions who hath stay'd ?
What sudden act hath thus transform'd
My sunshine into shade ?

This freezing heart, O Lord ! this will,
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesus' blessed Name :—

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord !
If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.—*Faber.*

2087. JOY. Hours of

FROM the sad years of life
We sometimes do short hours, yea, minutes, strike,
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten :
Which, through the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.

Joanna Baillie.

2088. JOY : in Christ.

COME and rejoice with me !
For once my heart was poor,
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.

Come and rejoice with me !
I, once so sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

Come and rejoice with me !
For I was wearied sore,
And I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.

Come and rejoice with me !
My feet so wide did roam,
And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.

Come and rejoice with me !
For I have found a Friend,
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,
Yet loves me without end.

I knew not of His love ;
Yet He had loved me long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.

And now I know it all,
Have heard and known His voice,
And hear it still from day to day ;—
Can I enough rejoice ?

2089. JOY : in God.

SINCE first Thy word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel or hear or see ;
All bonds of earth I sever ;
Thee, O God, and only Thee,
I live for now and ever !

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bidst be free
Return to bondage ? Never !
Thee, O God, and only Thee,
I live for now and ever !—*Moore.*

2090. JOY. Mixture of

THERE is no joy unmix'd with grief—
Each garden has more weeds than flowers—
Care rides upon the winged hours,
And doubt for ever haunts belief.

We stop to pluck some beauteous flower,
And cold precaution idly scorn,
To find some sharp and hidden thorn
Exacts a forfeit for the dower.

There have been tears of wormwood shed,
For every pleasure life can bring ;
The joys of earth are flowers that spring
From out the ashes of the dead.—*Dewart.*

2091. JOY : springs from within.

Joy dwells not in external things,
It hath an inner birth ;
The sweetest bird in darkness sings,
And fairest flowers oft nurture stings,—
Such is our life on earth.

Then measure not by outward show
The depth of real joy ;
The heart can o'er the darkest woe
A stream of sunlight softly throw,
Or purest bliss destroy.—*Brack.*

2092. JOY : tiresome.

JOYS are not joys, that always stay :
And constant pleasures don't delight, but cloy.

Brome.

2093. JOY : to be found everywhere.

THERE is no state, in which the bounteous gods
Have not placed joy, if men would seek it out.

Crown.

2094. JOY : transient.

How fading are the joys we dote upon !
Like apparitions seen and gone ;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong ;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

Norris

2095. JOY : unutterable.

I CANNOT speak, tears so obstruct my words,
And choke me with unutterable joy.—*Otway.*

Indeed true gladness doth not always speak ;
Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

Jonson.

2096. JOY. Virtuous

VIRTUE alone can give true joy ;
The sweets of virtue never cloy :
To take delight in doing good,
In justice, truth, and gratitude,
In aiding those whom cares oppress,
Administering comfort to distress :
These, these are joys which all who prove
Anticipate the bliss above ;
These are the joys, and these alone,
We ne'er repent or wish undone.

2097. JUDGES.

HE who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.—*Shakespeare.*

When a man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.

Dryden.

A judge—a man so learned,
So full of equity, so noble, so notable ;
In the process of his life so innocent ;
In the manage of his office so incorrupt ;
In the passages of state so wise ; in
Affection of his country so religious ;
In all his services to the king so

Fortunate and exploring, as envy
Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.

Chapman.

What can Innocence hope for
When such as sit her judges are corrupted ?

Massinger.

With an equal scale
He weighs the offences betwixt man and man ;
He is not soothed with adulation,
Nor moved with tears, to wrest the course of justice
Into an unjust current, t' oppress the innocent ;
Nor does he make the laws
Punish the man, but in the man the cause.

Swetnam.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

Cowper.

2098. JUDGING. Rules for

KNOW'ST with an equal hand to hold the scale,
See'st where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.

Dryden.

Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway :
Let not the pleasing many thee delight ;
First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge
right.—*Denham.*

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems!

Southey.

Rashly, nor oft-times truly, doth man pass judgment
on his brother ;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth
the reasons of the mind.
And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice
was meted by the sword,
When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot de-
cided the right,
When the footsteps of blindfold innocence were
tracked by burning ploughshares,
And the still, condemning water delivered up the
wizard to the stake :
For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what
the end will be,
Fixing the right or the wrong by the issues of failure
or success.
Judge not of things by their events ; neither of
character by providence ;
And count not a man more evil, because he is more
unfortunate ;

For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the
sunshine of prosperity,
But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise
Father's love.—*Tupper*.

2099. JUDGMENT. Book of

ALMIGHTY Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
The dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appal,
When Thou shalt call
For every man's peculiar book ?

What others mean to do, I know not well ;
Yet I hear tell,
That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into Thy hand :
Let that be scann'd.
There Thou shalt find my faults are Thine.
Herbert.

2100. JUDGMENT. Day of

ON death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.
Sir W. Raleigh.

Till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked.—*Milton.*

Forthwith the cited dead,
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten.—*Milton.*

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin ;
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted ; and that comfort which
The damn'd pretend follows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments : every one
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness.—*Massinger.*

May the scene
Of that dread day be always present here—
Here in my heart ! That every day between,
Which brings my passage to the goal more near,
May find me fitter, by His love made clean,
Before His throne of justice to appear.—*Mant.*

2101. JUDGMENT. Delay of

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day.
The evil cannot brook delay ;
The good can well afford to wait.—*Whittier.*

2102. JUDGMENT (Discretion).

BLEST are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.—*Shakespeare.*

His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe.
Shakespeare.

2103. JUDGMENT : forestalled.

GREAT Day ! for which all other days were made ;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth ;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man !
Great Day of dread, decision, and despair !
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp and drops the world ;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
Already is begun the grand assize
In thee, in all. Deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom.
Forestalls—and by forestalling proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass ?
Is idle Nature laughing at her sons ?
Who Conscience sent her sentence will support ;
And *God above* assert that *God in man*.

Thrice happy they that enter now the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms.—*Young.*

2104. JUDGMENT : of the crowd.

MEN's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.
Chapman.

His be the praise, who, looking down in scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and nobly dares
To be, not to be *thought*, an honest man.
Cumberland.

2105. JUDGMENT. Power of

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :
Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right.—*Pope.*

2106. JUDGMENT. Revelation of

THE Book is open'd and the seal removed ;
The adamantine Book ; where every thought,
Though dawning on the heart, then sunk again
In the corrupted mass, each act obscure,
In characters indelible remain.

How vain thy boast, vile caitiff, to have 'scaped
An earthly forum ; now, thy crimson stains
Glare on a congregated world ; thy Judge
Omniscience, and Omnipotence thy scourge !
Thy mask, hypocrisy, how useless here,
When, by a beam shot from the Fount of light,
The varnish'd saint starts up a ghastly fiend.—*Bally.*

2107. JUDGMENT. Summons to the final

THE Day is near, the judgment is at hand :
Awake, my soul ! awake, and ready stand !
Where chiefs shall go with them that fill'd the throne,
Where rich and poor the same tribunal own ;
And every thought and deed
Shall find its righteous meed.

There with the sheep the Shepherd of the fold
Shall stand together ; there the young and old,
Master and slave, one doom shall undergo ;
Widow and maiden one tribunal know :
Oh, woe, oh, woe, to them
Whom lawless lives condemn !

That Judgment-seat, impartial in decree,
Accepts no bribe, admits no subtlety :
No orator persuasion may exert,
No perjured witness wrong to right convert ;
But all things, hid in night,
Shall then be dragg'd to light.
St Theodore of the Studium, tr. by J. M. Neale.

2108. JUDGMENT : to be left to God.

JUDGE not ! the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou dardest to despise,
May be the angel's slacken'd hand
Has suffer'd it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain :
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,

And love, and glory, that may raise
This soul to God in after days !
Adelaide Anne Procter.

2109. JUDGMENT. Unavoidable

FROM Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one shall 'scape that muster-roll ;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Shall stand, and win or lose his soul :
These from the Judge's presence go
Down into everlasting woe ;
Vengeance hath barr'd the gates of hell—
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But lo ! far off, the righteous pass
To glory ; from the King's right hand,
In silence, on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown ;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath His feet.—*Montgomery.*

2110. JUST. Courage of the

A JUST man cannot fear,
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should in a point meet all to take his life,
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.—*Jonson.*

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts
them ;
But when they're just they're arm'd, and nothing
daunts them.—*Middleton.*

2111. JUST. Death of the

WHEN to the common rest that crowns our days,
Call'd in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose ;
When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows
And blights the fairest ; when our bitter tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming
years.

But oh, despair not of their fate who rise
To dwell upon the earth when we withdraw !
Lo ! the same shaft by which the righteous dies,
Strikes through the wretch that scoff'd at mercy's
law,
And trod his brethren down, and felt no awe

Of Him who will avenge them. Stainless worth,
Such as the sternest age of virtue saw,
Ripens, meanwhile, till time shall call it forth
From the low modest shade, to light and bless the
earth.—*Bryant*.

2112. JUST. Memory of the

PEACE to the just man's memory,—let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages ; let the mimic canvas show
His calm benevolent features ; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunn'd the sight
Of all but heaven, and, in the book of fame,
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallow'd
flame.—*Bryant*.

As 'mid the ever-rolling sea
The eternal isles establish'd be,
'Gainst which the billows of the main
Fret, rage, and break themselves in vain ;

As in the heavens the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine ;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age ;

So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears ;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

2113. JUST. Reward of the

THIS is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises.—*Milton*.

God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted.—*Milton*.

The just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days fruitful of golden deeds.

Milton.

2114. JUST. Safety of the

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare.

2115. JUST : to whom the title belongs.

ALL are not just because they do no wrong ;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just.—*Cumberland*.

2116. JUST. Wisdom of the

THE man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind.—*Walsh*.

2117. JUSTICE. Course of

IF this great world of joy and pain
Revolv in one sure track ;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back ;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care ;
Nor gain, from past to future, skill
To bear, and to forbear !—*Wordsworth*.

2118. JUSTICE. Delay of

THE Sun of Justice may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit conceal'd
In dark recess, pavilion'd round with clouds :
Yet let not Guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
Nor Virtue droop despondent : soon these clouds,
Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,
And in majestic splendour He will rise,
With healing and with terror on His wings.—*Balby*.

2119. JUSTICE. Divine

IN the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice :
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.—*Shakespeare*.

2120. JUSTICE : for what purpose it should be dispensed.

JUSTICE, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

Sweetnam.

2121. JUSTICE. Human

JUSTICE, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind :
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves
Which little and slight animals receives ;

And if she catch a summer bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die ;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords, like Samson, and escape :
So like a fly, the poor offender dies ;
But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies.

Denham.

2122. JUSTICE : indispensable to nobility of character.

Of all virtues justice is the best ;
Valour without it is a common pest. — *Waller.*

2123. JUSTICE : must be administered impartially.

My secret wishes would my choice decide ;
But open justice bends to neither side.

Dryden.

2124. JUSTICE : must be resolutely adhered to.

The man resolved, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
Can the rude rabble's influence despise.

Addison.

Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind ;
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.

Denham.

2125. JUSTICE : must be tempered with mercy.

Justice must punish the rebellious deed ;
Yet punish so, as pity shall exceed. — *Dryden.*

He who is only just is cruel : — who
Upon the earth would live, were all judged justly ?
Byron.

2126. JUSTICE. None escape from

Ay, Justice, who evades her ?
Her scales reach every heart ;
The action and the motive,
She weigheth each apart ;
And none who swerve from right or truth
Can 'scape her penalty ! — *Mrs Hale.*

2127. JUSTICE : sacred.

Nothing is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men do equally adore
Than this same virtue, that doth right define ;
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men
Implore
Right in their wrongs, are ruled by righteous lore .

Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deal
To his inferior gods ; and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly commonweal :
The skill whereof to princes' hearts he doth reveal.

Spenser.

2128. JUSTICE : should be dispensed promptly.

The gods
Grow angry with your patience : 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not :
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.

Jonson.

Causes unjudged disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile. — *Prior.*

2129. JUSTICE : should be the especial care of kings.

Whoso upon himself will take the skill
True justice unto people to divide,
Has need have mighty hands for to fulfil
That which he doth with righteous doom decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride ;
For vain it is to deem of things aright,
And make wrong-doers justice to deride,
Unless it be perform'd with dreadful might ;
For power is the right hand of justice truly hight.

Spenser.

If but one virtue did adorn a king,
It would be justice ; many great defects
Are veil'd thereby : whereas each virtuous thing
In one who is not just, the world suspects.

Earl of Stirling.

Justice is their virtue : that alone
Makes them sit sure, and glorifies the throne.

Daniel.

To send the injured unredress'd away,
How great soe'er the offender, and the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak, and vile, —
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king.

Smollett.

2130. JUSTICE. Triumph of

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before ;
'And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified —
Victor over death and pain,
For ever. — *Emerson.*

2131. KINDNESS. Blessing of

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,

Has often heal'd the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crush'd to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but own'd its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.—*Whittier.*

2132. KINDNESS. Demand for

THE world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest !
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is this, who skills of comfort best ;
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by.
Kemble.

2133. KINDNESS. Domestic

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents, that fell from thy tongue,
And join'd in thy innocent glee :
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey ;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold :
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
Oh ! well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been :
Remember thy mother ! for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother ! his heart will have dearth
If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If love and affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are ;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer, by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister ! not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above :

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

2134. KINDNESS. Duty of

'Tis the first sanction nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can.

Denham.

Be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !
Then 'midst our dejection
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*return'd* !
When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps !

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove ;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love !
Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing ;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling !
Oh, be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !

Charles Swain.

2135. KINDNESS. Glory of

THE drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.—*Byron.*

2136. KINDNESS. Law of

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die :

A necessary act incurs no blame.

Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this : If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.—*Cowper.*

2137. KINDNESS. Power of

WHAT thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.—*Shakespeare.*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.—*Shakespeare.*

What would you have? your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Shakespeare.

Kindness has resistless charms ;
All things else but weakly move ;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Earl of Rochester.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a wing'd Mercury.

Joanna Baillie.

—If a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God ;—
Wouldst thou a guardian-angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod,—
Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demons thou dethrone.

Mrs Sawyer.

2138. KINDNESS. Retrospect of

THE poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings—have been kind
To such as needed kindness ; for this single cause,
That we have all of us a human heart.

Wordsworth.

2139. KINDNESS. Reward of

ANDROCLES from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat :
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :
He roar'd approaching ; but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arriv'd within,
And with expressive looks his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought ; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood ;
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
Home ! native home ! Oh might he but repair !
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and, doom'd to perish on the sands
Of the full theatre, unpitied stands ;
When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage,
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man his healer, pauses on his way,
And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze :
But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
All this is natural—Nature bade him rend
An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.—*Cowper.*

2140. KINDNESS: should be showed to the living,
not reserved for the dead.

UPON my bier no flowers lay
To shrivel at death's icy touch ;
One panted thought bequeathed to-day
Were worth a thousand such !
Such gifts too often serve the pride
Which grants them—nought beside.

No lavish tears that laggard be
Pour vainly on my pulseless clay ;
A single drop of sympathy
Were richer boon to-day ;
To-day I need it—but, thank God,
No need is in the sod.

Yield now the sign, or let me go
 Unlaurel'd into waiting space ;
 Not taunted by a hollow show
 Of friendship's tardy grace ;
 Not mock'd by fruits that would not fall
 Save as an idle pall,

Fair blossoms with love's homage wet
 And fondly laid in precious hands,
 Must hold the grateful spirit yet
 While wandering in strange lands ;
 But wounded souls the meed must spurn
 That only Death can earn.—*Mary B. Dodge.*

2141. KINGS. Adulation of

THERE like a statue thou hast stood besieged
 By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts,
 Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
 Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
 And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
 Envious who first shall catch and first applaud
 The stuff, or royal nonsense.—*Dryden.*

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power
 Like other baubles in the Tower ;
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies ;
 His humble senate this professes,
 In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
 And each perfection wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.—*Swift.*

2142. KINGS : are but men.

COVER your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
 Taste grief, need friends, like you : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Shakespeare.

Unbounded power and height of greatness give
 To kings that lustre which we think divine ;
 The wise, who know 'em, know they are but men ;
 Nay, sometimes weak ones too. The crowd, indeed,
 Who kneel before the image, not the god,
 Worship the deity their hands have made.—*Rowe.*

We too are friends to loyalty. We love
 The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,

And reigns content within them. Him we serve
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free.
 But recollecting still that he is man,
 We trust him not too far.—*Cowper.*

2143. KINGS : are not to be envied.

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakespeare.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect
 That private men enjoy !
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?

Shakespeare.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And for unfelt imaginations
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that between their title and low name
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Shakespeare.

A crown,

Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns ;
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
 To him who wears the regal diadem.—*Milton.*

We view the outward glories of a crown ;
 But, dazzled with the lustre, cannot see
 The thorns that line it, and whose painful pricklings
 Embitter all the pompous sweets of empire.
 Happier the wretch, who, at his daily toils,
 Sweats for his homely dinner, than a king
 In all the dangerous pomp of royalty !
 He knows no fears of state to damp his joys ;
 No treason shakes the humble bed he lies on !
 Nor dreads the poison in his peaceful bowls !—*Hill.*

O Royalty ! what joys hast thou to boast,
 To recompense thy cares ? Ambition seems
 The passion of a god. Yet from my throne
 Have I with envy seen the naked slave
 Rejoicing in the music of his chains,
 And singing toil away ; and then at eve
 Returning peaceful to his couch of rest :
 Whilst I sat anxious and perplex'd with cares ;
 Projecting, plotting, fearful of events :
 Or, like a wounded snake, lay down and writhed,
 The sleepless night, upon a bed of state.—*Dow.*

What is a king ?—a man condemn'd to bear
 The public burthen of the nation's care ;
 Now crown'd, some angry faction to appease ;
 Now falls a victim to the people's ease :
 From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
 Nourish'd in flattery, and estranged from truth,

At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;
 Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
 His very state acknowledging his fears ;
 Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
 His secret terror of a thousand foes :
 In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
 To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
 Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.—*Prior.*

The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think,
 That kings are cast in more than mortal moulds :
 Alas ! they little know that when the mind
 Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy,
 But grows more sensible to grief and pain.
 The stupid peasant with as quick a sense
 Enjoys the fragrance of the rose as I ;
 And his rough hand is proof against the thorn,
 Which, rankling in my tender skin, would seem
 A viper's tooth.—*Fenton.*

A crown ! what is it ?
 It is to bear the miseries of a people !
 To hear their murmurs, feel their discontent,
 And sink beneath a load of splendid care !
 To have your best success ascribed to fortune,
 And fortune's failures all ascribed to you
 It is to sit upon a joyless height,
 To every blast of changing fate exposed !
 Too high for hope ! too great for happiness !
Hannah More.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
 The worship of the world, but no repose.

Shelley.

Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait
 Upon a king ; Care with his furrow'd brow,
 Unsleeping watchfulness, lone secrecy,
 Attend his throne by day, his couch by night.
Lord John Russell.

Oh, covet not the throne and crown,
 Sigh not for rule and state :
 The wise would fling the sceptre down,
 And shun the palace gate.
 Ye lowly born, oh, covet not
 Unrest the sceptre brings ;
 The honest name and peaceful lot
 Outweigh the pomp of kings.—*Eliza Cook.*

2144. KINGS: difference between kings and
 tyrants.

TWIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference
 known,—

Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.
Herrick.

2145. KINGS. Example of

KINGS, by their example, more do sway
 Than by their power ; and men do more obey
 When they are led, than when they are compell'd.
Jonson.

Princes that would their people should do well,
 Must at themselves begin, as at the head ;
 For men, by their example, pattern out
 Their imitations and regard of laws :
 A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.—*Jonson.*

From the monarch's virtue subjects take
 Th' ingredient which does public virtue make :
 At his bright beam they all their tapers light,
 And by his dial set their motion right.

Davenant.

2146. KINGS. Faults of

WRETCHED state of kings ! that standing high,
 Their faults are marks, shot at by every eye.

Decker.

The faults kings do,
 Shine like the fiery beacon on a hill,
 For all to see, and seeing, trembling at.
Hemmings.

A prince is but a man, and man may err ;
 But when, forgetting his ennobled rank,
 He makes due reparation for his faults,
 From Heaven he pardon hopes, from man demands it.
Murphy.

2147. KINGS. Influence of

THE cease of majesty
 Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it, with it : is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
Shakespeare.

He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state,
 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head.—*Shakespeare.*

2148. KINGS. Love of

THE love of kings is like the blowing of
 Winds, which whistle sometimes gently among
 The leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by

The roots ; or fire, which warmeth afar off,
And burneth near hand ; or the sea, which makes
Men hoist their sails in a flattering calm,
And to cut their masts in a rough storm.—*Lilly.*

2149. KINGS. Luxurious

LUXURIOUS kings are to their people lost ;
They live, like drones, upon the public cost.
Dryden.

2150. KINGS. Presence of

THE presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his royal friends.
Shakespeare.

2151. KINGS. Rebellion against

WHEN kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,
Each private man for public good should rise.
Dryden.

2152. KINGS. Salvation offered to

THE silver trumpet's heavenly call
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all ;
Kings are invited, and, would kings obey,
No slaves on earth more welcome were than they ;
But royalty, nobility, and state,
Are such a dead preponderating weight,
That endless bliss, how strange soe'er it seem,
In counterpoise flies up, and kicks the beam.
Cowper.

2153. KINGS : should be eminent for virtue.

THE king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.
Shakespeare.

That king stands surest, who by 's virtue rises
More than by birth or blood. That prince is rare,
Who strives in youth, to save his age from care.

Middleton.

He's a king,
A true, right king, that dares do aught, save wrong ;
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust ;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spongy sycophants : who stands unmoved,
Despite the justling of opinion.—*Marston.*

The man whom Heaven appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

Thomson.

2154. KINGS : should maintain their authority.

THE king that yields to popular commotions,
Is more the slave than sovereign of his people.
Philips.

2155. KINGS : should not delegate their power.

THE king who delegates
His power to others' hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.—*Brooke.*

2156. KINGS : should not grasp at power.

KINGS, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold ;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
Denham.

Seek not to govern by the lust of power ;
Make not thy will thy law ; believe thy people
Thy children all ; so shalt thou kindly mix
Their interests with thy own, and fix the basis
Of future happiness in godlike justice.
C. Johnson.

Let him maintain his power, but not increase it.
The string—prerogative—when strain'd too high
Cracks like the tortured chord of harmony,
And spoils the concert between king and subject.
Harvard.

2157. KINGS. The curse of

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life ;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty ; when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advised respect.
Shakespeare.

2158. KNAVES.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near ;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does, like the rattle-snake, prevent.—*Butler.*

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments, which curb not evils, cause ;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.—*Young.*

2159. KNOWLEDGE. Advantage of

KNOWLEDGE holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a
road to conquest ;
Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its
own good sword :

Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of
opposite poisons ;
Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of
disease :

Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth
a friend in all things ;
But ignorance is everywhere a stranger ; unwelcome ;
ill at ease and out of place. — *Tupper.*

2160. KNOWLEDGE : duty of imparting it.

OH for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By culture unsustain'd ; or run
Into a wild disorder ; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools ;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free.

Wordsworth.

2161. KNOWLEDGE. Fruitless

THE tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.

Denham.

2162. KNOWLEDGE. Ignorance of

KNOWLEDGE is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance. — *Byron.*

2163. KNOWLEDGE : imperfect.

WHO loves not knowledge ? who shall rail
Against her beauty ? May she mix
With men and prosper ! Who shall fix
Her pillars ? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire ;
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons ? fiery hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place,
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain ; and guide
Her footsteps moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child.

For she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewst not alone in power
And knowledge, but from hour to hour
In reverence and in charity. — *Tennyson.*

2164. KNOWLEDGE. Increase of

LET knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before. — *Tennyson.*

2165. KNOWLEDGE : increases sorrow.

SORROW is knowledge : they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth ;
The tree of knowledge is not that of life. — *Byron.*

2166. KNOWLEDGE. Love of

MAN loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. — *Akenside.*

2167. KNOWLEDGE : not attainable on earth.

VIEW all around the works of Power Divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign :
This is the whole of humankind below ;
'Tis only given beyond the grave to know.

Hamilton.

2168. KNOWLEDGE : of the world.

ALL this boasted knowledge of the world
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with
Low things, or evil, or indifferent. — *Bailey.*

2169. KNOWLEDGE : produces humility.

THROUGH seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discov'ring still new worlds of ignorance ;
And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess. — *Denham.*

2170. KNOWLEDGE: should be sought for soberly.

KNOWLEDGE is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly.—*Milton.*

Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharged, breaks, misses, or recoils.
Denham.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid ;
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid.
Denham.

2171. KNOWLEDGE. Thirst for

FIRST in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of everything ;
Which is connatural, and born with it.—*Davies.*

The wish to know—the endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awaked,
And which becomes or bless'd or cursed,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked.—*Moore.*

2172. KNOWLEDGE : to what it would prompt us.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded, dusty way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would oftener look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms are fainting
For the shade which we should fling,
If we knew what lips are parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cooling cups of water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what feet were weary,
Climbing up the hills of pain ;
By the world cast out as evil,
Poor, repentant Magdalenes ;
We no more would dare to scorn them
With our Pharisaic pride,
Wrapping close our robes about us,
Passing on the other side.

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say ' Good-bye,'

Which among the lips that kiss us,
First beneath the flowers should lie,
While like rain upon their faces
Fell our bitter, blinding tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

2173. KNOWLEDGE. True

WHAT is true knowledge? Is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civic rights, and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depths to try?
Is it to delve the earth, 'or soar the sky?
To marshal nature's tribes in just array?
To mix, and analyze, and mete and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?
These things, who will may know them, if to know
Breed not vain-glory. But o'er all to scan
God, in His works and word shown forth below ;
Creation's wonders, and Redemption's plan ;
Whence came we, what to do, and whither go ;
This is true knowledge, and ' the whole of man.'
Mant.

Almighty Being,
Cause and support of all things, can I view
These objects of my wonder : can I feel
These fine sensations, and not think of Thee?
Thou who dost through th' eternal round of time,
Dost through th' immensity of space exist
Alone, shalt Thou excluded be
From this Thy universe? Shall feeble man
Think it beneath his proud philosophy
To call for Thy assistance, and pretend
To frame a world, who cannot frame a clod?
Not to know Thee, is not to know ourselves—
Is to know nothing—worth the care
Of man's exalted spirit.—*Stillingfleet.*

2174. KNOWLEDGE. Useful

NOT to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, still to seek.—*Milton.*

2175. KNOWLEDGE: vaster than the human mind.

THE mind of man is this world's true dimension ;
And knowledge is the measure of the mind :
And as the mind in her vast comprehension
Contains more worlds than all the world can find,

So knowledge doth itself far more extend
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

Lord Brooke.

2176. KNOWLEDGE : vouchsafed to the innocent.

SOME secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd :
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.—*Pope.*

2177. KNOWLEDGE : and wisdom.

KNOWLEDGE, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider.

Quarles.

Knowledge descries alone, wisdom applies ;
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise.
In my afflictions, knowledge apprehends
Who is the author, what the cause and ends :
It finds that patience is my sad relief,
And that the hand that caused can cure my grief.

Quarles.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cooper.

2178. LABOUR. Benefit of

FROM labour health, from health contentment spring ;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.—*Beattie.*

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends !
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease ;
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs :
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

Gay.

Labour is life ! 'tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;

Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth ;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory !—the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Labour is health ! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labour is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not ! though shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee !

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee !

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly !
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly !
Labour !—all labour is noble and holy ;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Frances S. Osgood.

2179. LABOUR. Burden of

LABOUR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

Longfellow.

2180. LABOUR. Call to

HAST thou then been hired to labour
In the vineyard of the Lord,
With the promise that if faithful
Thou shalt win a sure reward?
Look, the tireless sun is hasting
Towards the zenith, and the day
Which in vanity thou'rt wasting,
Speedeth rapidly away!

Lo! the field is white for harvest,
And the labourers are few;
Canst thou, then, oh, slothful servant
Find no work that thou canst do?
Sitting idle in the vineyard;
Sleeping while the noon-day flies;
Dreaming while with every pulse-beat
Some frail mortal droops and dies.

Waken! overburden'd labourers,
Fainting in the sultry ray,
Cry against thee to the Master
As thou dream'st the hours away:
Waken! patient angels, bearing
Home earth's harvest, grieving see
One by one the bright hours waning,
And no sheaf secured by thee.

When at last, the summer ended,
And the song of 'Harvest home,'
By God's blessed angels chanted,
Swell through heaven's celestial dome,
What wilt *thou* do, slothful servant,
With no gather'd sheaf to bring?
How wilt *thou* feel, empty-handed,
In the presence of thy King?

Lo! the field is white for harvest,
And the labourers are few;
Canst thou, then, oh, slothful servant,
Find no work that thou canst do?
Angels wait to bear the tidings
Of some good that thou hast done;
Then, to patient, faithful labour,
Waken, ere the set of sun!

2181. LABOUR. Christian: is never in vain.

UPON the stormy waters
The bread of life we cast,
With cheerful trust believing
It shall be found at last.

We see it but a moment,
Far drifting o'er the main,
But deathless, undecaying,
It shall be found again.

One eye shall ever watch it,
The eye of Him who sees
Each tiny seedling scatter'd
By summer's passing breeze;
That eye which sees the coral,
As year by year it grows,
And counts the myriad crystals
Of Himalayan snows.

Sometimes with bitter weeping
The seed of life is sown,
With well-nigh hopeless pleadings,
To Jesus only known.
With hope deferr'd, the mother
Oft looks upon her child,
No plant of heaven is springing,
Though weeds grow rank and wild.

The shades of evening gather
Upon the Sabbath sky,
From pastors and from teachers
The prayer ascends on high.
Once more their hands have broken
The true and heavenly bread;—
Let them believe not vainly
The table hath been spread!

Yes! On the stormy waters
We cast the bread of life,
Vain are the surging waters,
Vain is the tempest's strife.
His never-failing promise
Jehovah will fulfil,
And the seed be found in glory,
When those proud waves are still.

2182. LABOUR. Encouragement to

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not;
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earn'd bread:
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow,—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,

And your warm tears fall upon it,—
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow,—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hand shall reap it,
Or if you shall have pass'd away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

2183. LABOUR. Lesson of

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!—*Longfellow.*

2184. LABOUR : lightened by love.

THIS my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures.—*Shakespeare.*

2185. LABOUR : necessary.

If little labour, little are our gains :
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
Herrick.

2186. LABOUR. Rest from

IF all the world were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come.
Shakespeare.

2187. LABOUR : the lot of man.

CHEER'D with the view, man went to till the ground
From whence he rose ; sentenced indeed to toil,
As to a punishment, yet (e'en in wrath
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a livelong hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death.—*Porteus.*

The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is
labour,
Nevertheless, to the diligent, labour bringeth blessing ;
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is a
pleasure ;
And time spent in doing, hath a comfort that is not
for the idle,
The hardship is transmuted into joy by the dear
alchemy of mercy.
Labour is good for man, bracing up his energies to
conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving him-
self useless.
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty
hinges,
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons
of a caged vulture.—*Tupper.*

2188. LAND. The better

'I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?
'Not there, not there, my child !'

'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or amidst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?'
'Not there, not there, my child !'

'Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there, not there, my child !'

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom :
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child !'—*Mrs Hemans.*

2189. LANGUAGE. Power of

WHEN Amruzail describes what he has seen,
Such power in his language lies,
That as he paints flocks, wastes, oases green,
His hearers' ears are turn'd to eyes!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2190. LAUGHTER.

WE look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.—*Shelley.*

2191. LAW. Cost of

ONCE (says an author, when I need not say),
Two travellers found an oyster in their way :
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour plead the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
'There take (says Justice), take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster, on fools like you :
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace. Adieu !'—*Pope.*

2192. LAWS.

THERE is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.—*Shakespeare.*

The brain may devise laws
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
A cold decree.—*Shakespeare.*

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.—*Shakespeare.*

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.—*Shakespeare.*

The good need fear no law ;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.—*Jonson.*

Laws can discover sin, but not remove.—*Milton.*

Multitude of laws are signs either of
Much tyranny in the prince, or much
Rebellious disobedience in the subject.—*Marston.*

Each state must have its policies ;
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters.
Ev'n the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.
Old Play.

Strict laws are like steel bodice, good for growing
limbs ;
But when the joints are knit, they are not helps,
But burdens.—*Fane.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.—*Trumbull.*

Laws, as we read in ancient sages,
Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made ;
But if an insect of renown,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.—*Beattie.*

2193. LAZINESS. Penalty of

SOME other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone ;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease :
To live dissolved in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain :
So much of surfeits, headaches, gouts are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between :
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake ;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.—*Dryden.*

2194. LEARNING. False

BUT as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill colouring but the more disgraced ;
So by false learning is good sense defaced :
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
Pope.

2195. LEARNING. Indigested

VORACIOUS learning, often over-fed,
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.
 This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,
 This forager on others' wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
 Dung'd but not dress'd, and rich to beggary :
 A pomp untamable of weeds prevails. — *Young.*

2196. LEARNING : is acquired slowly.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
 To light on man, as from the passing air ;
 The lamp of ; enius, though by nature lit,
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare,
 And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
 Slow as Columbia's aloe. — *Wilcox.*

2197. LEARNING : its price.

LEARNING by study must be won :
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from sire to son. — *Gay.*

2198. LEARNING. Much

MUCH learning shows how little mortals know ;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
Young.

2199. LEARNING : necessary.

As the uncultured prairie bears a harvest
 Heavy and rank, yet worthless to the world, —
 So mind and heart, uncultured, run to waste ;
 The noblest natures serving but to show
 A denser growth of passions' deadly fruit.

Mrs Hale.

2200. LEARNING. Pretended

SOME for renown on scraps of learning date,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote.
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied,
 But strive to make our poverty our pride. — *Young.*

2201. LEARNING. Pride of

WHAT is the pomp of learning ? the parade
 Of letters and of tongues ? Even as the mists
 Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
 That pass away and perish. Earthly things
 Are but the transient pageants of an hour ;
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

H. K. White.

2202. LEARNING. Unused

WHO learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
 Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.
Oriental.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !

Young.

2203. LEISURE.

LEISURE is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ;
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant Thought. As Atlas groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.

Young.

2204. LENT. The true

THERE'S winter on the hills to-day,
 The sad wind soughs o'er churchyard knolls,
 And weary nature seems to say,
 ' 'Tis Lenten-tide for sinful souls.'

The barb is in our heart to-day :
 Sore crush'd with sense of ail and sin,
 We feebly strive and faintly pray,
 'Gainst danger near, for grace within.

We mourn our pride and passion's stain,
 The earthly in our hearts enshrined ;
 The rebel flesh, too oft in vain
 Commanded by the nobler mind ;

And all of human curse or care
 Which lurks life's dangerous paths among,
 To quench the altar-flame of prayer,
 Or hush the heavenward strain of song.

Punshon.

2205. LEPER. Healing a

'ROOM for the leper ! room !' And, as he came,
 The cry pass'd on, 'Room for the leper, room !'
 'Room for the leper !' And aside they stood,
 Matron and child, and pitiless manhood, all
 Who met him on his way, and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying, 'Unclean ! unclean !'

He was young,

And eminently beautiful, and life
 Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
 And sparkled in his glance ; and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye

Follow'd with benisons—and this was he !
 With the soft airs of summer there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
 The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins ;
 Dimness crept o'er his eye, a drowsy sloth
 Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
 With all its loftiness, seem'd struck with eld :
 Even his voice was changed, a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear silver key ;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
 And very air were steep'd in sluggishness.
 He strove with it a while, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slacken'd within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
 Day after day he lay as if in sleep ;
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales
 Circled with livid purple cover'd him.
 And then his nails grew black, and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepen'd beneath the hard, unmoisten'd scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white hair—
 And Helon was a leper !

Day was breaking,

When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
 Burn'd with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swell'd through the hollow arches of the roof
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisle, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bow'd down his
 head

Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb ;
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
 Waiting to hear his doom :

'Depart ! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God !
 For He has smote thee with His chastening rod ;
 And to the desert wild,

From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free.

'Depart, and come not near
 The busy mart, the crowded city, more,
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
 And stay thou not to hear
 Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly
 From all who in the wilderness pass by.

'Wet not thy burning lip
 In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
 Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide ;
 Nor kneel thee down to dip
 The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
 By desert well or river's grassy brink ;

'And pass thou not between
 That weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;
 And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
 Where human tracks are seen ;
 Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
 Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

'And now depart ! and when
 Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
 Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
 Who, from the tribes of men,
 Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
 Depart, O leper ! and forget not God !'

And he went forth alone ! not one of all
 The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
 Was woven in the fibres of the heart
 Breaking within him now, to come and speak
 Comfort unto him. Yea ; he went his way,
 Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die !
 For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,

And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd
 The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,
 Praying that he might be so blest, to die !
 Footsteps approach'd, and with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer to his lip,
 Crying 'Unclean ! unclean !' and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
 The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name :
 'Helon !' The voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument, most strangely sweet ;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 'Helon, arise !' and he forgot his curse,
 And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
 As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
 The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
 No followers at His back, nor in His mien
 Buckler, or sword, or spear ; yet in His mien
 Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
 A kindly condescension graced His lips,

The lion would have couch'd to in his lair.
 His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
 His stature modell'd with a perfect grace;
 His countenance the impress of a God,
 Touch'd with the open innocence of a child;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
 Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
 The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
 He look'd on Helon earnestly a while,
 As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
 He took a little water in His hand
 And lav'd the sufferer's brow, and said, 'Be clean!'
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his lips
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipp'd Him.

Willis.

2206. LIBERTY: abused.

Lucio. WHENCE comes this restraint?

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
 As surfeit is the father of much fast,
 So every scope by the immoderate use
 Turns to restraint.—*Shakespeare.*

2207. LIBERTY. Christian

TRUE liberty was Christian, sanctified,
 Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alone.
 First-born of Virtue, daughter of the skies,
 Nursling of Truth divine; sister of all
 The graces, meekness, holiness, and love:
 Giving to God, and man, and all below,
 That symptom show'd of sensible existence,
 Their due unask'd; fear to whom fear was due;
 To all, respect, benevolence, and love.
 Companion of religion! where she came
 There freedom came; where dwelt, there freedom
 dwelt;
 Ruled where she ruled, expired where she expired.
 'He was the freeman whom the truth made free':
 Who first of all the bands of Satan broke;
 Who broke the bands of Sin; and for his soul
 In spite of fools consulted seriously;
 In spite of fashion persevered in good;
 In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;
 Who did as reason, not as fancy bade;
 Who heard temptation sing, and yet turn'd not
 Aside; saw Sin bedeck her flowery bed,
 And yet would not go up; felt at his heart
 The sword unsheathed, yet would not sell the truth;
 Who, having power, had not the will to hurt;
 Who blush'd alike to be or have a slave;

Who blush'd at nought but sin, fear'd nought but
 God;

Who finally, in strong integrity
 Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
 Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves
 Of stormy folly breaking at his feet;
 Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul re-
 proach,
 And both despised sincerely; seeking this
 Alone—the approbation of his God,
 Which still with conscience witness'd to his peace.

Pollok.

2208. LIBERTY: consistent with order.

FOR orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.—*Milton.*

2209. LIBERTY: has its home in England.

SLAVES cannot breathe in England! if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free:
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing.—*Cowper.*

2210. LIBERTY. Love of

THE love of liberty with life is given,
 And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.

Dryden.

Oh! give me liberty!

For were even paradise my prison,
 Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Dryden.

Easier were it

To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
 Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
 Determined to be free.—*Southey.*

But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for;—spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
 The surest presage of the good they seek.—*Cowper.*

2211. LIBERTY: of heart.

BUT there is yet a liberty, unsung
 By poets, and by senators unpraised,
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
 Of earth and hell confederate take away;
 A liberty which persecution, fraud,
 Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
 Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
 'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
 Bought with His blood, who gave it to mankind,
 And seal'd with the same token.—*Cowper.*

2212. LIBERTY : sacred

OH, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty ! should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.

Cowper.

2213. LIBERTY : should be jealously guarded.

THE greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.

Havard.

2214. LIBERTY. Show of

A SHOW of liberty,
When we have lost the substance, is best kept,
By seeming not to understand those faults,
Which we want power to mend.—*May.*

2215. LIBERTY. Spirit of

THERE is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent, subterranean fire ;
Yet ever and anon some monarch hurl'd
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire ;
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of Liberty!—*Hill.*

2216. LIBERTY. Value of

A DAY, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Addison.

When liberty is gone
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Addison.

Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.—*Cowper.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—*Cowper.*

2217. LIFE : a book

MAN's life's a book of history ;
The leaves thereof are days ;
The letters, mercies closely joined ;
The title is God's praise.—*Mason.*

2218. LIFE : a pilgrimage.

SINCE every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,

With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care :

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

Dryden.

2219. LIFE. Abuse of

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fix'd, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings !
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with ten-fold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced !

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When preparations to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found ;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break :
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls ; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Wilcox.

2220. LIFE and Death.

WHAT is the life of man ? A passing shade
Upon the changeful mirror of old Time,
A sere leaf long ere autumn comes decay'd,
A plant or tree that scantily reaches prime,
A dew-drop of the morning gone ere noon,
A dying taper on a darksome pall,
The foam of torrent's whirling wave,
A bird that flutters on a drooping wing,
A shadowy spectre o'er an open grave,
A morning-glory's moment in the spring,
A breaking bubble on a rushing stream,
A sunset after storm, an erring angel's dream.

What is the death we fear ? The peaceful close
Of stormy life—of reckless passion's sway ;
The veil that mantles all our cares and woes,
The heavenly ending of an earthly day ;
The crown of time well-spent, the portal fair
Which opens the way to never-ending joy ;
It sets the captive spirit free as air
From all the fetters which on earth annoy.
What is this death ? The sleep the pilgrim takes
After much weary travail he has known ;
And whence, with powers renew'd, he awakes,
His soul more mighty from its slumbers grown ;
The glorious conquest over human ill,
A spirit's joy which death can never kill.

2221. LIFE and Immortality brought to light by
the Gospel.

O EVERLASTING Father, God !
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seem'd to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.—*Alexander.*

2222. LIFE. Autumn of

THE leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay,
The hollow winds are calling,
'Come, pilgrim, come away !'

The day, in night declining,
Says I must too decline,
The year, its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine !

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away ;
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
'Wait, wait,' they say, 'and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin ?

Oh ! rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin.'

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
An exile to his home ;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.—*Lytle.*

2223. LIFE. Boundaries of

BETWEEN two breaths what crowded mysteries lie—
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh !
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,

As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness whence we came.

O. W. Holmes.

2224. LIFE. Brevity of

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot !—*King.*

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around ;
We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplored ;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot.—*Young.*

While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

He sins against this life, who slights the next.
Young.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost :
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.—*Burns.*

O Life ! how pleasing is thy morning,
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold—pausing—cautious lessons scorning,
We frisk away
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.
We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.—*Burns.*

2225. LIFE. Brevity of

OH ! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon

Life, with its glory, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright ;
Like them, the present shall delight—
Like them, decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doom'd to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'let's, glide
To that sad wave ;
Death levels property and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal :
There all those glittering toys are brought ;
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here !
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear !

H. A. P. from the Spanish.

226. LIFE. Caravan of

WHERE pilgrims seek the Prophet's tomb
Across the Arabian waste,
Upon the ever-shifting sands
A fearful path is traced.

Far up to the horizon's verge,
The traveller sees it rise—
A line of ghastly bones that bleach
Beneath those burning skies.

Across it tempest and simoom
The desert-sands have strew'd,
But still that line of spectral white
For ever is renew'd.

For while along the burning track
The caravans move on,
Still do the way-worn pilgrims fall
Ere yet the shrine be won.

There the tired camel lays him down
And shuts his gentle eyes ;
And there the fiery rider droops,
Toward Mecca looks, and dies.

They fall unheeded from the ranks :
On sweeps the endless train ;
But there, to mark the desert path,
Their whitening bones remain.

And thus I read the mournful tale
Upon the traveller's page,
I thought how like the march of life
Is this sad pilgrimage.

For every heart hath some fair dream,
Some object unattain'd,
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gain'd.

But beauty, manhood, love, and power
Go in their morning down,
And longing eyes and outstretch'd arms
Tell of the goal unwon.

The mighty caravan of life
Above their dust may sweep,
Nor shout nor trampling feet shall break
The rest of those who sleep.—*Anne Lynd.*

227. LIFE : characterized.

MAN's life's a tragedy ; his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is the tiring-room ;
This spacious earth the theatre ; the stage
That country which he lives in : passions, rage,
Folly, and vice are actors ; the first cry
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth in dumb shows ;
The second he to more perfection grows ;
I' th' third he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin :
I' th' fourth declines : i' th' fifth diseases clog
And trouble him ; then death 's the epilogue.

Raleigh.

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.—*King.*

Thy life's a warfare, thou a soldier art,
Satan's thy foe-man, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edged weapon, patience thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath :
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield ;
And who the second, basely flies the field.

Quarles.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit ;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay ;
To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
Lies more, and while it says we shall be bless'd
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange coz'nage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Dryden.

Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.—*Dexter.*

What is life ?

A gulf of troubled waters—where the soul,
Like a vex'd bark, is toss'd upon the waves
Of pain and pleasure by the wavering breath
Of passions.—*Miss Landon.*

2228. LIFE. Contentment with

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

Moore.

2229. LIFE. Crises in ,

THIS hour's the very crisis of your fate ;
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life, depends
On this important now.—*Dryden.*

There are points from which we can command our
life ;

When the soul sweeps the future like a glass ;
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind.—*Bailey.*

2230. LIFE. Days of

THE days of life are sisters ; all alike ;
None just the same ; which serve to fool us on,
Through blasted hopes, with change of fallacy ;
While joy is, like to-morrow, still to come :
Nor ends the fruitless chase but in the grave.

Young.

2231. LIFE. Decline of

WHEN men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At every little breath misfortune blows ;
Till left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire :
This is the common lot.—*Young.*

Summer ebbs ; each day that follows
Is a reflex from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.
He who governs the creation,
In His providence, assign'd
Such a gradual declination
To the life of humankind.
Yet we mark it not ; fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loath to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Wordsworth.

2232. LIFE. Destinies of

KNOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest ;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
Is alone before him :
Past Time is dead and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ? why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan ?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath,
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
 And from one another ;
 All is spectral, and vague, and dim,
 Save God and our brother !

Like warp and woof, all destinies
 Are woven fast,
 Link'd in sympathy like the keys
 Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ;
 Break but one
 Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
 Through all will run.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
 All are in God's care ;
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
 And He is there.—*Whittier.*

2233. LIFE : devoted to Christ.

Jesus ! I live to Thee,
 The loveliest and best !
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus ! I die to Thee,
 Whenever death shall come ;
 To die in Thee is life to me,
 In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,
 I know not which is best ;
 To live in Thee is bliss to me,
 To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,
 I ask but to be Thine :
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 Makes heaven for ever mine.

Harbaugh.

2234. LIFE : earnest.

'Tis not for man to trifle ! Life is brief,
 And sin is here.
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
 One, only one ;
 How sacred should that one life ever be—
 That narrow span !
 Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Bonar.

2235. LIFE. Emblems of

A FLOWER that does with opening morn arise,
 And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
 A wing'd eastern blast, but skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
 A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly,
 A meteor shooting from the summer sky ;
 A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd ;
 A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
 A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream ;
 Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim
 Our earthly course.—*Prior.*

2236. LIFE. Epitome of

DAY dawn'd ; within a curtain'd room,
 Fill'd to faintness with perfume,
 A lady lay at point of doom.
 Day closed ; a child had seen the light :
 But, for the lady fair and bright,
 She rested in undreaming night.
 Spring rose ; the lady's grave was green ;
 And near it, oftentimes, was seen
 A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.
 Years fled ; he wore a manly face,
 And struggled in the world's rough race,
 And won at last a lofty place.
 And then he died ! behold before ye
 Humanity's poor sum and story ;
 Life—Death—and all that is of Glory.—*Prætor.*

2237. LIFE. Eternal

A LIFE of honour and of worth
 Has no eternity on earth,
 'Tis but a name ;
 And yet its glory far exceeds
 That base and sensual life, which leads
 To want and shame.

The eternal life beyond the sky
 Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
 And proud estate :
 The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
 Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
 A joy so great.

Manrique, tr. by Longfellow.

2238. LIFE : full of care.

By day or night,
 In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
 One hour without its care ! not sleep itself
 Is ever balmy ; for the shadowy dream
 Oft bears substantial woe.—*Smollett.*

2239. LIFE : glides away imperceptibly.

 AH ! what is human life ?
How, like the dial's tardy moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceived !
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.—*Young.*

In the same brook, none ever bathed him twice :
To the same life, none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same ; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow ;
Nor mark the much irrevocably lapsed,
And mingled with the sea.—*Young.*

2240. LIFE. Godly

HE lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may ;
To make His precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.—*Cowper.*

2241. LIFE : how it is made up.

LOVE, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.—*Pope.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

Coleridge.

2242. LIFE : how it should be spent.

WE should fill the hours with the sweetest things
 If we had but a day ;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
 In our upward way ;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,
 If our hours were few !
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher
 power

 To be and to do.

We should bind our weary and wanton wills
 To the clearest light :

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
 If they lay in sight ;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet ;
We should take whatever a good God sent
 With a trust complete !

We should waste no moments in weak regret
 If the day were but one ;
If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun ;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
 To work or to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us be,
 If we had but a day.

Mary Lowe Dickinson.

2243. LIFE : how to make life happy.

BE patient—life is very brief,
 It passes quickly by,
And if it prove a troubled scene
 Beneath a stormy sky,
It is but like a shaded night
That brings a morn of radiance bright.

Be hopeful—cheerful faith will bring
 A living joy to thee,
And make thy life a hymn of praise
 From doubt and murmur free ;
Whilst, like the sunbeam, thou wilt bless
And bring to others happiness.

Be earnest—an immortal soul
 Should be a worker true ;
Employ thy talents for thy God,
 And ever keep in view
The judgment scene, the last great day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Be holy—let not sin's dark stain
 Thy spirit's whiteness dim ;
Keep close to God amid the world,
 And put thy trust in Him.
So, midst thy business and thy rest,
Thou wilt be comforted and blest.

Be prayerful—ask, and thou wilt have
 Strength equal to thy day ;
Prayer clasps the hand that guides the world,
 Oh, make it thou thy stay.
Ask largely, and thy God will be
A kingly giver unto thee.

2244. LIFE. Importance of

THEY say this life is but a wreath
 Of vapour, melting in the sky ;

The small frail flower which grows beneath,
 Then drooping, shuts its languid eye ;
 A tale repeated round the hearth,
 Made half of mourning, half of mirth ;
 A bubble, bursting in the light ;
 A meteor, streaming in the night ;
 A dream, a tear, a smile, a sigh,
 A breath—the breath of Deity !
 A tale? Yes, one that's quivering
 On every raptured seraph's string,
 Since this poor clay enshrined a God ;
 And the lone path, so meekly trod,
 Adoring, wonderingly they've traced,
 Through all our misery-haunted waste.
 Oh, that can be no trivial thing,
 However rapidly it fly,
 Which bears our souls upon its wing,
 And fashions our eternity—
 Though small the seedling, from it grow
 Heaven's boundless bliss, and hell's black woe.

Emily Judson.

2245. LIFE. Influence of temper on

ON their life no grievous burden lies,
 Who are well-natured, temperate, and wise :
 But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
 Not any easy part in life can find.—*Denham.*

2246. LIFE : is what we make it.

THE world is all dark, or the world is all bright,
 Just as we choose to make it ;
 Our burden is heavy, our burden is light,
 Just as we happen to take it ;
 And people who grumble and people who groan
 At the world and its every proposal,
 Would grumble and groan if the world were their
 own,
 With the sun, moon, and stars at disposal.
 It is all very well to have beauty and health,
 But if ugly and sick, we must bear it ;
 It is all very well to have oceans of wealth,
 Though we find, if we *must*, we *can* spare it ;
 But healthy and wealthy, or sickly and poor,
 We are wise to be 'careless and happy,'
 And gracefully try all our ills to endure,
 Though we try till we're 'hairless and cappy.'

In the Broadway of life, though we're jostled and
 torn,

There's a 'Beautiful Gate,' at whose portal
 The robes of the great, like the wearied and worn,
 Must be changed for the garments immortal ;
 And knocks he a beggar, or knocks he a king—
 To the Master but little it matters—

Be his heart but in tune, he may enter and sing,
 Though his raiment be sables or tatters.

Not all can be noble, not all can be great,
 But our lives with God's love we can leaven ;
 And whether of high or of lowly estate,
 'Tis the same to our Father in heaven.
 The world may seem dark or the world may seem
 light

As we cling to the old, old story,
 And cheerfully work, with our lamps burning bright,
 Till we enter the portals of glory.—*H. F. H. S.*

2247. LIFE. Island of

OPENING the map of God's expansive plan,
 We find a little isle, this life of man ;
 Eternity's unknown expanse appears
 Circling around, and limiting his years.
 The busy race examine and explore
 Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,
 Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells ;
 Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
 The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
 And every hour sweeps multitudes away ;
 They shriek and sink—survivors start and weep,
 Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

Cowper.

2248. LIFE : its beginnings.

HARD are life's early steps ; and but that youth
 Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
 Men would behold its threshold and despair.

Miss Landon.

Few know of life's beginnings—men behold
 The good achieved ; the warrior, when his sword
 Flashes red triumph in the noon-day sun ;
 The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm ;
 The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
 And mould opinion on his gifted tongue ;
 They count not life's first steps, and never think
 Upon the many miserable hours
 When hope deferr'd was sickness to the heart.

Miss Landon.

2249. LIFE : its blessings slighted.

WE slight the gifts that every season bears,
 And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
 In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
 The promised treasure of the coming years ;

Or else we mourn some great good pass'd away,
 And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
 Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
 The offer'd peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, 'For evermore.'

2250. LIFE: its burdens.

Oh, there are moments for us here, when seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

For there are ills that come without foreboding,
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
And there are festering cares, that, by corroding,
Eat silently their way into the soul.

And for the evils that our race inherit
What strength is given us that we may endure?
Surely the God and Father of our spirit
Sends not afflictions which He cannot cure!

No! there is a Physician, there is healing,
And light that beams upon life's darkest day,
To him whose heart is right with God, revealing
The wisdom and the justice of His way.

Phæbe Carey.

2251. LIFE: its decay.

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit broke,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense dull'd and fretful, full of aches and pains,
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye,
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you, in this fair world,
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water, full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man a strange, perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh! my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world,
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart

Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always everywhere, and all in all.—*Southey.*

2252. LIFE: its limit fixed.

ALL has its date below. The fatal hour
Was register'd in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too. The deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock,
A distant age asks where the fabric stood?
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.—*Cowper.*

2253. LIFE: its prospects.

'LIFE is before ye!'—and as now ye stand
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod
But few light steps upon a flowery sod.
Round ye are youth's green bowers—and to your
eyes,
Th' horizon's line but joints the earth and skies;
Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame, and joy,
Friendship unwavering, love without alloy,
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won,
Like angels, beckon ye to venture on.

Frances Kemble Butler.

2254. LIFE: its results.

NOTHING but leaves! the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garner'd sheaves
Of life's fair ripen'd grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds,—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our wither'd leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
We stand before him, humbled, mute;
Waiting the words he breathes,—
'Nothing but leaves!'

2255. LIFE. Length of

THAT life is long which answers life's great end.

Young.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Bonar.

2256. LIFE: loved.

THE weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.—*Shakespeare.*

Who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?—*Milton.*

2257. LIFE. Measuring

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know,
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way.

Milton.

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue ;
Some hearts grow old before their time ;
Others are always young.

'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast-filling page,
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs,
Which constitute their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly thrive ;
They stand just where their fathers stood ;
Dead, even while they live.

Others, all spirit, heart, and sense,
Theirs the mysterious power
To live in thrills of joy or woe,
A twelvemonth in an hour !

Seize, then, the minutes as they pass ;
The woof of life is thought !
Warm up the colours ; let them glow
With fire of fancy fraught.

Live to some purpose ; make thy life
A gift of use to thee :
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy.—*Procter.*

2258. LIFE. Mental

THE earth is full of life ; the living Hand
Touch'd it with life ; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers and raise him from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be full—
Earth which thou tread'st—and thy poor mind be
dull ?

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep ?
Thou 'living dead man,' let thy spirit leap
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. Would'st thou
know

Something of what is life, shake off this death ;
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all nature's quick, and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see ;
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance ;
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse ;
Love, joy, even sorrow—yield thyself to all !
They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall !
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind !
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be like man at first, a LIVING SOUL.—*Dana.*

2259. LIFE. Mockery of

OH, life and all its charms decay !
Alluring, cheating, on they go ;
The stream for ever steals away
In one irrevocable flow ;
Its dearest charms, the charms of love,
Are fairest in their bud, and die
Whene'er their tender bloom we move ;
We touch the leaves, they wither'd lie.
At distance all how gay, how sweet,
A very land of fairy blisses,
Where smiles, and tears, and soft words meet,
And willing lips unite in kisses ;
But when we touch the magic shore,
The glow is gone, the charm is fled ;
We find the dearest hues it wore
Are but the light around the dead,
And cold the hymeneal chain
That binds their cheated hearts in one,
And on, with many a step of pain,
Their weary race is sadly run ;

And still as on they plod their way,
They find, as life's gay dreams depart,
To close their being's toilsome day,
Nought left them but a broken heart.

Percival.

2260. LIFE or Death : alike to the believer.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.—*Baxter.*

2261. LIFE. Parable of

A MAN through Syria's deserts speeding,
His camel by the halter leading,
The beast grew shy, began to rear,
With gestures wild to plunge and tear ;
So fearful was his snort and cry,
The driver was obliged to fly.
He ran, and saw a well which lay
By chance before him in the way.
He hears the snorting camel near,
And lost all consciousness in fear.
He plunged not in the shaft, but crept,
And hanging 'neath the brink he kept.
A blackberry bush its bed had found
Within the gaping fissures round ;
Hereto the driver firmly clung,
While loud his doleful wailings rung.
He look'd on high, and lo ! he saw

Above his head the camel's jaw,
About to seize him as his prize.
Then in the well he cast his eyes ;
A dragon on the ground he saw,
That gaped with fearful, yawning jaw,
His prey there ready to devour,
When it should fall into his power.
Thus hovering between the two,
Another evil met his view.
Where in the stony fracture hung
The bush's roots, to which he clung,
He saw two mice within the crack,
The one was white, the other black.
He saw the black one and the white,
How they the roots alternate bite.
They gnaw'd, and pull'd, and dug around,
And tore from off the roots the ground ;
When he the crumbling earth espies,
On high the dragon casts his eyes,
To see how soon, with load and all,
The bush, torn by the roots, would fall.
The man with anxious terror quail'd,
Besieged, surrounded, and assail'd,
While on this doleful situation,
Look'd round in vain for his salvation.
And as around he cast his eyes,
A little nodding branch he spies,
With berries ripe, nor did he feign
His lustful longing to restrain.
No more the camel's rage he saw,
Nor in the gulf the dragon's jaw,
No more the mice that gnaw'd the root,
When he beheld the luscious fruit.
He let the camel rage on high,
The dragon watch with lustful eye,
The mice gnaw at the bush's root,
While greedily he seized the fruit.
Right good he deem'd them to appease
His cravings, and he pluck'd at ease,
And thus his fear, his doleful lot,
Were in the juicy sweets forgot.
'Who is the fool,' methinks I hear
Thee ask, 'who thus forgets his fear ?'
Know, then, O friend, that man art thou !
But take the explanation now :
The dragon lurking on the ground,
Is death's grim yawning gulf profound ;
The threat'ning camel standing there,
Is life's anxiety and care.
'Tis you who gasp, 'twixt life and death,
Upon the world's green bush for breath.
The two that, gnawing at the tree,
Shall soon the bush, as well as thee,
Deliver to the dragon's might,
The mice, their names are day and night.

2212. LIBERTY : sacred

OH, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty ! should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.

Cowper.

2213. LIBERTY : should be jealously guarded.

THE greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.

Havard.

2214. LIBERTY. Show of

A SHOW of liberty,
When we have lost the substance, is best kept,
By seeming not to understand those faults,
Which we want power to mend.—*May.*

2215. LIBERTY. Spirit of

THERE is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent, subterranean fire ;
Yet ever and anon some monarch hurl'd
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire ;
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of Liberty!—*Hill.*

2216. LIBERTY. Value of

A DAY, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Addison.

When liberty is gone
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Addison.

Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.—*Cowper.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—*Cowper.*

2217. LIFE : a book

MAN's life's a book of history ;
The leaves thereof are days ;
The letters, mercies closely joined ;
The title is God's praise.—*Mason.*

2218. LIFE : a pilgrimage.

SINCE every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,

With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care :

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

Dryden.

2219. LIFE. Abuse of

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fix'd, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings !
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with ten-fold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced !

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When preparations to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found ;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break :
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls ; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Wilcox.

2220. LIFE and Death.

WHAT is the life of man ? A passing shade
Upon the changeful mirror of old Time,
A sere leaf long ere autumn comes decay'd,
A plant or tree that scanty reaches prime,
A dew-drop of the morning gone ere noon,
A dying taper on a darksome pall,
The foam of torrent's whirling wave,
A bird that flutters on a drooping wing,
A shadowy spectre o'er an open grave,
A morning-glory's moment in the spring,
A breaking bubble on a rushing stream,
A sunset after storm, an erring angel's dream.

What is the death we fear ? The peaceful close
Of stormy life—of reckless passion's sway ;
The veil that mantles all our cares and woes,
The heavenly ending of an earthly day ;
The crown of time well-spent, the portal fair
Which opens the way to never-ending joy ;
It sets the captive spirit free as air
From all the fetters which on earth annoy.
What is this death ? The sleep the pilgrim takes
After much weary travail he has known ;
And whence, with powers renew'd, he awakes,
His soul more mighty from its slumbers grown ;
The glorious conquest over human ill,
A spirit's joy which death can never kill.

The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.

Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakespeare.

2267. LIFE. Protracted

'ENLARGE my life with multitude of days !'
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays !
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
 That life protracted is protracted woe.—*Johnson.*

2268. LIFE. Providence in

All's for the best ; be sanguine and cheerful ;
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
 Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful ;
 Courage for ever is happy and wise,
 All's for the best, if a man would but know it ;
 Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet ;
 Heaven is gracious, and, All's for the best.

All's for the best ; then fling away terrors ;
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van ;
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
 All's for the best ; unbias'd, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the east to the west ;
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope, and be happy, that All's for the best.

Tupper.

2269. LIFE. Purpose in

LIVE to do good ; but not with thought to win
 From man return of any kindness done ;
 Remember Him who died on cross for sin,
 The merciful, the meek, rejected One :
 When He was slain for crime of doing good,
 Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do good to all ; but while thou servest best,
 And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
 When thine own heart with anguish is oppress'd,
 The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
 From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
 And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good ; but for His holy sake
 Who died for thine ; fixing thy purpose ever

High as His throne no wrath of man can shake :
 So shall He own thy generous endeavour,
 And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
 When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good ; for such the noble strife
 Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
 And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
 Content to wait the recompense above ;
 Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
 In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

Bakunin.

2270. LIFE. Purpose in

I LIVE for those who love me,
 For those I know are true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task by God assign'd me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
 Who've suffer'd for my sake,
 To emulate their glory,
 And follow in their wake ;
 Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
 The noble of all ages,
 Whose deeds crowd history's pages
 And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When men shall live by reason
 And not alone by gold—
 When man to man united,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine,
 To feel there is a union
 'Twixt nature's heart and mine ;
 To profit by affliction,
 Reap truths from fields of fiction,
 Grow wiser from conviction,
 And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.—*Banks.*

2271. LIFE. Quiet

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.—*Pope.*

2272. LIFE : reasons for its prolongation.

NOT *now*, my child—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's home !
Not *now*—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love ;
Not *now*—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
Not *now*—for I have loved ones sad and weary ;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?
Not *now*—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widow'd hearts to sing ;
Not *now*—for orphans' tears are thickly falling ;
They must be gather'd 'neath some sheltering wing.
Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power.
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary ?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour ?
One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;
One little hour ! and *then* the Hallelujah !
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

2273. LIFE. Retrospect of

My feeble bark has reach'd the shore,
And life's tempestuous sea is pass'd ;

Trembling I trace my perils o'er
And yield my dread account at last.
The rival arts that charm'd my youth,
Those fancies of my wayward mind,
Those winning dreams of love and truth,
Are vain delusions all, I find.
A double death appals me now ;
The one draws near with rapid strides,
The other with his awful brow
Time from eternity divides.
Sculpture and painting, rival arts !
Ye can no longer soothe my breast ;
'Tis love Divine alone imparts
The promise of a future rest.
On that my trembling soul relies—
My trust the cross, my hope the skies.

Michel Angelo.

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream.—*Scott.*

Who that hath ever been
Could bear to be no more ?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before ?—

James Montgomery.

2274. LIFE. River of

THERE is a pure and tranquil wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams, which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend
O'er weary lands to stray ;

The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.—*Ball.*

2275. LIFE. Rule for the conduct of

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning !
Perish all that fears the light !

Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, sect, or faction,—
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word or action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Friends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,—
Trust in God and do the right.

Norman Macleod.

2276. LIFE. Rules for the conduct of

Not love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.

Milton.

Men should strive to live well, not to live long.

Earl of Sterling.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir W. Jones: from the Persian.

So to live that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light,
And the blest seeds we scatter'd bloom
A hundred-fold in days to come.—*Bouring.*

2277. LIFE. Sadness of

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet.
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopp'd the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill.

And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His, who grants them or denies them!—*Aubrey De Vere.*

2278. LIFE. Sameness of

IF like a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn where travellers bait, then post away.

Fawkes.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

Moore.

2279. LIFE. Seasons of

PERCEIV'ST thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsoiled are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as is man, is most replete
With kindly moisture and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace:
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face;
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

E'en our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were:
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Ovid, tr. by Dryden.

2280. LIFE: soon over.

OUR life so fast away doth slide
As doth an hungry eagle through the wind,
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind.

Davies.

2281. LIFE. Theories of

'LIVE while you live,' the epicure would say,
 'And seize the pleasures of the present day !'
 'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
 'And give to God each moment as it flies !'
 Lord, in my views let both united be—
 I live in pleasure when I live to Thee !

Doddridge.

2282. LIFE. Time of

THE past is a dream,
 The future a breath,
 The present a gleam
 From birth unto death.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2283. LIFE: uncertain.

THE youngest in the morning are not sure
 That till the night their life they can secure.

Denham.

Then let us fill
 This little interval, this pause of life,
 With all the virtues we can crowd into it.

Addison.

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour ;
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower—
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

Johnson.

2284. LIFE. Unity of

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky ;
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.

2285. LIFE: unsubstantial.

THE cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve !
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.—*Shakespeare.*

2286. LIFE: up-hill.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way ?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?

Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
 They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?

Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina G. Rossetti.

2287. LIFE. Use of

THIS world is but the rugged road
 Which leads us to the bright abode
 Of peace above ;
 So let us choose that narrow way,
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray
 From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
 Life is the running of the race,
 We reach the goal
 When, in the mansions of the blest,
 Death leaves to its eternal rest
 The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
 This world would school each wandering thought
 To its high state.
 Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
 Up to that better world on high,
 For which we wait.

Manrique, tr. by Longfellow.

2288. LIFE. Value of

REFLECT that life and death, affecting sounds,
 Are only varied modes of endless being.
 Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone ;
 Not for itself but for a nobler end
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
 When inconsistent with the greater good,
 Reason commands to cast the less away ;
 Thus life with loss of wealth is well preserved,
 And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life.

Johnson.

2289. LIFE. Verge of

WHERE sky begins or sea-line ends
 In yon horizon's mysteries,
 No eye can mark, so softly blends
 The sea's and sky's infinities.

The blue sea wears a crown of flame,
The rosy clouds drink sapphire dew,
Till, melted into each, no name
Of human birth defines the hue.

And thus the mortal life, meseems,
At waning tide shall woven be
With life immortal—earth's best dreams
And heaven's fused in harmony.

Till only infinite wisdom knows
The word, beyond our speech's range,
To paint the mystic light that throws
Its veil of peace about the change.

2290. LIFE. Way of

OUR lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathom'd, boundless sea,
The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallow'd up and lost
In one dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.—*Manrique.*

2291. LIFE. Web of

THE web of our life is of a mingled
Yarn, good and ill together : Our virtues
Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not ; and
Our crimes would despair, if they were not
Cherish'd by our virtues.—*Shakespeare.*

2292. LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of heaven first born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ? Since God is Light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite !—*Milton.*

Prime cheerer, Light !
Of all material beings, first and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty, all were wrapt
In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom, best seen,
Shines out thy Maker !—*Thomson.*

Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast ;—
There is a hand above will help thee on.—*Bailey.*

2293. LITANY. A

THOU who dost dwell alone,
Thou who dost know Thine own,
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh save !
From the world's temptations ;
From tribulations ;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish ;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—
Save, oh save !

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer ;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher ;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore ;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence,
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
Save, oh save !

From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars Thy creature ;
From grief that is but passion ;
From mirth that is but feigning ;
From tears that bring no healing ;
From weak and wild complaining,—
Thine own strength revealing,
Save, oh save !

From doubt where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong,
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,—
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea,—
Oh set us free !

Oh let the false dream fly
 Where our sick souls do lie
 Tossing continually !
 Oh, where thy voice doth come,
 Let all doubts be dumb !
 Let all words be mild,
 All strifes be reconciled,
 All pains beguiled !
 Light brings no blindness,
 Love no unkindness,
 Knowledge no ruin,
 Fear no undoing :
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Save, oh save !—*Matthew Arnold.*

2294. LITANY. The soul's

IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me ;
 Lest, by base denial,
 I depart from Thee :
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
 Would this vain world charm ;
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice :
 Then upon Thine altar,
 Freely offer'd up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying
 Through the mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me dying
 To eternal life.—*James Montgomery.*

2295. LITTLE CHILDREN : everywhere.

SPORTING through the forest wide ;
 Playing by the water side ;

Wandering o'er the heathy fells ;
 Down within the woodland dells ;
 All among the mountains wild,
 Dwelleth many a little child !
 In the baron's hall of pride ;
 By the poor man's dull fireside :
 'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
 Little children may be seen,
 Like the flowers that spring up fair,
 Bright and countless everywhere !
 In the far isle of the main ;
 In the desert's lone domain ;
 In the savage mountain-glen,
 'Mong the tribes of swarthy men ;
 Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone ;
 Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
 On a league of peopled ground,
 Little children may be found !
 Blessings on them ! they in me
 Move a kindly sympathy,
 With their wishes, hopes, and fears ;
 With their laughter and their tears ;
 With their wonder so intense,
 And their small experience !
 Little children, not alone
 On the wide earth are ye known,
 'Mid its labours and its cares,
 'Mid its sufferings and its snares ;
 Free from sorrow, free from strife,
 In the world of love and life,
 Where no sinful thing hath trod—
 In the presence of your God,
 Spotless, blameless, glorified—
 Little children, ye abide !—*Mary Howitt.*

2296. LITTLE THINGS. Doing

LET us be content to work,
 To do the thing we can, and not presume
 To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
 Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
 Who makes the head consents to miss the point ;
 Who makes the point agrees to leave the head ;
 And if a man should cry, ' I want a pin,
 And I must make it straightway, head and point,
 His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.

E. B. Browning.

2297. LITTLE THINGS. Influence of

LETTERS join'd make words,
 And words to books may grow,
 As flake on flake, descending,
 Forms an avalanche of snow.
 A single utterance may good
 Or evil thoughts inspire ;

One little spark, enkindled,
 May set a town on fire.
 What volumes may be written
 With little drops of ink !
 How small a leak, unnoticed,
 A mighty ship will sink !
 A tiny insect's labour
 Makes the coral strand,
 And mighty seas are girdled
 With grains of golden sand.
 A daily penny, saved,
 A fortune may begin :
 A daily penny, squander'd,
 May lead to vice and sin.
 Our life is made entirely
 Of moments multiplied,
 As little streamlets, joining,
 Form the ocean's tide.
 Our hours and days, our months and years,
 Are in small moments given :
 They constitute our time below,
 Eternity in heaven.

2298. LITTLE THINGS : not to be despised.

Do thy little, God hath made
 Million leaves for forest shade ;
 Smallest stars their glory bring—
 God employeth everything.

Do thy little, and when thou
 Feelest on thy pallid brow,
 Ere has fled the vital breath,
 Cold and damp the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done,
 Little battles thou hast won,
 Little masteries achieved,
 Little wants with care relieved,
 Little words in love express'd,
 Little wrongs at once confess'd,
 Little favours kindly done,
 Little toils thou didst not shun,
 Little graces meekly worn,
 Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown the pillow'd head,
 Holy light upon thee shed ;
 These are treasures that shall rise
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

2299. LITTLE THINGS : not to be despised.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power,
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
 Waiting its natal hour.

A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life ;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
 How vast its power may be ;
 Nor what results enfolded dwell
 Within it, silently.

Work and despair not ; give thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be ;
 God is with all that serve the right,
 The holy, true, and free !

2300. LITTLE THINGS. Power of

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the beauteous land.
 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.
 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

2301. LITTLE THINGS. Regard

REGARD no vice as small, that thou mayest brook it :
 No virtue small, that thou mayest overlook it.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2302. LITTLE THINGS. Results of

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
 Strew'd acorns on the lea,
 And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening time
 To breathe its early vows,
 And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs ;
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore ;
 It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern ;
 A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
 Where weary men might turn ;
 He wall'd it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink :

He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
 He pass'd again : and lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
 'Twas old, and yet was new ;
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true ;
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo ! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small, its issue great,
 A watch-fire on the hill ;
 It sheds its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man amid a crowd
 That throng'd the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart ;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.—*Mackay.*

2303. LITTLE THINGS : tests.

'LITTLE by little,' the tempter said,
 As a dark and cunning snare he spread
 For the young, unwary feet.
 'Little by little, and day by day,
 I will tempt the careless soul astray
 Into the broad, flowery way,
 Until the ruin made is complete.

'Little by little,' sure and slow,
 We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
 As the present passes away.
 Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
 Up to the regions of endless light,
 Or gliding downward into the night,
 'Little by little, and day by day.'

2304. LIVES. Aimless

THE river goes drifting past me,
 On toward the great wide sea,
 Dallying here with the lilies,
 Woo'd by the wind and bee,
 And whispering there to the rushes
 And reeds in the eddies' edge,
 Where the plover's nest is hidden,
 Deep in the cool green sedge.

So, idle and dreaming ever,
 It drifts to the great wide sea,
 And is lost in the world of waters :
 And it is a type of me.

My life goes drifting stilly,
 Like a river, with the years,
 And it has enough of sunshine
 To make me long for tears.
 I am drifting idly onward,
 And I throw the hours away,
 For an hour is counted squander'd,
 If it holds no good, they say.
 And if there is nought of evil,
 And nothing of good in me,
 Then life is an utter failure,
 As it drifts to the unknown sea.

If the force in the idle river
 Were made to work for men,
 As it floats along to the ocean
 To come not back again,
 In turning the busy mill-wheel
 On its green and pleasant edge,
 Instead of its aimless drifting
 Past lily and reed and sedge,
 Then as it nears the ocean,
 And is merged in the mighty flood,
 They would say of the little river,
 'It has done the best it could.'

I am tired of aimless drifting,
 A leaf on the tide of time.
 I will force the power within me
 To deeds which, if not sublime,
 Shall be something helpful and heartfelt
 To those I meet in the way.
 I will be no more like the river ;
 Let me work as best I may ;
 And when to find the New World
 I sail o'er the great wide sea,
 Let 'He did his best,' be spoken
 By those who come after me.

2305. LIVING TO CHRIST.

WE are the Lord's, whether we live or die ;
 We are the Lord's, who for us all hath died ;
 We are the Lord's, and heirs of the Most High ;
 We are the Lord's, and shall the Lord's abide.

We are the Lord's—to Him, then, let us live,
 With soul and body, both with deeds and words,
 While heart, and tongue, and life assurance give
 Of this most precious truth : we are the Lord's !

We are the Lord's—so shall our hearts ne'er fail,
 For one bright star its steady light affords,

To cheer and guide us through the gloomy vale,
It is the blessed word : we are the Lord's !

We are the Lord's, who will preserve us still,
When none beside Him help to us accords ;
In death's last conflict we will fear no ill,
Thy word abideth true : we are the Lord's.

2306. LIVING WATERS.

In some wild Eastern legend the story has been
told,

Of a fair and wondrous fountain, that flow'd in times
of old,

Cold and crystalline its waters, brightly glancing in
the ray

Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun at
height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a favour'd
hour

Infused into the limpid depths a strange mysterious
power ;

A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again,
Where but some drops were scatter'd on the dry and
barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in fear and
haste,

Far through the mountain desert, far o'er the sandy
waste,

If but he sought this fountain first, and from its won-
drous store

The secret of unfailing springs alone with him he
bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend—yet may not meanings
high,

Visions of better things to come, within its shadow
lie ?

Type of a better fountain, to mortals now unseal'd,
The full and free salvation in Christ our Lord re-
veal'd ?

Beneath the Cross those waters rise, and he who finds
them there

All through the wilderness of life the living stream
may bear ;

And blessings follow in his steps, until where'er he
goes,

The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom as the
rose.—*H. L. L.*

2307. LONELINESS : its lessons.

THE shortest absence brings to every thought
Of those we love a solemn tenderness.

It is akin to death. Now, we confess,
Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought,

That they were dearer far than we had taught
Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less
Than hope of their return could cheer or bless
Our weary days. We wonder how, for aught
Or all of fault in them, we could find heed
Or anger, with their loving presence near,
Or wound them by the smallest word or deed.
Dear absent love of mine, it did not need
Thy absence to tell me that thou wert dear,
And yet the absence maketh it more clear.

Helen Hunt.

2308. LONELY. Comfort for the

THERE is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismay'd,
And love will never die.

Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am burden'd with a heavy woe ;
The beautiful have left me all alone ;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair ;
Where is it, tell me where ?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate path of life ;

Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil, and strife.
Think how the Son of God

These thorny paths has trod,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;
Think of His loneliness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for Him ;
Think how He pray'd, unaided, and alone,
In that dread agony, 'Thy will be done !'

Friend, do not thou despair,
Christ, in His heaven of heavens, will hear thy
prayer !—*Uhland.*

2309. LONGING. Benefit of

THE thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wish'd Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real ;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal ;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving ;

We quench it that we may be still
 Content with merely living ;
 But, would we learn that heart's full scope
 Which we are hourly wronging,
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
 And realize the longing.—*Lowell.*

2310. LONGING. Emblem of

As plains the homesick ocean-shell
 Far from its own remember'd sea,
 Repeating, like a fairy spell
 Of love, the charmed melody
 It learn'd within that whispering wave,
 Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
 Still wildly haunts its winding cave
 Of pearls, with softest music-moan—
 So asks my homesick soul below,
 For something loved, yet undefined ;
 So mourns to mingle with the flow
 Of music, from the Eternal Mind ;
 So murmurs, with its child-like sigh,
 The melody it learn'd above.
 To which no echo may reply,
 Save from thy voice, Celestial Love !
Frances S. Osgood.

2311. LONGINGS. Diverse

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
 And sweet with clover on each side ;
 A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
 The door with woodbine wreath'd about,
 And wishes his one thought all day :
 ' Oh ! if I could but fly away
 From this dull spot the world to see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy I would be ! '

Amid the city's constant din,
 A man who round the world has been
 Is thinking, thinking all day long ;
 ' Oh ! if I could only trace once more
 The field-path to the farm-house door,
 The old green meadows could I see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy I would be ! '

2312. LOOKING TO JESUS.

HE bids us come ; His voice we know,
 And boldly on the waters go,
 To Him our Lord and God ;
 We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
 For He who died to set us free,
 Hath call'd us by His word.

Secure from troubled waves we tread,
 Nor all the storms around us heed,
 While to our Lord we look ;
 O'er every fierce temptation bound,
 The billows yield a solid ground,
 The wave is firm as rock.

But if from Him we turn our eye,
 And see the raging floods run high,
 And feel our fears within ;
 Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
 Reason and unbelief prevail,
 And sink us into sin.

Lord, we our unbelief confess,
 Our little spark of faith increase,
 That we may doubt no more ;
 But fix on Thee a steady eye,
 And on Thine outstretch'd arm rely,
 Till all the storm is o'er.

2313. LOOKING TO JESUS.

JESUS in thy memory keep,
 Would'st thou be God's child and friend ;
 Jesus in thy heart shrined deep,
 Still thy gaze on Jesus bend.
 In thy toiling, in thy resting,
 Look to Him with every breath,
 Look to Jesus' life and death.

Look to Jesus, till reviving
 Faith and love thy life-springs swell ;
 Strength for all things good deriving
 From Him who did all things well :
 Work, as He did, in thy season,
 Works which shall not fade away,
 Work while it is call'd to-day.

Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,
 When thy feet on roses tread ;
 Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
 With thy cross where He hath led.
 Look to Jesus in temptations,
 Baffled shall the tempter flee,
 And God's angels come to thee.

Look to Jesus when distressed,
 See what He, the Holy, bore ;
 Is thy heart with conflict pressed ?
 Is thy soul still harass'd sore ?
 See His sweat of blood, His conflict,
 Watch His agony increase,
 Hear His prayer and feel His peace.

By want's fretting cares surrounded,
 Does long pain press forth thy sighs ?
 By ingratitude deep wounded,
 Does a scornful world despise ?

Friends forsake thee or deny thee?
See what Jesus did endure,
He who as the light was pure.

Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live;
In that last need He will yield thee
Peace the world can never give.
Look to Him, thy head low bending;
He who finish'd all for thee,
Takes thee then with Him to be.—*Fransen.*

2314. LOOKING TO JESUS.

I LOOK to Jesus, and the cloud
Of my transgressions melts away,
E'en as the blackest midnight shroud
Gives place to the returning day.

I look to Jesus, and the stains
Of my life's guilt, though dark and deep,
Are wash'd, till not a spot remains,
And I can safely wake and sleep.

I look to Jesus, and the face
Of God is turn'd on me in love,
I feel a Father's fond embrace,
And all my doubts and fears remove.

I look to Jesus, and behold!
My heart is lighten'd of its cares,
My love for earthly things grows cold,
And Pleasure vainly spreads her snares.

I look to Jesus, when my foes
With violence my peace assail;
On His dear breast I find repose,
And all their hateful efforts fail.

I look to Jesus, and the sight
Of all that He endured for me,
Makes e'en my greatest sufferings light
Compared with His deep agony.

I look to Jesus, when my zeal,
And faith, and love, grow dead and cold;
Then doth He Calvary reveal,
And makes me in His service bold.

I look to Jesus, when the waves
Of dark corruptions rage within,
And He from their dominion saves,
From their pollution makes me clean.

I look to Jesus, and I see
Heaven's golden portals opening wide,
With ready welcome e'en to me,
Though vile, to enter and abide.

Thus let me, Lord, while life doth last,
In faith look ever up to Thee,

And when life's sinful days are past,
I shall Thy face in glory see.—*C. T. Astley.*

2315. LORD'S SUPPER: an Evangel.

No gospel like this feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet, nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost;
All it cost Thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,—
Ours is the free gift, given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us has trod,
Up to the heights of bless'd repose
Thy love prepares with God;—

Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee.

2316. LORD'S SUPPER. Invitation to the

Lo, the feast is spread to-day!
Jesus summons, come away!
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared;
Freely given, be freely shared.

Bless'd are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage feast;
Bless'd who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed.
Bless'd, for their thirst is o'er,
They shall never hunger more.

Make, then, once again your choice,
Hear to-day His calling voice;

Servants, do your Master's will ;
 Bid'den guests, His table fill :
 Come, before His wrath shall swear,
 Ye shall never enter there.—*Alford.*

2317. LORD'S SUPPER : its symbols.

HERE, in figure represented,
 See the Passion once again ;
 Here behold the Lamb most Holy,
 As for our redemption slain :
 Here the Saviour's Body, broken,
 Here the Blood which Jesus shed,
 Mystic Food of life eternal,
 See for our refreshment spread.
 Here shall highest praise be offer'd,
 Here shall meekest prayers be pour'd ;
 Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
 God Incarnate be adored.
 Holy Jesu ! for Thy coming
 May Thy love our hearts prepare ;
 Thine we fain would have them wholly ;
 Enter, Lord, and tarry there.—*Hewett.*

2318. LORD'S SUPPER : our unworthiness to partake of it.

THE board is spread with meats divine,
 O worn with strife and soil'd with sin ;
 Draw near, love-thirsting soul of mine,
 Draw near and take thy Saviour in.

I see the white preparèd board,
 I hear the words of love and grace,
 But canst Thou deign to dwell, O Lord,
 Within so foul and soil'd a place ?

Fair was the shrine the prophet chief
 Made for Thy dwelling-place of old,
 With curtain fine, and almond leaf,
 And Shittim shaft, and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast
 The house the monarch rear'd for Thee,
 With costly gems and odours drest,
 With burning lamp and molten sea,

With cedar flower and carven palm,
 In purest gold of Parvaim set,
 And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,
 Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart ! ah, where thy hallow'd fires,
 Thy gold of consecrated days,
 The broider'd veil of pure desires,
 The cedar-scented songs of praise ?

Ah me ! the world has come between
 Thy soul and Christ ! the gold is dim,

The floor is soil'd He made so clean :
 Is this a dwelling fit for Him ?

Yet come ! I see the wine, the bread !
 That blood can wash away thy sin ;
 Draw near, my soul, and be thou fed,
 Nor doubt that Christ will enter in !

Cecil F. Alexander.

2319. LORD'S SUPPER. Prayer at the

LOOK on us, Jesus ! we have come
 With trustful hearts to seek Thy face ;
 Now let the radiance of Thy smile,
 Breaking upon us, fill the place.

We take our seats around the board,
 Which Thou for fainting souls hast spread ;
 But praise the Giver, ere we touch
 The mystic cup or broken bread.

O wondrous emblems ! setting forth
 His death from whom our life doth flow ;
 Never can finite reason sound
 Such depth of love, such depth of woe.

Then, Saviour ! may each worldly thought
 Be banish'd hence ; and every heart
 Now centre where we hope at length
 To meet and see Thee as Thou art !

Mrs Parker.

2320. LORD'S SUPPER. Prayer at the

Jesu, to Thy Table led,
 Now let every heart be fed
 With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
 Thy sweet presence let us feel,
 All Thy wondrous love reveal !

While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
 Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
 Turn our sadness into praise !

When we taste the mystic wine,
 Of Thine outpour'd blood the sign,
 Fill our hearts with love Divine !

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
 Whence there flow'd the healing tide ;
 There our sins and sorrows hide !

From the bonds of sin release,
 Cold and wavering faith increase,
 Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace !

Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
 Till around Thy throne we stand,
 In the bright and better land.

2321. LORD'S SUPPER: the Communion of Saints.

WHEN the Paschal evening fell
 Deep on Kedron's hallow'd dell,
 When around the festal board
 Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
 Then His parting word He said,
 Bless'd the cup and broke the bread—
 'This whenever ye do see,
 Ever more remember me.'

Years have pass'd; in every clime,
 Changing with the changing time,
 Varying through a thousand forms,
 Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,
 Still the sacred table spread,
 Flowing cup and broken bread,
 With that parting word agree,
 'Drink and eat—remember Me.'

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
 Sinks the soul, dismay'd, oppress;
 When the shadows of the tomb
 Close us round with deep'ning gloom;
 Then bethink us at that board
 Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
 Who, when tried and grieved as we,
 Dying, said 'Remember Me.'

When through all the scenes of life,
 Hearths of peace and fields of strife,
 Friends or foes together meet,
 Now to part and now to greet,
 Let those holy tokens tell
 Of that sweet and sad farewell,
 And, in mingled grief or glee,
 Whisper still, 'Remember Me.'

When diverging creeds shall learn
 Towards their central Source to turn;
 When contending Churches tire
 Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;
 Here let strife and clamour cease
 At that still, small voice of peace—
 'May they all united be
 In the Father and in Me.'

When as rolls the sacred year,
 Each fresh note of love we hear;
 When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
 Full of grace Divine we scan;
 When the mournful way we tread,
 Where for us His blood He shed;
 When on Easter morn we tell
 How He conquer'd Death and Hell;
 When we watch His Spirit true
 Heaven and earth transform anew;

Then with quicken'd sense we see
 Why He said 'Remember Me.'

When in this thanksgiving feast
 We would give to God our best,
 From the treasures of His might
 Seeking life and love and light;
 Then, O Friend of humankind,
 Make us true and firm of mind,
 Pure of heart, in spirit free—
 Thus may we remember Thee.

A. P. Stanley.

2322. LORD'S SUPPER: the soul's feast.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face!
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me;
 Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
 The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and gone;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,—
 Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Bonar.

2323. LOSSES. Benefit of

SORROWS humanize our race;
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
 And memory of things precious keepeth warm
 The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
 That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
 Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
 For life is one, and in its warp and woof
 There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
 And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
 Where there are sombre colours. It is true
 That we have wept. But oh! this thread of gold,
 We should not have it tarnish; let us turn
 Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
 And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
 That memory is possession.—*Jeannette Ingelow.*

2324. LOSSES. Greatest

UPON the white sea sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had known,
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tide went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone down ;
 But one had wilder woe,
 For a fair face, long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were those who mourn'd their youth
 With a most loving truth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green ;
 And the one upon the West
 Turn'd an eye that could not rest
 For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talk'd of vanish'd gold,
 Some of proud honours told,
 Some spake of friends that were their trust no more ;
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
 'Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet,
 For a believing heart is gone from me.'

'Alas !' these pilgrims said,
 'For the living and the dead,
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
 For the wrecks of land and sea !
 But, however it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss.'
Frances Brown.

2325. LOST. The living

MATRON ! the children of whose love,
 Each to his grave, in youth have pass'd,
 And now the mould is heap'd above
 The dearest and the last !
 Bride ! who dost wear the widow's veil
 Before the wedding flowers are pale !
 Ye deem the human heart endures
 No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
 Of which the sufferers never speak,

Nor to the world's cold pity show
 The tears that scald the cheek,
 Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
 And guilt of those they shrink to name,
 Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
 And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead ;
 Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve ;
 And revered are the tears ye shed,
 And honour'd ye who grieve.
 The praise of those who sleep in earth,
 The pleasant memory of their worth,
 The hope to meet when life is past,
 Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
 That agony in secret bear,
 Who shall with soothing words accost
 The strength of your despair ?
 Grief for your sake is scorn for them
 Whom ye lament and all condemn ;
 And o'er the world of spirits lies
 A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.—*Byron.*

2326. LOVE : a Divine gift.

TRUE love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven.
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.—*Scott.*

2327. LOVE : cannot be forced.

LOVE will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Shakespeare.

I cannot love him :
 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
 In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant,
 And in dimensions, and the shape of nature,
 A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him :
 He might have took his answer long ago.
Shakespeare.

2328. LOVE. Cause of

THE cause of love can never be assign'd :
 'Tis in no face,—but in the lover's mind.—*Dryden.*

Why did she love him ? Curious fool, be still :
 Is human love the growth of human will ?—*Byron.*

2329. LOVE. Charms of

If thou would'st have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies :
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her right divine is given by Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year :
Would'st thou they still should shine as first they
shone,

Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eye alone.—*Moore.*

2330. LOVE : Christ's noblest gift.

MANY a gift did Christ impart :

Noblest of them all is love,—

Love, a balm within the heart,

That can all its pains remove ;

Love, a star most bright and pure ;

Love, a gem of priceless worth,

Richer than man knows on earth ;

Love, like beauty, strong to lure :

Love, like joy, makes man her thrall,

Strong to please and conquer all.

Love can give us all things here,

Use and beauty cannot sever ;

Love can raise us to that sphere

Whence the soul tends heavenward ever.

Though one speak with angel-tongues

Bravest words of strength and fire,

If no love his heart inspire,

They are but as fleeting songs ;

All his eloquence shall pass

As the noise of sounding brass.

Science with her keen-eyed glance,

All the wisdom of the world,

Mysteries that the soul entrance,

Faith that mighty hills had hurl'd

From their ancient seats,—all this,

Wherein man most takes his pride,

Valueless is cast aside,

If the spirit there we miss

That can work from Love alone,

Not from pride in what is known.

Though I lavish'd all I have

On the poor in charity ;

Though I shrank not from the grave,

Or unmoved the stake could see ;

Though my body here were given

To the all-consuming flame,—

If my mind were still the same,

Meeter were I not for heaven,

Till by Love my works were crown'd,

Till in Love my strength were found.

Faith must conquer, Hope must bloom,

As our onward path we wend,

Else we came not through the gloom ;

But with earth they also end.

Thou, O Love, dost stretch afar,

Through the wide eternity ;

And the soul, array'd in thee,

Shines for ever as a star.

Faith and Hope must pass away :

Thou, O Love, endurest aye !

2331. LOVE : clothes its objects with loveworthi-
ness.

LOVE adds a precious seeing to the eye.

Shakespeare.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Shakespeare.

Oh ! only those

Whose souls have felt this one idolatry

Can tell how precious is the slightest thing

Affection gives and hallows ! A dead flower

Will long be felt, remembrancer of looks

That made each leaf a treasure.—*L. E. Landon.*

2332. LOVE. Course of true

FOR aught that ever I could read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth :

But, either it was different in blood,

Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say, Behold !

The jaws of darkness do devour it up :

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Shakespeare.

2333. LOVE : creative.

LOVE is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds
without number

Lie in His bosom, like children ; He made them for
this purpose only.

Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed
forth His spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it
laid its

Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame
out of heaven.—*Longfellow.*

2334. LOVE : delights to serve.

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Shakespeare.

2335. LOVE. Departed

CALL back the dew
That on the rose at morn was lying ;
When the day is dying,
Bid the sunbeam stay :
Call back the wave
E'en while the ebbing tide's receding.
Oh ! all unheeding
Of thy voice are they.
As vain the call
Distraction makes on love departed ;
When the broken-hearted
Bitter tears let fall :
Dew and sunshine, wave and flower,
Renew'd, return at destined hour,
But never yet was known the power
Could vanish'd love recall.—*Dickens.*

2336. LOVE. Devoted *

SHALL I desert him now
When grief has laid his blighting hand upon him ?
He who in all the splendour of his rank,
With royal favour crown'd, and martial fame—
By beauty woo'd, by chivalry adored—
In this full blaze of glory, bow'd his pride,
And knelt a captive at the captive's feet ?
Is love alone in beds of roses found,
Beneath a heaven of fair, unshadow'd blue ?
No ! 'tis to shame, to sorrow, to despair,
That faithful love its holiest triumph owes !
Caroline Lee Hentz.

2337. LOVE. Effects of

LOVE various minds does variously inspire :
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade :
A fire which every windy passion blows ;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
Dryden.

2338. LOVE for Christ : earnestly desired.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain,
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

2339. LOVE for Christ : its feebleness deplored

'LOVEST thou Me ?' I hear my Saviour say :
Would that my heart had power to answer 'Yea !
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above
And earth beneath ; Thou knowest that I love.'

But 'tis not so : in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot, love Thee as I ought ;
Thy love must give that power, Thy love alone ;
There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own :
Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,
Reflected on Thyself, I would love Thee.

James Montgomery.

2340. LOVE for Christ. Pure

JESUS, I love Thee,—not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die :

I love Thee, Saviour dear, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first hast loved me.

For me to lowest depth of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase ;
For me didst bear the cross and shame,
And manifold disgrace ;

For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Saviour mine,
Should I not love Thee well?—
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward ;
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!

Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King !

St Francis Xavier.

2341. LOVE for Christ. Resolved

HIM on yonder cross I love ;
Nought on earth I else count dear !
May He mine for ever prove,
Who is now so inly near !
Here I stand : whate'er may come,
Days of sunshine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move :
Him upon the cross I love !

'Tis not hidden from my heart,
What true love must often bring ;
Want and grief have sorest smart,
Care and scorn can sharply sting ;
Nay, but if Thy will were such,
Bitterest death were not too much !
Dark though here my course may prove,
Him upon the cross I love !

Rather sorrows such as these,
Rather love's acutest pain,
Than without Him days of ease,
Riches false and honours vain.
Count me strange, when I am true,
What He hates I will not do ;
Sneers no more my heart can move :
Him upon the cross I love !

Know ye whence my strength is drawn,
Fearless thus the fight to wage ?
Why my heart can laugh to scorn
Fleshly weakness, Satan's rage ?
'Tis, I know, the love of Christ :
Mighty is that love unpriced !
What can grieve me, what can move ?
Him upon the cross I love !

Once the eyes that now are dim,
Shall discern the changeless love
That hath led us home to Him,
That hath crown'd us up above :

Would to God that all below
What that love is now might know !
And their hearts this word approve :
Him upon the cross I love !

Grading, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

2342. LOVE for God : a result of the love of God.

THEE will I love, my strength, and tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy, and crown ;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone :
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fills all my soul with strong desire.

In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light !

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my heart and flesh decay ?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Scheffler, tr. by J. Wesley.

2343. LOVE for God : how it is learned.

If I could love Thee, O my God,
As I my earthly friends have loved,
My heart would know a deeper joy,
And be by steadier purpose moved.

The very mention of their names
Wakes in my heart a happy thrill,
That duty's promptings never needs,
Nor conscious action of the will.

And to deserve their love, I strive
Against the sins that they may see,
And fiercer fight the secret faults
Known only to my God and me.

Yet, like a child that learns the notes
Whereof all harmonies are made,
But cannot comprehend the strain
By some divine musician play'd,

I miss the perfect trust and love,
Haunted through all the gamut sweet
Of human love by nobler chords,
That make life's melody complete.

For time and absence may destroy
Or weaken friendship's blessed tie,
Or some unhappy circumstance
Make love, that seem'd abiding, die.

They say who love Thee well, O God,
That thus Thou leadest us to Thee;
That we must see our idols crush'd
Before from idols we are free.

I cannot ask to love them less;
Each is a precious gift from Thee;
And human love is grand enough
To hint what love Divine must be.

2344. LOVE for God : incompatible with love of self.

THE love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts (their scantiness is such)
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispospossess'd;
The love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest.
Madame Guyon.

2345. LOVE for God. Reasons for

WE love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had err'd and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls
Into the homeward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light :—

Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
But a gracious Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
But Thou hast not forgot,—
Because we have forsaken Thee,
But Thou forsakest not :—

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die,
That we might live above;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven :—
We love because we much have sinn'd,
And much have been forgiven.

2346. LOVE. God's culture of

GOD gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrive
Falls off, and love is left alone.—*Tennyson.*

2347. LOVE. Growth of

SMALL is the soul's first wound from beauty's dart,
And scarce th' unheeded fever warms the heart;
Long we mistake it under liking's name,
A soft indulgence, that deserves no blame.
Excited, though, the smother'd fire at length
Bursts into blaze and burns with open strength;
That image which before but soothed the mind
Now lords it there, and rages unconfined;
Mixing with all our thoughts, it wastes the day,
And when night comes it dreams the soul away.

Hill.

2348. LOVE: hallows and perfects the humblest service.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vex'd,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplex'd.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the 'building,'
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won,

It is nothing but 'wood, hay, and stubble,'
I said ; 'it will all be burn'd'—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be return'd.

'And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried,
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide.'

Just then, as I turn'd the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patch-work combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child ! she wanted to help me :
I knew 'twas the best she could do,
But oh, what a botch she had made it—
The grey mismatching the blue !

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grow more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
'*Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee ?*'

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

So I thought, when the Master Builder
Comes down this temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And, seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
'Dear child ! she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

'And, for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit Divine.'

And there in the deepening twilight
I seem'd to be clasping a hand,

And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

2349. LOVE : hallows and perfects the humblest service.

ONE day, in dreary mood, I sat and thought
Of all my blessed Lord had done for me ;
And of the slight return my hands had wrought,
For all His loving-kindness full and free.

'What can I do ? My daily cares,' I said,
'Press hard upon me. I am weak and worn ;
A humble toiler for my daily bread.
Such gifts as mine so great a King would scorn.'

At last, the while I made my sad complaint,
I turn'd to see beside me, fresh and fair,
As if they never knew an earthly taint,
A vase of flowers most exquisite and rare :
Blossoms soft-tinted as a sea-shell's heart,
Blossoms as white as winter drifts of snow,
And blossoms that had caught by magic art
The splendour of high noon, the sunset's glow :

A gift from one I loved ; a costly gift.
Beside it, in a little, snow-white vase,
Almost too frail its drooping head to uplift,
A tiny common rose had found a place.

And, looking on it, I could see again
The giver's childish face upraised to mine ;
A pallid face that told of want and pain,
Though still with eager joy the eyes would shine.

'My only rose !' she cried with glad delight ;
'Because I love you, it is all for you.'
And the frail flower was dearer in my sight,
Than my exotics rare in form and hue.

Thus thinking, suddenly there came to me
A thought like some glad sunbeam from above :
'If love so glorifies a gift to thee,
Will the Lord scorn thy humble gifts of love ?'

A. E. S.

2350. LOVE. Hopefulness of

NONE without hope e'er loved the brightest fair ;
But love can hope where reason would despair.

Lord Lyttelton.

2351. LOVE : indestructible.

THEY sin who tell us love can die !
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity ;
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
 For oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress'd ;
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.—*Southey*.

2352. LOVE : insatiable.

THIRST and hunger may be satisfied ;
 But this repletion is to love denied.
Dryden.

2353. LOVE : its ennobling influence.

IN loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not ; love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges ; hath its seat
 In reason, and is judicious ; is the scale
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.
Milton.

Love is a passion
 Which kindles honour into noble acts.—*Dryden*.

Love is that passion which refines the soul ;
 First made men heroes, and those heroes gods :
 Its genial fires inform the sluggish mass ;
 The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm ;
 Gives wit to fools and manners to the clown.

Higgin.

'Tis nature's second sun,
 Causing a spring of virtues where he shines ;
 And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
 All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
 Are given in vain to man ; so without love
 All beauties bred in women are in vain,
 All virtues born in men lie buried ;
 For love informs them as the sun doth colours :
 And as the sun reflecting his warm beams
 Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers ;
 So love, fair shining in the inward man,
 Brings forth in him the honourable fruits

Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
 Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

Chapman.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson*.

2354. LOVE : its pains.

As love can exquisitely bless,
 Love only feels the marvellous of pain,
 Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
 And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.
Smollett.

2355. LOVE : its power.

A TRUSTING heart, a yearning eye,
 Can win their way above :
 If mountains can be moved by faith,
 Is there less power in love ?—*Faber*.

2356. LOVE : its reward.

YET, as in duty bound, they serve him on ;
 Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard ;
 For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.

Dryden.

2357. LOVE. Maternal

A TENDER mother lives
 In many lives ; through many a nerve she feels ;
 From child to child the quick affections spread ;
 For ever wandering, yet for ever fix'd.
 Nor does division weaken, nor the force
 Of constant operation e'er exhaust
 Parental love. All other passions change
 With changing circumstances ; rise or fall,
 Dependent on their object ; claim returns ;
 Live on reciprocation, and expire
 Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
 Without a rival, and without an end.

Hannah More.

2358. LOVE of Christ : its constraining power.

O LORD, Thy love's unbounded,
 So full, so sweet, so free !
 Our thoughts are all confounded,
 Whene'er we think on Thee :
 For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
 For us to bleed and die,
 That, purchased and forgiven,
 We might ascend on high.

Oh let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to Thee :
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth Thee ;

Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

2359. LOVE of Christ : its constraining and satisfying power.

JESUS, whose name the angel hosts
Unceasing praise above,
Not all the joys our being boasts
Can move us like Thy love.

To Thee our fainting spirits cry :
When wilt Thou show Thy face !
Oh, when our longings satisfy,
And fill us with Thy grace !

We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To Thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light ;
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

Around Thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven Thy glory sings ;
And earth, for which Thou cam'st to die,
Loud with Thy praises rings.

Dear Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend ;
Our eyes Thy face would see :
Oh let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in Thee !

St Bernard, tr. by Professor Dunn.

2360. LOVE of Jesus : its power.

WE ask'd an Indian brother, a warrior of old,
How first among his people the Glad Tidings had
been told ?

How first the Morning Star arose on their long
heathen night,
Till souls who 'sat in darkness' were rejoicing in
the light ?

And he answer'd, 'Many a summer has come and
gone since then,
Yet well I can remember—I can see it all again.

'A teacher came among us, from the country of your
birth,

And told us of the living God, who made the
heaven and earth ;—

But we ask'd if he had been a fool, or thought that
we were so,

For who among our sons did not the One Great
Spirit know ?

'So he left us ;—and another told us much of sin and
shame,
And how for sinners was prepared a lake of quench-
less flame ;—

But we bade him teach these things at home, among
the pale-faced men,
And if *they* learn'd the lesson right, we too would
listen then.

'At last another stranger came of calm and gentle
mien,

And eyes whose light seem'd borrow'd from yon blue
the clouds between ;

Still in my dreams I hear his voice, his smile I still
can see,

Though many a summer he has slept beneath the
cedar tree.

'He told us of a Mighty One, the Lord of earth and
sky,

Who left His glory in the heavens for men to bleed
and die ;

Who loved poor Indian sinners still, and long'd to
gain their love,

And be their Saviour here, and in His Father's
house above.

'And when his tale was ended—"My friends," he
gently said,

"I am weary with my journey, and would fain lay
down my head ;—"

So beside our spears and arrows he laid him down
to rest,

And slept as sweetly as the babe upon its mother's
breast.

'Then we look'd upon each other, and I whisper'd,
This is new,

Yes, we have had glad tidings, and that sleeper
knows them true ;

He knows he has a Friend above, or would he slum-
ber here,

With men of war around him, and the war-whoop
in his ear ?

'So we told him on the morrow, that he not journey
on,

But stay and tell us further of that loving, dying
One.

And thus we heard of Jesus first, and felt the won-
drous power

Which makes His people willing in His own accepted
hour.'

Thus spoke our Indian brother ; and deeply, while
we heard,

One cheering lesson seem'd impress'd, and taught by
every word—

How hearts, whose echoes silent long, no words of
terror move,

May answer from their inmost depths to the soft call
of love.

O mighty love of Jesus! what wonders thou hast
wrought!

What victories thou yet shalt gain, surpassing human
thought!

Let Faith and Hope speed forward unto earth's re-
motest bound,

Till every tribe and nation shall have heard the joy-
ful sound!—*H. L. L.*

2361. LOVE. Offering of

SHE brought her box of alabaster;
The precious spikenard fill'd the room
With honour worthy of the Master,
A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly
On His dear feet, outstretch'd and bare;
Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses
Adown her cheek, like willow-leaves,
As stooping still, with fond caresses,
She plies her task of love, and grieves.

Oh may we thus, like loving Mary,
Ever our choicest offerings bring,
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
Of costly service to our King!

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly
Some hallow'd voice at evening rise,
Or quiet morn, or in the holy,
Uncclouded calm of Sabbath skies,—

I bring my box of alabaster,
Of earthly loves I break the shrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaster,
On that dear head, those feet of Thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherish'd,
The fairest flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondest idols perish'd;
Receive the incense of my love!

What though the scornful world, deriding
Such waste of love, of service, fears?
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster;
Accepted let the offering rise!
So grateful tears shall flow the faster,
In founts of gladness from mine eyes!

C. L. Ford.

2362. LOVE. Prayer for

HAST Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and
mind;

I see Thy cross,—there teach my heart to cling!
Oh let me seek Thee, and oh let me find!

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswer'd prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame!

Croly.

Oh, love me, Lord! The way is hard,
The shadows gather fast;
To right and left the landmarks lean,—
I cry to Thee at last!

Oh, love me, Lord! If love Thou wilt,—
Ah me! why must I doubt?
I feel Thy mighty tenderness
Enfold the world about.

I read Thy Word, with eager sense
See Thee around, above,
Yet dare not think so poor a thing
As I can have Thy love.

Oh, take me, Lord! Teach me to be
Thy child in simple trust,
In daily walk to serve Thee well
Till dust return to dust.

Till dust return to dust, dear Lord,
Till soul shall speed to Thee,—
Oh, love me, love me, love me, Lord!
Now and eternally.—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

2363. LOVE. Redeeming

LOVE strong as death, nay stronger,
Love mightier than the grave;
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's widest wave.
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that brought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair height,
From darkness to the joy of light.—*Bonar.*

2364. LOVE : seeks love.

ALL other debts may compensation find ;
But love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

Dryden.

2365. LOVE : shows itself.

THEY do not love that do not show their love.

Shakespeare.

2366. LOVE : the new commandment.

BENEATH the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours !
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

2367. Love. True

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware ;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content ;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home :
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garner'd fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirrs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes ;
A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
But loving-kindly ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness ;
A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,

As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest now ;
A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
By a clear sense of inward nobleness ;
A love that in its object findeth not
All grace and beauty, and enough to sate
Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of good
Found there, it sees but Heaven-granted types
Of good and beauty in the soul of men,
And traces, in the simplest heart that beats,
A family likeness to its chosen one,
That claims of it the rights of brotherhood.—*Lowell.*

2368. LOVE. Unbought

LOVE is not to be bought—'tis of the soul
The noblest element, the spirit bond
That links the angel with humanity.
As well might'st thou attempt to purchase heaven,
To vend the stars, make traffic of the skies,
Or measure out what is immeasurable,
As count each feeling in the pulse of love.

Charles Swain.

2369. LOVE. Well-founded

THE mind is firm,
One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good :
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners ;
That breeds good will ; and good will desire of union :
So knowledge first begets benevolence,
Benevolence breeds friendship ; friendship love ;
And where it starts, or steps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerate appetite,
A lost oblique, depraved affection ;
And bears no mark, or character of love.—*Jonson.*

She that would raise a noble love must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind ;
She must be that which she to the world would seem,
For all true love is grounded on esteem :
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.

Duke of Buckingham.

These outward beauties are but the props and scaffold
On which we build our love, which, now made perfect,
Stands without those supports.—*Denham.*

Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away ;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.—*Walsh.*

2370. LOWLINESS : blessed of God.

THE lowly spirit God hath consecrated
 As His abiding rest,
 And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited
 When kings had no such guests.
 The dew, that never wets the flinty mountain,
 Falls in the valley free ;
 Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
 But barren sand the sea.

2371. LUXURY.

WAR destroys men, but luxury mankind ;
 At once corrupts the body and the mind.

Crown.

O Luxury,

Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine !
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great !
 Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes
 Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting Cham ;
 And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous Greece ;
 And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

Dyer.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
 And Splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

Pope.

O Luxury ! thou cursed by heaven's decree,
 How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy.

Goldsmith.

2372. MAIDEN. A Virtuous

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay, busy throng ;
 With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course ;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
 Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
 And heaven reflected in her face.—*Cowper.*

2373. MAMMON. Corruption of

BUT scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
 Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,
 And crowds with crime the records of mankind :

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
 Wealth, heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.—*Johnson.*

2374. MAMMON. Enslavement of

NOR riches boast superior worth,
 Their charms at best superior Earth :
 These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
 And make an honest man a knave.
 'Wealth cures my wants,' the miser cries.
 Be not deceived, the miser lies :
 One want he has, with all his store,
 That worst of wants, the want of more.—*Cotton.*

2375. MAN. Bliss of

THE bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.—*Pope.*

2376. MAN : contrasts of his nature.

CHAOS of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused or disabused ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.—*Pope.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
 Oh, what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distress'd ! What joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.—*Young.*

2377. MAN : dilatory.

ALL promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage : when young indeed,
 In full content, we, sometimes, nobly rest
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

Young.

2378. MAN. Distinction of

THUS while the mute creation downward bend
 Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
 Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary skies. —*Dryden.*

2379. MAN : easily pleased.

BEHOLD the child by nature's kindly law
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite ;
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age ;
 Pleased with *this* bauble still, as *that* before ;
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Pope.

2380. MAN. Endowments of

BUT man He made of angel form erect,
 To hold communion with the heavens above,
 And on his soul impress'd His image fair,
 His own similitude of holiness,
 Of virtue, truth, and love ; with reason high
 To balance right and wrong, and conscience quick
 To choose or to reject ; with knowledge great,
 Prudence and wisdom, vigilance and strength,
 To guard all force or guile ; and last of all,
 The highest gift of God's abundant grace,
 With perfect, free, unbiass'd will. Thus man
 Was made upright, immortal made, and crown'd
 The king of all. —*Pollok.*

2381. MAN. Exaltation of

MY God, I heard this day
 That none doth build a stately habitation
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, than Man ? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.

Man is all symmetry,
 Full of proportion, one limb to another,
 And all to all the world besides :
 Each part may call the farthest brother :
 For head with foot hath private amity,
 And both with moons and tides.

For us the winds do blow :
 The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
 flow.

Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our delight, or as our treasure :
 The whole is either our cupboard of food,
 Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws :
 Music and light attend our head.
 All things unto our flesh are kind
 In their descent and being ; to our mind
 In their ascent and cause.

More servants wait on Man
 Than he'll take notice of : in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
 So brave a palace built ; oh dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with Thee at last !
 Till then, afford us so much wit,
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
 And both Thy servants be. —*Herbert.*

2382. MAN. Folly of

MAN, foolish man !
 Scarce know'st thou how thyself began ;
 Scarce hadst thou thought enough to prove thou art ;
 Yet, steel'd with studied boldness, thou darest try
 To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
 Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.

Prior.

Brutes find out where their talents lie ;
 A bear will not attempt to fly ;
 A founder'd horse will oft debate,
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
 A dog by instinct turns aside
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide ;
 But man we find the only creature
 Who, led by folly, combats Nature ;
 Who, when she loudly cries—Forbear,
 With obstinacy fixes there ;
 And, where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs. —*Swift.*

2383. MAN. Frailty of

MAN's at the best a creature frail and vain,
 In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak ;
 Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain ;
 Each storm his state, his mind, his body break :
 From some of these he never finds cessation ;
 But day or night, within, without, vexation,
 Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest,
 near'st relation.

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
 This weather-beaten vessel wreckt with pain,
 Joys not in hope of an eternal morrow ;
 Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
 In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.—*Anne Bradstreet.*

2384. MAN. Frailty of

THE world's a bubble, and the life of Man
 Less than a span ;
 In his conception wretched ; from the womb
 So to the tomb ;
 Cursed from his cradle, and brought up to years
 With cares and fears :
 Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust,
 But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,
 What life is best ?
 Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools ;
 The rural parts are turn'd into a den
 Of savage men ;
 And where's a city from foul vice so free
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
 Or pains his head ;
 Those that live single take it for a curse,
 Or do things worse ;
 Some would have children ; those that have them
 moan,
 Or wish them gone ;
 What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,
 But single thralldom, or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please
 Is a disease :
 To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
 Peril and toil :
 Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,
 We are worse in peace :—

What, then, remains but that we still should cry
 For being born, or, being born, to die ?
*Ascribed to Lord Bacon. (See Spalding's Works
 of Bacon, vii. 267.)*

2385. MAN. Greatness of

THINK deeply, then, O man, how great thou art ;
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect ;
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
 And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest ;
 Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
 Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
 Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
 Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright !
 Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
 There, buds the promise of celestial worth !
 Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait.
Young.

2386. MAN : his distinguishing excellence.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
 Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
 That man, the master of this globe, derives
 His right of empire over all that lives.
 That form, indeed, the associate of a mind
 Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
 That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
 Framed for the service of a freeborn will,
 Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
 But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
 Here is the state, the splendour and the throne,
 An intellectual kingdom, all her own.—*Cowper.*

2387. MAN : his place in creation.

BUT do these worlds display their beams, or guide
 Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride ?
 Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
 A moment thy duration, foolish man !
 As well may the minutest emmet say,
 That Caucasus was raised to pave his way ;
 The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
 Was destined only for his walk and food ;
 The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
 That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast
 The craggy rock projects above the sky,
 That he in safety at its foot may lie ;
 And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
 Only to quench his thirst, and blanch his shell.

Prior.

Nor think though men were none
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Milton.

So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown ;
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.—*Pope.*

2388. MAN : his possibilities.

MAN was mark'd
A friend in his creation to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the brightest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way.—*Massinger.*

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster ;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness :
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of fortune ;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio of chance.—*Massinger.*

2389. MAN. History of

MATURER manhood now arrives
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of youth,
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold, calculating cares succeed
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The full realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering, with an envious sigh,
The happy dreams of youth.
So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late,
That all is vanity below.—*Southey.*

2390. MAN : immortal.

Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolved : the various objects we behold—
Plants, animals, this whole material mass—
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail :

Hence the great distance 'twixt the beasts that
perish

And God's bright image, man's immortal race.

Somerville.

2391. MAN : inconstant.

MEN are but children of a larger growth :
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

Dryden.

Man is but man, inconstant still, and various !
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day !
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly the present hour ;
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft.—*Dryden.*

Mankind one day serene and free appear ;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe ;
New passions new opinions still excite,
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease ;
And health, for want of change, becomes disease ;
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe.
So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

Garth.

What is the mind of man? A restless scene
Of vanity and weakness ; shifting still,
As shift the lights of our uncertain knowledge ;
Or as the various gale of passion breathes.

Thomson.

Trust not a man : we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant ;
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him ;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

Otway.

Men are not still the same ; our appetites
Are various, and inconstant as the moon,
That never shines with the same face again :
'Tis nature's curse never to be resolved,
Busy to day in the pursuit of what
To morrow's eldest judgment may despise.

Southern.

Weak and irresolute is man :

The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.—*Cowper.*

2392. MAN : mortal.

LIKE leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground :
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive, and successive rise.—*Pope.*

Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave :
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave.
Dryden.

2393. MAN. Probation of

MADE of the dust,
And thus allied to all material worlds,
Born of the Spirit, and thus allied to God,
He during his probation's term shall walk
His mother earth, unfledged to range the sky,
But, if found faithful, shall at length ascend
The highest heavens and share My home and yours.
Bickersteth.

2394. MAN : purpose of his being.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame ;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice ; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast ;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unflinching ; while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward—
The applauding smile of Heaven?—*Akenside.*

2395. MAN. Reverence for

LEARN more reverence, not for rank or wealth ; that
needs no learning ;
That comes quickly, quick as sin does ! Ay, and
often leads to sin ;
But for Adam's seed, Man ! Trust me, 'tis a clay
above your scorning,
With God's image stamp'd upon it, and God's kin-
dling breath within.—*E. B. Browning.*

2396. MAN. Standard of

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by ;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;

The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that ;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that ;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !—*Burns.*

2397. MAN. The wise

THE wise man, said the Bible, walks with God,
Surveys, far on, the endless line of life ;
Values his soul ; thinks of eternity ;
Both worlds considers, and provides for both ;
With reason's eye his passions guards ; abstains
From evil ; lives on hope, on hope, the fruit
Of faith ; looks upward ; purifies his soul ;
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky ;
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house ;
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.
Pollak.

2398. MAN : unjust.

AH ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
Young.

2399. MAN. Weakness of

MAN, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sour experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when, wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.—*Thomson.*

Man's feeble race what ills await !

Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease and sorrow's sweeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate.

Gray.

2400. MAN : wonders of his being.

Oh, what is man, great Maker of mankind !
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear ;
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer ?

Oh, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within the dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thoughts, to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became ;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same :

Nor hath He given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend ;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye ;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Davies.

2401. MANHOOD : its possibilities.

THOUGH the transient springs have fail'd thee,
Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide ?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosen'd,
Till the golden bowl is broken ?

Up and onward ! Toward the east,
Green oases thou shalt find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth :

It has hopes as high as heaven ;
It has labour, it has truth ;

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done,
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.—*Anne C. Lynch.*

2402. MANIAC. Misfortune of the

A MAN, to-day the glory of his kind,
In reason clear, in understanding large,
In judgment sound, in fancy quick, in hope
Abundant, and in promise, like a field
Well cultured, and refresh'd with dews from God ;
To-morrow, chain'd, and raving mad, and whipp'd
By servile hands ; sitting on dismal straw,
And gnashing with his teeth against the chain,
The iron chain that bound him hand and foot ;
And trying whiles to send his glaring eye
Beyond the wide circumference of his woe :
Or, humbling more, more miserable still,
Giving an idiot laugh, that served to show
The blasted scenery of his horrid face ;
Calling the straw his sceptre, and the stone,
On which he pinion'd sat, his royal throne.
Poor, poor, poor man ! fallen far below the brute !
His reason strove in vain to find her way,
Lost in the stormy desert of his brain ;
And being active still, she wrought all strange,
Fantastic, execrable, monstrous things.—*Pollak*

2403. MANKIND. Foes of

WAR, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, Oppression with her heart
Wrapp'd up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image, disinherited of day,
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour saved.
If so the tyrant or his minion doom,
Want and incurable disease (fell pair !)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead !
What numbers groan for sad admission there !
What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity !
To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save :
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;

And punishment the guiltless : and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard failing, crushes him to death.
Not Happiness itself makes good her name ;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most
From that for which we dote, felicity !
The smoothest course of nature has its pains ;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities !
And what hostilities, without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.

Young.

2404. MANKIND. Unity of

Festus. AMID all life's quests
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.
It matters not how long we live, but how.
For as the parts of one manhood while here
We live in every age : we think, and feel,
And feed upon the coming and the gone
As much as on the now time. Man is one :
And he hath one great heart. 'Tis thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each others' rights and wrongs ; thus are we men.

Bailey.

2405. MANNERS.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved ;
That only makes superior sense beloved.—*Pope.*

A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.

Pope.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought ;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought :
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour ;
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.—*Pope.*

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease :
The curious eye their awkward movement tires,
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

Churchill.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech :
In vain formality, with matron mien,
And pertness apes with her familiar grin ;

They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain.
Stillingfleet.

In simple manners all the secret lies :
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Young.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
Cooper.

2406. MARRIAGE. Age for

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Shakespeare.

2407. MARRIAGE. Cares of

'I SHOULD be happy,' with a look
Towards her husband where he lay,
Lost in the pages of his book,
Soft did she say.

'I am, and yet no lot below
For one whole day eludeth care ;
To marriage all the stories flow
And finish there :

'As if with marriage came the end,
The entrance into settled rest,
The calm to which love's tossings tend,
The quiet breast.

'For me love play'd the low preludes,
Yet life began but with the ring,
Such infinite solitudes
Around it cling.'—*Jean Ingelow.*

2408. MARRIAGE. Estrangement in

SOMETHING light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin ;

And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said :
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.—*Moore.*

2409. MARRIAGE: founded on esteem.

WEDDED love is founded on esteem,
 Which the fair merits of the mind engage :
 For those are charms which never can decay,
 But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
 Improves their lustre.—*Fenton.*

2410. MARRIAGE. Importance of

WHAT do you think of marriage ?
 I take 't, as those that deny purgatory :
 It locally contains or heaven or hell ;
 There's no third place in it.—*Webster.*

As a girl, with ready smile,
 Where shall rise some ponderous pile,
 On the chosen festal day,
 Turns the initial sod away,
 So the bride with fingers frail
 Finds a temple or a jail—

Or a palace it may be,
 Flooded full with luxury,
 Open yet to deadliest things,
 And the Midnight Angel's wings.
 Keep its chambers purged with prayer :
 Faith can guard it ; love is rare.

Julia Ward Howe.

2411. MARRIAGE. Joys of

OH friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd !
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect
 To understand and choose thee for their own.

Cowper.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of paradise that has survived the fall !

Cowper.

2412. MARRIAGE. Losses in

EVEN in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Heaven
 Has equal love and easy fortune given,

Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
 The prize of happiness must still be won :
 And oft the careless find it to their cost,
 The lover in the husband may be lost :
 The graces might alone his heart allure ;
 They and the virtues meeting must secure.

Lord Lyttleton.

2413. MARRIAGE. Mistakes in

FOR any man to match above his rank
 Is but to sell his liberty.—*Massinger.*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might
 despair.—*Byron.*

2414. MARRIAGE. Need of forbearance in

OH, we do all offend !
 There's not a day of wedded life, if we
 Count at its close the little, bitter sum
 Of thoughts and words and looks unkind and forward,
 Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye,
 But prostrate at each other's feet we should
 Each night forgiveness ask.—*Maturin.*

2415. MARRIAGE. Purity of

WHATEVER hypocrites austere talk
 Of purity, and place, and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all,
 Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man ?
 Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous love was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother first were known.
 Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels.—*Milton.*

2416. MARRIAGE. Tie of

THY rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determined to recede ?

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails ;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide,
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide !

Prior.

Not for the summer-hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we twine ;
But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And like the transient flower of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die ;
But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take ;
Grant us, O God ! one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake.—*Mrs Sigourney.*

Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come snow,

We will stand by each other, 'however it blow ;
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

Longfellow.

2417. MARTHA OR MARY?

I CANNOT choose ; I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet,—to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head
While drinking in the gracious words He said.

And yet to serve Him ! oh, divine employ,—
To minister and give the Master joy,
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat !

Worship or service,—which ? Ah, that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest,—
To labour for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.

So let Him choose for us : we are not strong
To make the choice ; perhaps we should go wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship,—and so fail of both.

Caroline A. Mason.

2418. MARTYR. Death of a

SILENCE ! though the flames arise and quiver :
Silence ! though the crowd howls on for ever,

Silence ! Through this fiery purgatory
God is leading up a soul to glory.

See, the white lips with no moans are trembling,
Hate of foes or plaint of friends' dissembling ;
If sighs come—his patient prayers outlive them,
'Lord, these know not what they do. Forgive
them !'

Thirstier still the roaring flames are glowing ;
Fainter in his ear the laughter growing ;
Brief will last the fierce and fiery trial ;
Angel welcomes down the earth denial.

Now the amorous death-fires, gleaming ruddy,
Clasp him close. Down drops the quivering body,
While through harmless flames ecstatic flying
Shoots the beauteous soul. This, this is *dying*.

Lo, the opening sky with splendour rifted ;
Lo, the palm-branch for his hands uplifted ;
Lo, the immortal chariot, cloud-descending,
And its legion'd angels close attending.

Let his poor dust mingle with the embers,
While the crowds sweep on and none remembers :
Saints unnumber'd through the Infinite Glory,
Praising God, recount the martyr's story.

D. M. Mulock Criss.

2419. MARTYRDOM. Nobility of

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust :
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time insure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon the immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song,
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this.—*Cowper.*

2420. MARTYRS. Ashes of the

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watch'd,
Shall gather'd be at last ;
And from that scatter'd dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plentiful seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
Their latest living breath ;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death ;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name.

Martin Luther, tr. by W. J. Fox.

2421. MARTYRS. Christian

THE lion's feet, the lion's lips, are dyed with crimson gore,
A look of faith, an unbreathed prayer, the martyr's pangs are o'er.
Proud princes and grave senators gazed on that fearful sight,
And even woman seem'd to share the savage crowd's delight ;
But what the guilt that on the dead a fate so fearful drew ?
A blameless faith was all the crime the Christian martyr knew :
And where the crimson current flow'd upon that barren sand,
Up sprung a tree, whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the land ;
O'er distant isles its shadow fell, nor knew its roots decay,
E'en when the Roman Cæsar's throne and empire pass'd away.—*Hamilton Buchanan.*

2422. MARTYRS. Influence of the

WE must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.
'But if we fail ?' They never fail who die
In a great cause ! The block may soak their gore ;
Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls ;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct

The world, at last, to freedom. What were we,
If Brutus had not lived ? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time.—*Byron.*

2423. MARTYRS : secret of their triumphs.

LET our choir new anthems raise ;
Wake the morn with gladness :
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness.
This the day that won their crown,
Open'd heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on the immortal.

Never flinch'd they from the flame,
From the torture never ;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour :
For by faith they saw the land,
Deck'd in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated ;
Wherefore these their passions show'd,
Calvary repeated.

Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow !
Spurn the sight of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
Who will first begin it ?
Who will seize the land of life ?
Warriors, up and win it !

St Joseph of the Studium, tr. by J. M. Neale.

2424. MARTYRS. Seed of the

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not in Thy book : record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient folds
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant : that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learn'd Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.—*Milton.*

2425. MARTYRS. Support of the

WHEN persecution's torrent blaze
Wraps the unshrinking martyr's head,
When fade all earthly flowers and bays,
When summer friends are gone and fled,
Is he alone in that dark hour,
Who owns the Lord of love and power?

Or waves there not around his brow
A wand no human arm may wield,
Fraught with a spell no angels know,
His steps to guide, his soul to shield?
Thou, Saviour, art his Charmed Bower,
His Magic Ring, his Rock, his Tower.—*Kble.*

2426. MARTYRS: their victory.

THEY seem'd to die on battle-field,
To die with justice, truth, and law;
The bloody corpse, the broken shield,
Were all that senseless folly saw.
But, like Antæus, from the turf,
They sprung refresh'd, to strive again,
Where'er the savage and the serf
Rise to the rank of men.

They seem'd to die by sword and fire,
Their voices hush'd in endless sleep;
Well might the noblest cause expire
Beneath that mangled, smouldering heap!
Yet that wan band, unarm'd, defied
The legions of their pagan foes;
And in the truths they testified,
From out the ashes rose.

2427. MARY—at the cross.

AT the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, her Son and Lord;
For her soul, of joy bereav'd,
Bow'd with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Now was she, that Mother bless'd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?

Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins chastis'd
She beheld her Son despis'd,
Scourged, and crown'd with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resign'd.

Jesu, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!
That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

Tr. from the Latin, by Carroll.

2428. MEDALS.

AMBITION sigh'd : she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust.
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more;
Convinced, she now contracts the vast design,—
All her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.—*Pope.*

2429. MEDICINE.

PHYSIC can but mend our crazy state;
Patch an old building, not a new create.

Dryden.

What art so noble as the healing art,
When by the sick it plays its godlike part?
What more revolting to the good and pure
Than physic, which procrastinates the cure?
Yet why from science claim her ready balm,
While folly gilds tenfold the treacherous palm?
Why not test science as you test your food—
Examine first and then pronounce it good!
Why put a thing whose nature you but guess
Into a thing whereof you know still less,
Whether you find it help your health or no,
Simply because your doctor tells you so?

2430. MEDITATION.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news

Young.

2431. MEETING. Hope of

JOYFUL words—we meet again !
 Love's own language, comfort darting
 Through the souls of friends at parting,
 Life in Death we meet again.

While we walk this vale of tears,
 Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
 Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
 'Meet again,' our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
 O'er our last endearments weeping,
 Lonely vigils silent keeping,
 'Meet again' transports us home.

When the weary world is past,
 Happy they whose spirits soaring,
 Vast eternity exploring,
 'Meet again' in heaven at last.—*Montgomery.*

2432. MEETING. Prophecy of

THOSE we love can never perish ;
 They at most but disappear,
 And their memories we cherish,
 While, unseen, we feel them near.

Soon we'll leave the mists and vapours
 Which pervade the vale of tears,
 And the dimly burning tapers
 That but mock our hopes and fears ;

Pass within the realms supernal,
 Where the seeming is the real,
 And the transient, the eternal,
 In the loftiest ideal.

There we'll meet the loved departed
 When 'life's weary wheels stand still !'
 Meet the noble, the true-hearted,
 Who life's mission here fulfil.

Friends and lovers, sisters, brothers,
 With the thousands we hold dear ;
 Fathers, daughters, sons, and mothers,
 Within that celestial sphere.—*C. C. Bedell.*

2433. MELANCHOLY. Causes of

SWEET recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moody and dull Melancholy
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair),
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

Shakespeare.

We're not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body.—*Shakespeare.*

2434. MELANCHOLY. Cure of

SOME high or humble enterprise of good
 Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
 Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind
 To this thy purpose,—to begin, pursue,
 With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind ;
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know ;
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
 The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
 Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal
 bowers.—*Wilcox.*

2435. MELANCHOLY. Effects of

THIS melancholy flatters, but unmans you ;
 What is it else but penury of soul,
 A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind ?—*Dryden.*

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible :
 So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds :
 Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death ;
 Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons :
 Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
 Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
 Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus ;
 While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff
 And sweat with our imagination's weight.—*Lee.*

Melancholy

Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
 Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
 Descend in rain, and end ; but spreads itself
 'Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man
 And man,—an everlasting mist.—*Byron.*

2436. MELANCHOLY : not always an evil.

THERE is a mood
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young),
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.
Dyer.

2437. MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,—
 We love the play-place of our early days :

The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at home.
Cowper.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn :
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is growing yet !

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high—
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance ;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy !—*Hood.*

Oh joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake

To perish never—
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Wordsworth.

Here, while I roved—a heedless boy—
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares :
But, ah ! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes !—they break no rest :
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

James Montgomery.

Ah me ! those joyous days are gone !
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours !
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers.

Ah ! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering rays,
When all was fair and new ;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true !—*John G. Sax.*

2438. MEMORY. Bells of

HARK ! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime !
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave—
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
 Peal for me their old melodious chime ;
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
 Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-built,
 There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—
 There lie hidden till unveil'd and gilded,
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
 From many a well-known phantom band,
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
 Far off in the spirit's luminous land !
Mueller, tr. by Mangan.

2439. MEMORY. Function of

HAD memory been lost with innocence,
 We had not known the sentence nor th' offence :
 'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
 The sad remembrance what he was before.
Denham.

2440. MEMORY. Joys of

LET Fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that Joy used to wear.
Moore.

When time, which steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joy renew.—*Moore.*

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd :
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will ;
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
Moore.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
 Which brighten and brighten as time steals away ;
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.
Percival.

2441. MEMORY. Light of

OFF, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eye that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !—*Moore.*

2442. MEMORY of the heart.

IF stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
 We keep them in the memory of the brain ;
 Names, things, and facts—whate'er we knowledge
 call—

There is the common ledger for them all ;
 And images on this cold surface traced
 Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
 But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
 On which our friendship and our love to write ;
 That these may never from the soul depart,
 We trust them to the memory of the heart.
 There is no dimming, no effacement there ;
 Each new pulsation keeps the record clear ;
 Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
 Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.
Daniel Webster.

2443. MEMORY. Perpetuation of

NOR myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
 Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
 Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
 Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have
 done.
 So let my living be, so be my dying ;
 So let my name lie, unblazon'd, unknown ;
 Unpraised and unmiss'd, I shall still be remember'd ;
 Yes—but remember'd by what I have done.
Bonar.

2444. MEMORY : quickened into exercise.

LULL'D in the countless chambers of the brain,
 Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain ;
 Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !
 Each stamps its image as the other flies !—*Rogers.*

As letters some hand has invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out to the sight,
 So, many a feeling that long seem'd effaced,
 The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light !
Moore.

2445. MEMORY. Sorrows of

WHEN musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone.—*Scott.*

But ever and anon of griefs subdued,
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen but with fresh bitterness imbued ;
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight, which it would fling
 Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound ;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—*anew*,
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet
 how few !—*Byron*.

We might have been,—these are but common words,
 And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing :
 They are the echo of those finer chords
 Whose music we deplore, when unavailing.
 We might have been !

Life knoweth no like misery : the rest
 Are single sorrows ; but in this are blended
 All sweet emotions that disturb the breast ;
 The light that once was loveliest is ended.
 We might have been !

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
 A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble !
 A still voice mutters 'mid our misery,
 The worst to bear, because it must dissemble,
 We might have been !

L. E. Landon.

No joy like by-past joy appears ;
 For what is gone we fret and pine :
 Were life spun out a thousand years,
 It could not match *Langsyne* !—*Moir*.

2446. MEN.

How few are found with real talents bless'd,
 Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray,
 All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Churchill.

The way to conquer men is by their passions ;
 Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,
 And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.
Tolson.

Men are machines, with all their boasted freedom,
 Their movements turn upon some favourite passion ;
 Let art but find the foible out,
 We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.
Brooke.

Consider, man, weigh well thy frame :
 The king, the beggar, are the same ;
 Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
 Then sinks into his native clay.—*Gay*.

The million flit as gay,
 As if created only like the fly
 That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon,
 To sport their season, and be seen no more.
Cowper.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
 Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
 Experience damps our triumph.—*Young*.

2447. MERCY : an attribute of God.

GOOD Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
 Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
 Abhors the cruel.—*Dryden*.

2448. MERCY. Blessed

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd—
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd—
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.—*Shakespeare*.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battle won
 Than in restoring such as are undone :
 Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
 But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.
Waller.

2449. MERCY. Duty of

THOUGH justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.—*Shakespeare*.

How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge as you do? Oh, think on that :
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made !—*Shakespeare.*

Oh think ! think upward on the thrones above :
Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love ;
If mercy were not mingled with their power,
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

Davenant.

If Heaven
Did in the balance of strict justice weigh
The iniquity of men, who could abide
Its judgment? Did not mercy temper wrath,
Eternal ruin would o'erwhelm mankind.—*Hayes.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.—*Pope.*

2450. MERCY. Emblem of

SOFTLY, softly, falleth the snow,
Over the valleys, lone and low ;
Over the rugged and bleak hillside,
And the desolate fields outspreading wide.

All the noisome city street
Shows pure and clean in its beautiful sheet ;
And scar, brown meadows, and wooded height,
Stand forth transfigured, and fair, and white.

So from Thy throne of light above
Look Thou upon us, O Lord of love,
And cover our sin and remove our woe,
By Thy dear mercy's robe of snow.—*Chapman.*

2451. MERCY : free.

By faith I see my Saviour dying
On the tree ;
To every sinner He is crying,
Look to me.
He bids the guilty soul draw near,
Come, come to me, dismiss your fear,
Hark, hark, these precious words I hear,
Look to me.

Did Christ, while I was sin pursuing,
Pity me ?
And did He save my soul from ruin ?
Can it be ?
Oh ! yes, He did salvation bring,
He is the Saviour, Priest, and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free.

How sweet the truth—ye sinners, hear it—
Mercy's free.

Ye saints of God, to all declare it—
Mercy's free.

Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the joyous news abroad—
Mercy's free.

Long as I'm here, I'll still be telling,
Mercy's free.

And ever on His love be dwelling ;—
Mercy's free.

And when the vale of tears I've past,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
His praise I'll sing while ages last,
Whose mercy's free.

2452. MERCY. Power of

To threats the stubborn-sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Dryden.

2453. MERCY : rarely shown by men.

HARD is his fate who builds his peace of mind
On the precarious mercy of mankind ;
Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
And mounts o'er unknown seas with vent'rous wings.
Crabbe.

2454. MERCY. Rescue of

HAD not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night had done ;
Or, like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrain'd awhile, runs with a swifter force.
Oh ! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
After bathe me in those silver streams ;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal ;
Hath earth a wound too hard for Heaven to heal ?
Quarles.

2455. MERCY : the best prerogative of power.

O MERCY, heavenly born ! sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power !
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.—*Somerville.*

2456. MERCY : the crown of justice.

THE greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy ;
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

2457. MERCY: the mark of heaven.

'Tis mercy! mercy!
The mark of heaven impress'd on humankind,
Mercy that glads the world, deals joy around;
Mercy that smooths the dreadful brow of power,
And makes dominion light; mercy that saves,
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.

Rowe.

2458. MERCY: the ornament of power.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.—*Shakespeare.*

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word, like pardon, for kings' mouths so sweet.

Shakespeare.

2459. MERCY. Wisdom of

If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—*Shakespeare.*

2460. MERCY. Works of

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to humankind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd heads
Some holy man by prayer all-opening Heaven dis-
preads.—*Thomson.*

Oh, Thou who once on earth, beneath the weight
Of our mortality didst live and move,
The incarnation of profoundest love;
Who, on the Cross, that love didst consummate,—
Whose deep and ample fulness could embrace
The poorest, meanest of our fallen race!
How shall we e'er that boundless debt repay?—
By long, loud prayers in gorgeous temples said?
By rich oblations on thine altars laid?—
Ah no! not thus Thou didst appoint the way.
When Thou wast bow'd our human woe beneath,
Then as a legacy Thou didst bequeath
Earth's sorrowing children to our ministry;
And as we do to them, we do to Thee.

Anne C. Lynch.

2461. MERIT. Attainment of

TALENTS angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give to infamy renown.
Great ill is an achievement of great powers:
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections choose our end:
Means have no merit, if our ends amiss:
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their accounts,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur,
His royal robe, unborrow'd and unbought—
His own, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature—builds himself.
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more:
It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs—makes an honest man.
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no riband, 'tis renown;
Renown that would not quit thee, though disgraced,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

Young.

2462. MERIT. Intrinsic

A JEWEL is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tem-
pest thrust.—*Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

2463. MERIT. Modesty of

THERE'S a proud modesty in merit!
Averse from asking, and resolved to pay
Ten times the gifts it asks.—*Dryden.*

2464. MERIT. Recognition of

BE thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

Pope.

2465. MESSIAH. Reign of the

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,

Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times the bard begun:
 A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies!
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring!
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo! earth receives Him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise!
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold.
 Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
 'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
 From every face He wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs He raises in His arms—
 Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
 The promised father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun.
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
 Waste, sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion in one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrims' feet.
 The smiling infant in his hands shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their fork'd tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise! crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn:
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Pope.

2466. MILLENNIUM. Vision of the

FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
 see,
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that
 would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales ;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunder-storm ;
Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the
world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.—*Tennyson*.

2467. MILTON.

MILTON's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school divine.—*Pope*.

2468. MIND. Contentment of

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss :
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Greene.

2469. MIND. Freedom of the

HEADS bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.

Byron.

High walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways :
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control !
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose :
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes !

It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale ;
It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers ;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours ;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.—*Garrison*.

2470. MIND. Hue of the

WHEN the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green ;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown ;
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it—'tis a butterfly ;
The flatten'd tree-toads so resemble bark,
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark ;
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye.

O. W. Holmes.

Be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent ;
When our minds' eyes are disengaged and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see.

Denham.

2471. MIND. Index of

THERE is to whom all things are easy ; his mind, as
a master-key,
Can open, with intuitive address, the treasures of
art and science :
There is to whom all things are hard ; but industry
giveth him a crowbar,
To force, with groaning labour, the stubborn lock of
learning :
And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in
native dulness,
Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath
gathered to its gaze :
Often the brow that should be bright with the dor-
mant fire of genius,
Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the tenant.
Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the
lot ?
The like in frame and feature hath much alike in
spirit ;
Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep dis-
cerner
From his make will read the man, and err not far in
judgment :
Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing
similarity of mind
Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in
the body :

Accident may modify, circumstances may bevel,
externals seem to change it,
But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many
variations :
For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye,
are traced by the pen of passion ;
And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for
itself.—*Tupper.*

2472. MIND : its influence on the body.

TIME has small power
O'er features the mind moulds. Roses where
They once have bloom'd a fragrance leave behind ;
And harmony will linger on the wind ;
And suns continue to light up the air,
When set ; and music from the broken shrine,
Breathes, it is said, around whose altar-stone
His flower the votary has ceased to twine :—
Types of the beauty that, when youth is gone,
Breathes from the soul whose brightness mocks
decline.—*Hill.*

2473. MIND : its power of adaptation.

THE mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things.—*Joanna Baillie.*

2474. MIND. Kingdom of the

PLACE me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wander'd o'er ;
Lock me in some lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel ;
Still, here or there, within I find
My quiet kingdom of the mind ;
Nay, 'mid the tempest fierce and dark,
Float me in peril's frailest bark,
My quenchless soul could sit and think,
And smile at danger's dizziest brink.
And wherefore ? God, my God, is still
King of kings in good or ill ;
And where He dwelleth—everywhere—
Safety supreme and peace are there ;
And where He reigneth—all around—
Wisdom and love and power are found ;
And reconciled to Him and bliss,
My mind to me a kingdom is.—*Tupper.*

2475. MIND : longs for fellowship.

THE mind within me panted after mind,
The spirit sigh'd to meet a kindred spirit,
And in my human heart there was a void,
Which nothing but humanity could fill.
James Montgomery.

2476. MIND : overwrought.

WITH curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought ;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.
Churchill.

2477. MIND. Spiritual

THRICE blessed is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in every feature,
Recall the good Creator to His creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome !
To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells ;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chant of clerk ;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet ;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want :
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar ;
An organ breathes in every grove ;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !—*Hood.*

2478. MIND : the seat of bliss or woe.

HAIL, horrors ! hail,
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Milton.

2479. MINISTER. An ambitious

NAY, stoop not thus ! Thou bearest precious seed,
Richer than all the wealth of mine or sea.
Strive not to grasp this world's vain, glittering meed !
Its laurels are not twined for such as thee ;
A living crown awaits thy radiant brow,
And thou should'st gather jewels for it now.
What would'st thou have ? the meteor of an eve,
The mildew'd wreath, the worm-enclosing flower,
The fading things that dying fingers weave,
The star that darkens at its rising hour ?
Would'st chase the frolic phantom men call Fame,
And on her crumbling tablet write thy name ?
Thy name is written in the Book of Life,
The glorious tablet of the King of kings ;
Degrade it not by this poor, paltry strife,
This clamorous rush for tinsel'd, cankering things ;
Leave to poor dazzled moths the giddy round,
Since on some loftier mission thou art bound.

Tis thine to watch thy Master's budding vine,
Till the ripe fruit in purple clusters falls ;
The ever-radiant threads of truth to twine,
A golden clue to those celestial halls,
Where, when the kingdoms of the earth decay
And suns are dim, thou'lt live in endless day.

Emily Judson.

2480. MINISTER. Faithful

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion ! to be call'd,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armour off, and rest—in heaven !

Willis.

2481. MINISTER. Honour of the

I THANK Thee, Lord, for using me
For Thee to work and speak ;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

For those to whom, through me, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given ;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

Oh honour higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King !

A blunted sword, a rusted spear,
Which only *He* could wield :
A broken sickle in *His* hand,
To reap *His* harvest-field !—*Bonar.*

2482. MINISTER. The unfaithful

BUT the unfaithful priest, what tongue
Enough shall execrate ! His doctrine may
Be pass'd, though mix'd with most unhallow'd
leaven,

That proved to those who foolishly partook,
Eternal bitterness : but this was still
His sin—beneath what cloak soever veil'd —
His ever growing and perpetual sin,
First, last, and middle thought, whence every wish,
Whence every action rose, and ended both—
To mount to place and power of worldly sort ;
To ape the gaudy pomp and equipage
Of earthly state, and on his mitred brow
To place a royal crown : for this he sold
The sacred truth to him who most would give
Of titles, benefices, honours, names :
For this betray'd his Master : and for this
Made merchandise of the immortal souls
Committed to his care—this was his sin.

Of all who office held unfairly, none
Could plead excuse ; he least and last of all.
By solemn, awful ceremony, he
Was set apart to speak the truth entire,
By action, and by word ; and round him stood
The people, from his lips expecting knowledge
One day in seven, the Holy Sabbath term'd.
They stood ; for he had sworn, in face of God
And man, to deal sincerely with their souls ;
To preach the gospel for the gospel's sake ;
Had sworn to hate and put away all pride,
All vanity, all love of earthly pomp ;
To seek all mercy, meekness, truth, and grace ;
And being so endow'd himself, and taught,
In them like works of holiness to move ;
Dividing faithfully the word of life.

And oft indeed the word of life he taught ;
But practising as thou hast heard, who could
Believe ? Thus was religion wounded sore
At her own altars, and among her friends.
The people went away, and, like the priest,
Fulfilling what the prophet spoke before,
For honour strove, and wealth, and place, as if
The preacher had rehearsed an idle tale.
The enemies of God rejoiced, and loud
The unbeliever laugh'd, boasting a life
Of fairer character than his, who own'd,
For king and guide, the undefiled One.

Most guilty, villainous, dishonest man !
Wolf in the clothing of the gentle lamb !
Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp !
Leprous in saintly garb !—assassin mask'd
In Virtue's robe ! vile hypocrite accused !
I strive in vain to set his evil forth.
The words that should sufficiently accuse
And execrate such reprobate, had need
Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell.
Among the saddest in the den of woe,
Thou saw'st him saddest, 'mong the damn'd, most
damn'd.—*Pollok.*

2483. MIRACLE : at Nain.

THEY came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively

As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world,
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.
Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin grey lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and His heart was moved.
'Weep not !' He said ; and as they stay'd the bier,
And at His bidding laid it at His feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on His calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, 'Arise !' And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on His way to Nain.—*Willis.*

2484. MIRACLE : of Nature.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
For ever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die ; but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms ! upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death,—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.
Bryant.

2485. MIRACLES. Attestation of

WHEN God came down from heaven, the Living
God,
What signs and wonders mark'd His stately way ?
Brake out the winds in music where He trod ?
Shone o'er the heavens a brighter, softer day ?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leap'd, and pain and darkness fled ;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead.
Milman.

2486. MIRACLES : man the great miracle.

A MIRACLE, with miracles enclosed,
Is man ; and starts his faith at what is strange ?
What less than wonders from the Wonderful ;
What less than miracles, from God can flow ?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme,
That Cause uncaused, all other wonders cease.
Young.

What is thy thought ? THERE IS NO MIRACLE ?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle.—*Jean Ingelow.*

2487. MIRTH.

FRAME your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life !
Shakespeare.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin ?—*Scott.*

2488. MISANTHROPY : its sadness.

MOST painful moods are those in which we think
The world is all combined to do us wrong—
That slaves we are of some mysterious fate,
Which turns to gall the cup of life we drink,
And foes create of all we hoped were friends.
Yet sadder still to feel that we alone
Are not in fault, but that the world is wrong—
That we are victims of its ills and crimes.
Lady Chatterton.

2489. MISER. Description of the

UNNUMBER'D maladies man's joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

Johnson.

But there was one in folly farther gone;
With eye awry, incurable and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light-winged dreams
Ascended up to God—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapt in most debasing rags—
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seem'd to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarm'd,
And in his old, decrepit, wither'd hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthly, most debased.
Of all that sold Eternity for Time
None bargain'd on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalm's'd; and 'midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils! died of utter want.—*Pollak.*

2490. MISERY. Human

How many feel, this very moment, Death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in Want, and dungeon-glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the Mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest Friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.—*Thomson.*

2491. MISERY. Melody of

O HEARTS that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropp'd from misery's crushing presses:
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pain were given,
What endless melodies were pour'd,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

O. W. Holmes.

2492. MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE does not always wait on vice;
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.

Harvard.

O mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortunes shall still prove the last!
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

Young.

2493. MISFORTUNE. Friends in

EVERY one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But, if fortune once do frown,
Then—farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:

If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus, of every grief, in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part :
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.—*Barnfield.*

2494. MISSION. Your

If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet ;
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchor'd yet within the bay ;
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain, steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by ;
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along ;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command ;
 If you cannot t'ward the needy
 Reach an ever-open hand ;
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep ;
 You can be a true disciple
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner up the richest sheaves,
 Many a grain both ripe and golden
 Will the careless reapers leave ;
 Go and glean among the briers
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that their shadow
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true—
 If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do ;
 When the battle-field is silent
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot be the watchman,
 Standing high on Zion's wall,
 Pointing out the path to heaven,
 Offering life and peace to all ;

With your prayers and with your bounties
 You can do what Heaven demands,
 You can be like faithful Aaron,
 Holding up the prophet's hands.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do ;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess—
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare ;
 If you want a field of labour,
 You can find it anywhere.—*Ellen H. Gates.*

2495. MISSIONARIES.

BLESSINGS be on their pathway, and increase !
 These are the moral conquerors, and belong
 To them the palm-branch and triumphal song—
 Conquerors—and yet the harbingers of peace !

Miss Landon.

Great Britain has her sons, both frank and brave,
 Who noble triumphs win, but wear no glove !
 Sons who in heart are firm, in toil are free,
 To spread her glorious name from sea to sea !
 Men, who have push'd their conquests wide and far,
 And changed to pruning-hooks the shafts of war ;
 Who bear no glittering arms, no banners wave—
 Who strike no blow—are stricken but to save !
 Yet still they conquer ! and where they appear,
 The painted savage breaks his poison'd spear ;
 A bloodless triumph follows in their train—
 For those they vanquish feel no victor's chain !
 They conquer !—nor like other conquerors boast
 A prostrate people and a plunder'd coast—
 Nor pant to hear a nation's deafening peals,
 With captive warriors at their chariot-wheels—
 Nor hang, like relics, in our holiest fane,
 The flags that blush with war's unhallow'd stain.—
 No, theirs are triumphs war can never bring !
 Theirs are the pæans guardian seraphs sing !
 Their noblest banner is the Book of Truth !
 Their trophies—age, and infancy, and youth !
 'Tis theirs to free—exalt—and not debase—
 The painted brothers of our common race !
 Nor stripe—nor tribute—nor oppressive sway
 Degrade their labours, or obstruct their way !
 Their watchword still—Let war and sorrow cease !
 Their noblest epithet—The men of peace !—*Beattie.*

2496. MISSIONS. Demand for

WHERE is your heathen brother ? From his grave
 Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,
 From the throng'd depths of ocean's mourning wave,
 His answering blood reproachfully doth cry.

Blood of the soul ! can all earth's fountains make
Thy dark stain disappear ? Stewards of God, awake.

Mrs Sigmourney.

2497. MOB. The

THE scum

That rises upmost, when the nation boils.

Dryden.

THE multitude unawed is insolent ;

Once seized with fear, contemptible and vain.

Mallet.

Ah ! can you bear contempt ? the venom'd tongue
Of those whom ruin pleases ? the keen sneer,
The rude reproaches of the rascal herd ;
Who for the self-same actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise ?

Thomson.

And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.—*Scott.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream ;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
Oh who would wish to be thy king.—*Scott.*

What, dare the ungrateful miscreants thus return
The many favours of my princely grace ?
'Tis ever thus : indulgence spoils the base ;
Raising up pride and lawless turbulence,
Like noxious vapours from the fulsome marsh,
When morning shines upon it.—*Joanna Baillie.*

2498. MODESTY.

TRUE modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place ;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks, through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear :
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produced and nursed.—*Cowper.*

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.—*Cowper.*

As through the hedgerow's shade the violet steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals,
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

Rogers.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Colman.

2499. MORNING. Duties of

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun :
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.
Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising, for day sullies flowers.—*Vaughan.*

2500. MORNING PRAYER.

I CANNOT ope my eyes,
But Thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice :
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God ! what is a heart ?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God ! what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee ;
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show :
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee !

Herbert.

2501. MORNING PRAYERS.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights : 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!

Palgrave.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.
No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ ! securely fence
Our gates beleagu'ed by the foe—
The gate of every sense.
And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end !

Tr. from the Parisian Breviary by Newman.

2502. MORNING PSALM.

As a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more !

If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirr'd,
And, to greet Thee, upward flies,
Gladsome as yon tiny bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise Thee right ;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do ;
Bless whate'er I have and love ;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove.
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee ;
Then, an heir of life on high,
Fearless I may live and die.

2503. MORTALITY. Thoughts on

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language : for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice, Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world ; with kings,
The powerful of the earth ; the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, pour'd round
all,

Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,¹
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings ; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
 Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustain'd and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

2504. MOSES. Burial of

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale of the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 But no man dug that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er ;
 For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth ;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes, when the night is done,
 Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Fades in the setting sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crest of verdure waves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves ;
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown
 That grand procession swept.

Perchance some bold old eagle
 On grey Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his rocky eyrie,
 Look'd on the wondrous sight ;
 Perchance some lion, stalking,
 Still shuns the hallow'd spot ;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drums
 Follow the funeral car ;
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his matchless steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 They lay the sage to rest ;
 And give the bard an honour'd place,
 With costly marble drest,
 In the great minster's transept height,
 Where lights like glory fall,
 While the sweet choir sings, and the organ
 rings
 Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword ;
 This the most gifted poet,
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, words half so sage,
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
 The hill-side for his pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall ;
 The dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand in that lonely land
 To lay him in the grave, —

In that deep grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffin'd clay
 Shall break again, — most wondrous thought !
 Before the Judgment Day ;
 And stand, with glory wrapt around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 Through Christ the Incarnate God.

O silent tomb in Moab's land,
 O dark Beth-peor's hill,

Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still !
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Words that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the sacred sleep
Of him He loved so well.—*Mrs Alexander.*

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold ;
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.
Thus still, where'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again.—*Bryant.*

2505. MOTHER : a mother's epitaph.

In an old church-yard stood a stone,
All weather-mark'd and stain'd,
The hand of time had crumbled it,
And only part remain'd.
Upon one side I could just trace
IN MEMORY OF OUR MOTHER ;
An epitaph that spoke of HOME
Was chisel'd on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame,
High towering to the skies ;
I'd seen the sculptured marble tower
Where a great hero lies ;
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

'SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY,'
What noble record this !
A legacy of memory sweet
To those she loved and left :
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone,
That mark'd their mother's rest.

A noble life ! but written not
In any book of fame ;
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name ;
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won ;
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

2506. MOTHER : a mother's love.

HER pious love excell'd to all she bore ;
New objects only multiplied it more :

And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain :
As in the blissful vision, each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear,
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Dryden.

Maternal love ! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss,—fullest when most
Thou givest ! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn ! emblem of God !
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink !
Pollok.

A mother's love—how sweet the name !
What is a mother's love ?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that can grow cold,—
This is a mother's love.—*James Montgomery.*

A mother's love
Is an undying feeling. Earth may chill
And sever other sympathies, and prove
How weak all human bonds are ; it may kill
Friendships, and crush hearts with them—but the
thrill
Of the maternal breast must ever move
In blest communion with her child, and fill
Even heaven itself with prayers and hymns of love.
Patterson.

The mother's love—there's none so pure,
So constant, and so kind ;
No human passion doth endure
Like this within the mind.—*Mrs Hale.*

2507. MOTHER : a mother's teachings.

NAY, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating ; Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
crave
A noble calmness. You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.—*Shakespeare.*

2508. MOTHER : importance of her charge.

AND say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind ;

Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares.

Mrs Sigourney.

2509. MOTHER. Influence of a

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant's heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face ;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms ; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.—*Landor.*

Happy he

With such a mother ! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.—*Tennyson.*

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
Perchance, a scholar's name—but sage
Or bard have never taught thy son
Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

George W. Bakunz.

2510. MOTHER. Office of a

THE mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul ; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be a
savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.

2511. MOTIVES : difficulty of determining their
true character.

THAT each from other differs, first confess ;
Next, that he varies from himself no less ;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's, strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds ?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.

All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passion's wide rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.—*Pope.*

In vain, the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can :
The few that glare each character must mark ;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree ?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
Alas ! in truth the man but changed his mind ;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.—*Pope.*

Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried.

Bulwer.

2512. MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

ABOVE me are the Alps,
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow.
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, or to show
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
 below.—*Byron.*

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
 Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
 Still where they were, steadfast, immovable ;
 Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
 Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
 So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
 As to belong rather to heaven than earth—
 But instantly receives into his soul
 A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
 A something that informs him 'tis a moment
 Whence he may date henceforward and for ever ?
Rogers.

There is a living grandeur 'mid the hills,
 Changing for ever with the day and hour,
 Glowing in sunrise, flaunting in the mists,
 Bright in the garbless lustre of the day,
 Warm, gay, and golden in the western noon,
 Soft, blue, and hazy in the peaceful eve.
 It walks supreme amid the raging storm,
 And seems to culminate when round the head
 Of the bald mountains living lightnings flash ;
 Nor dies it with the day, but then assumes
 The dark, mysterious wonders of the night.
F. A. Mackay.

2513. MOURNERS. Blessed are the

OH deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenour keep ;
 For God, who pities man, hath shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thine arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny,—
 Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.
 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
 And number'd every secret tear ;
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all His children suffer here.—*Bryant.*

2514. MOURNING. Christian

WEEP for the dead ! God bids you not restrain
 What nature claims, affection's soothing tear.
 But weep like Christian mourners ! Though the
 bier
 Bear him away to death's obscure domain,
 Yet he with you, who still on earth remain,
 The summons of the Archangel's voice shall hear ;
 And he with you before the Lord appear,
 Soar to the clouds, and meet you there again.
 Weep then, but do not as the hopeless weep,
 For them who rest in Christ ! A common prize
 Awaits both them, and you, and all who keep
 His truth, and love His coming in the skies.
 They, in the Saviour who or wake or sleep,
 Shall all united in the Saviour rise.—*Mant.*

2515. MOURNING. Heritage of

O MAN, while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported in his right ;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair !
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh, what crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn !
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame,

More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast :
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the last !
 The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn !—*Burns.*

2516. MOURNING : inevitable.

AWAY ! we know that tears are vain,
 That death ne'er heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain,
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?—*Byron.*

2517. MOURNING : needless.

WE must all die !
 All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well : and can that man that
 does so
 Need lamentation for him ? Children weep,
 Because they have offended, or for fear ;
 Women, for want of will and anger : is there
 In noble man, that truly feels both poises
 Of life and death, so much of this set weakness,
 To drown a glorious death in child and woman ?
Beaumont and Fletcher.

2518. MOURNING. Occasion of

WHEN those we love on earth are seen no more,
 We mourn to think that they are gone before ;
 But if a pang amidst eternal rest
 Could ever reach the bosoms of the blest,
 If grief in heaven could one weak moment find,
 Would they not mourn that we are left behind ?
Montgomery.

2519. MOURNING. True

HE mourns the dead who live as they desire.
Young.

2520. MURDER. Motives of

FIRST Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
 Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
 To make a death which nature never made,
 And God abhor'd ; with violence rude to break
 The thread of life ere half its length was run ;
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.

With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
 By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
 Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell
 To sate the lust of power : more horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast. One murder made a villain ;
 Millions, a hero. Princes were privileged
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah ! why will kings forget that they are men ?
 And men that they are brethren ? Why delight
 In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love ?
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
 Artificers of death ! Still monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,
 Great God of hosts, nor let Thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !—*Porteus.*

2521. MURDER : the greatest of crimes.

MURDER itself is past all expiation,
 The greatest crime that nature doth abhor.
Griff.

Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out.
 The element of water moistens the earth,
 But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
Webster.

2522. MURDERER. Imagination of the

FROM that day forth no place to him could be
 So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
 Brought from without to inward misery.
 Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang,
 A sound of chains aloud the desert rang ;
 He look'd, and saw upon a gibbet high
 A human body that in irons swang,
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;
 And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.
Wordsworth.

The murderer has no past,
 But one eternal present.—*Talfourd.*

2523. MURMURING. Proneness to

THE wounded heart is prone to entertain
 Presumptuous thoughts, and feelings which arraign
 The appointed course of things ; but what are we,
 Short-sighted creatures of an hour,
 That we should judge ? In part alone we see,
 And this but dimly. He who ordereth all,

Beholdeth all, at once, and to the end :
 Upon His wisdom and His power,
 His mercy and His boundless love, we rest ;
 And resting thus in humble faith, we know,
 Whether the present be for weal or woe,
 For us whatever is must needs be best.—*Southey.*

2524. MURMURING: rebuked.

BUT why, alas ! do mortal men complain ?
 God gives us what He knows our wants require,
 And better things than those which we desire !
Dryden.

A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite away his sandals
 wore,

And on the desert's blistering sand his feet grew very
 sore.

'To let me suffer thus great Allah is not kind nor
 just,

While in his service I confront the painful heat and
 dust,'

He murmur'd in complaining tone ; and in this tem-
 per came

To where, around the Caaba, pilgrims knelt of every
 name :

And there he saw, while pity and remorse his bosom
 beat,

A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes, but feet.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2525. MUSIC: a gift of God.

'Tis He that taught the lark, from earth upspringing,
 To warble forth his matin strain ;

And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,
 Gladly to bless the thirsty plain ;

And from the laden bee, when homeward winging
 Its tuneful flight, doth not disdain
 To hear the song of praise.

There's not a voice in Nature, but is telling
 (If we will hear that voice aright),

How much, when human hearts with love are swell-
 ing,

His blessed bosom hath delight
 In our rejoicing lays.

His love, that never slumbers,
 Taught thee those tuneful numbers.—*Bethune.*

2526. MUSIC. Abuse of

LISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil ?

Music, alas ! too long has been
 Press'd to obey the devil.

Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flow'd to the soul's undoing ;

Widen'd, and strew'd with flowers the way
 Down to eternal ruin.—*C. Wesley.*

2527. MUSIC. Associations of

THE solemn hymn, to ancient music set,
 In many a heart response of memory met.
 To me it seem'd departed Sabbaths hung
 Upon these notes, which gave the past a tongue,
 To speak again in voices from the dead,
 And wake an echo from their silent bed.

Elizabeth Bogart.

2528. MUSIC. Consecrated

IF well I know the tuneful art
 To captivate an human heart,
 The glory, Lord, be Thine ;
 A servant of Thy blessed will,
 I here devote my utmost skill
 To sound the praise divine.

Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 And let my consecrated lyre
 Repeat the Psalmist's part ;
 His Son and Thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.—*C. Wesley.*

2529. MUSIC. Effects of

E'EN rage itself is cheer'd with music :
 It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
 Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.
Rowe.

Call in sweet music. I have heard soft airs
 Can charm our senses and expel our cares.
Denham.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens every pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison and of plague.
Armstrong.

Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
 Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me :
 There's sure no passion in the human soul
 But finds its food in music.—*Lillo.*

How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

Cowper.

2530. MUSIC. Lack of taste for

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—*Shakespeare.*

2531. MUSIC. Love of

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
With melting airs of martial, brisk, or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
Cowper.

2532. MUSIC. Power of

THERE let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may, with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
Milton.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around.—*Dryden.*

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And as with living souls have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
Congreve.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair:
That power is music.—*Armstrong.*

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.—*Pope.*

2533. MUSIC. Purpose of

PREPOSTEROUS ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Shakespeare.

Oh, surely melody from Heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

H. Kirke White.

2534. MUSIC: resembles poetry.

MUSIC resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach!
Pope.

2535. MUTATION. Benefit of

THEY talk of short-lived pleasure; be it so;
Pain dies as quickly: stern, hard-featured Pain
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.
The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace.
Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,
Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to cease:
Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness:
Thus Joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still release
His young limbs from the chains that round him
press.
Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to
weep.—*Bryant.*

2536. MUTATION. Earthly

EARTHLY things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Throned in His might, all times to Him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before Him one eternal now.
Time moveth not; our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days:
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.—*H. Kirke White.*

2537. MYSTERY. Cause of

THAT things to mortals are mysterious,
Is not because the things themselves are dark,
But the perceptions through which they are view'd.

Bates.

2538. MYSTERY. Solution of

LIFE's mystery—deep, restless, as the ocean—
Hath surged and wail'd for ages to and fro ;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee.

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain ;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripen'd grain.
Ah ! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee !

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining ;
We ask, and Thou art silent ; yet we gaze,
And our charm'd hearts forget their drear com-
plaining.
No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
O Lamb that hast been slain, we find in Thee !

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands—
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee !

Thy pierc'd hand guides the mysterious wheels ;
Thy thorn-crown'd brow now wears the crown of
power ;
And, when the dread enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, ' Watch with Me one
hour.'

As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2539. MYSTERY. Veil of

WHEN fain to learn we lean into the dark,
And grope to feel the floor of the abyss,
Or find the secret boundary lines which mark
Where soul and matter kiss—
Fair world ! these puzzled souls of ours grow weak
With beating their bruised wings against the rim
That bounds their utmost flying, when they seek
The distant and the dim.

We pant, we strain like birds against their wires ;
Are sick to reach the vast and the beyond :
And what avails, if still to our desires

Those far-off gulfs respond ?
Contentment comes not therefore ; still there lies
An outer distance when the first is hail'd,
And still for ever yawns before our eyes
An UTMOST—that is veil'd.—*Jean Ingelow.*

2540. NAME. Ambition to immortalize our

WE wish our names eternally to live.
Wild dream ! which ne'er had haunted human
thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter,
But our blind reason sees not where it lies :
Or seeing, gives the substance for the shade.—*Young.*

The card-built house amused our infant age ;
The child was pleased ; but is the man more sage ?
A breath could level childhood's tottering toy :
See manhood—effort, art, and time employ,
To build that brittle name a whisper can destroy !

There is a Book where nought our name can spot,
If we ourselves refuse to fix the blot ;
'Tis kept by One that sets alike at nought
The tale with malice or with flattery fraught,—
He reads the heart, and sees the whisper in the
thought.—*C. C. Colton.*

2541. NAME. Giving a

HE that is ambitious for his son, should give him
untried names,
For those have served other men, haply may injure
by their evils ;
Or otherwise may hinder by their glories ; therefore
set him by himself,

To win for his individual name some clear praise.

Tupper.

2542. NAME. Power of a

BRUTUS and Cæsar : what should be in Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is a fair name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ?
What's in a name ? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Shakespeare.

2543. NAME. The new

GIVE me the sweet New Name, Lord,
That seems the best to Thee ;
The name upon a milk-white stone
Known but to Thee and me.

A new and precious name, dear Lord,
Gift of Thy love, a part
Which I may hold and treasure up,
And hide within my heart ;

By which I may remember Thee
And Thy undying love ;
By which I shall be known of Thee
Within Thy courts above.—*Mrs E. Miller.*

2544. NATIONS. Fate of

THE individual culprit may sometimes
Unpunish'd to his after-reckoning go :
Not thus collective man ; for public crimes
Draw on their proper punishment below :
When nations go astray, from age to age
The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

Bear witness, Egypt, thy huge monuments
Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere !
Bear witness thou, whose only name presents
All holy feelings to religion dear—
In earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of living light—O fallen Jerusalem !—*Southey.*

2545. NATURE : a revelation of God.

NATURE—faint emblem of Omnipotence !—
Shaped by His hand—the shadow of His light—
The veil in which He wraps His majesty,
And through whose mantling folds He deigns to show,
Of His mysterious, awful attributes
And dazzling splendours, all man's feeble thought
Can grasp uncrush'd, or vision bear unquench'd.

Street.

2546. NATURE : and art.

THIS is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather ; but
The art itself is nature.—*Shakespeare.*

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart :
At once the source, and end, and test of art.

Pope.

2547. NATURE : changeless.

TAKE of some bitter tree a shoot,
In Eden's garden plant the root ;
Let waters from th' eternal spring
Amidst the boughs their incense fling :

Though bathed and shower'd with honey-dew
Its native baseness springs to view ;
After long care and anxious skill
The fruit it bears is bitter still !

Place thou within the spicy nest,
Where the bright phoenix loves to rest,
A raven's egg, and mark thou well,
When the vile bird has chipp'd his shell,
Though fed with grains from trees that grow
Where Salsebil's pure waters flow,
Though airs from Gabriel's wing may rise
To fan the cradle where he lies,
Though long their patient care endure,
He proves at last a bird impure !

A viper nurtured in a bed
Where roses all their beauties spread,
Though nourish'd with the drops alone
Of waves that spring from Allah's throne,
Is still a poisonous reptile found,
And with its venom taints the ground !

Oriental.

2548. NATURE. Christian delight in

HE looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature ; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers ; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, ' My Father made them all !'

Cowper.

2549. NATURE. Compensations in

LIBERAL, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes

Beattie.

2550. NATURE. Discoveries in

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid by night :
God said, ' Let Newton be ! ' and all was light.

Pope.

2551. NATURE. Following

FIRST follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same.

Pope.

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor ;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich. — *Young*.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few. — *Young*.

2552. NATURE. God in

NATURE is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintain'd ;
Who sleeps not, is not weary ; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days :
Whose work is without labour ; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and Male Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus ; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods
That were not ; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One Spirit, His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.

Cowper.

A present Deity in all.

It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream ;
To think that He who hears the heavenly choir
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song ;
To think that He who rolls yon solar sphere
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky ;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower ; to hear His awful voice
In thunders speak, and whisper in the gale ;
To know and feel His care for all that lives :
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.

Grahame.

2553. NATURE : impartial.

NATURE is impartial,
And in her work of man, prefers not names
Of ancestors ; she sometimes forms a piece
For admiration from the basest earth
That holds a soul, and to a beggar's issue
Gives those perfections make a beauty up ;

When purer moulds, polish'd and gloss'd with titles,
Honours, and wealth, bestow upon their bloods
Deform'd impressions, objects only fit
For sport or pity. — *Nabb*.

2554. NATURE. Influence of

'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, then thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.

Wordsworth.

2555. NATURE : is Divine art.

SURVEY

Nature's extended face, then, sceptics, say,
In this wide world of wonders can you find
No art ? — *Blackmore*.

That clearer marks of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment, shine
In all the parts of nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art.

Blackmore.

All Nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good. — *Pope*.

2556. NATURE. Love of

ASK the swain

Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely ! how commanding ! — *Akenside*.

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom ; till, at last sublimed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world.

Thomson.

I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

2557. NATURE : never purposeless in her gifts.

 SPIRITS are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use.—*Shakespeare.*

2558. NATURE. Nothing vile in

 'Tis nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brutish,
The dullest and most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul to every mode of being
Inseparably link'd.—*Wordsworth.*

2559. NATURE. Perfectness of

 WHO can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers,
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?—*Thomson.*

2560. NATURE. Song of

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far :

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer ;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches cross'd,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.—*Whittier.*

2561. NATURE. Study of

NATURE hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

Alcyn.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.—*Milton.*

By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow ;
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Dryden.

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.

Pope.

Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to truth :
Nature is Christian ; preaches to mankind ;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

Young.

Up ! up, my friend ! and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double ;
Up ! up, my friend ! and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
Sweet is the lore which nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect.
Enough of science and of art ;
Close up those barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives. — *Wordsworth.*

2562. NATURE. Sympathies with

ALL natural objects have
An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,
And has connection by some unseen chain
With its original source and kindred substance.
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,
Sky-clearing hills, and in the vast of air
The starry constellations, and the sun,
Parent of life exhaustless—these maintain
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould
A co-existence and community. — *Hunt.*

2563. NATURE. Teachings of

FROM dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth ; evincing as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

Cowper.

Nature, employ'd in her allotted place,
Is hand-maid to the purposes of Grace ;
By good vouchsafed, makes known superior good,
And bliss not seen, by blessings understood.

Cowper.

The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude ; and, as they pass'd,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by : the gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talk'd of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,

And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And on the rugged mountain brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the
breeze,

Attuned the heart to melody and love.

Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love ; and, from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whisper'd still,
She whisper'd to Revenge : Forgive, forgive !

The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, look'd meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walk'd in the heavens,
Walk'd nightly there, conversing as she walk'd
Of purity, and holiness, and God.

In dreams and visions sleep instructed much.
Day utter'd speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge : silence had a tongue : the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said, Man ! think of God !
Think of thyself ! think of eternity !

Fear God, the thunders said ; fear God, the waves ;
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied ;
Fear God, deep loudly answer'd back to deep.
And, in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible open'd,
And cried, Repent ! repent, ye Sons of Men !
Believe, be saved. — *Pollok.*

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that genius gave ;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave. — *Moore.*

Never have the works of Nature
Yet to mortal man reveal'd,
How his much offended Maker
May to him be reconciled.

Flower, nor tree, nor rock, nor mountain,
Ever yet have show'd the way,
Ever told him of a Fountain
That could wash his guilt away.

Man could never yet discover,
From the sky, the earth, the sea,

When his days on earth are over,
Where or what his state should be.

But the page of inspiration
Casts a light upon the whole,
Bringing peace and consolation
To the never-dying soul.

Alexander Latham.

There is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See, from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Anne Steele.

Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart,
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence ; she is wisdom's self.—*Street.*

There's not a plant that springeth,
But bears some good to earth ;
There's not a life but bringeth
Its store of harmless mirth :
The dusty, wayside clover
Has honey in its cells,—
The wild bee, humming over,
Her tale of pleasure tells ;
The osiers, o'er the fountain,
Keep cool the water's breast,—
And on the roughest mountain
The softest moss is press'd.
Thus holy Nature teaches
The worth of blessings small,
That Love pervades, and reaches,
And forms the bliss of all.—*Mrs Hale.*

2564. NATURE. Temple of

NOT vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth—o'er gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer !

Byron.

Live thou with God in Nature : never falter
In thy communings with Him. Be

Like those blest birds we read of in the Psalter,
Who found a home from peril free
In God's own house, and nestled near His altar,
Making it ring with melody.

That temple stands no more,
But Nature standeth still : God's holy presence
Abideth with us, and the offering
Of thankful joy to Him whose perfect essence
Is perfect love, our glowing lips may bring,
Till this brief life is o'er ;
And in a brighter, better,
Our spirits know no fetter.—*Bethune.*

Go abroad

Upon the paths of Nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
Who hath the living waters, shall be there.

Willis.

2565. NECESSITY.

It was, we own, subject of much debate,
And worthy men stood on opposing sides,
Whether the cup of mortal life had more
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when ask'd
In general terms, and worthy to be left
Unsolved.—The sweet was in the taste,
The beauty in the eye, and in the ear
The melody ; and in the man—for God
Necessity of sinning laid on none.—*Pollok.*

Necessity, like electricity,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us.—*Bailey.*

We will and act and talk of liberty ;
And all our wills and all our doings both
Are limited within this little life.
Free will is but necessity in play,—
The clattering of the golden reins which guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.—*Bailey.*

The ship which goes to sea inform'd with fire,—
Obeying only its own iron force,
Reckless of adverse tides, breeze dead, or weak
As infant's sporting breath, too faint to stir
The feather held before it,—is as much
The appointed thrall of all the elements,
As the white-bosom'd bark which woos the wind,
And when it dies desists. And thus with man ;
However contrary he set his heart
To God, he is but working out His will ;
And, at an infinite angle, more or less
Obeying his own soul's necessity.—*Bailey.*

2566. NEGLECT. Penalty of

WHAT is the good man and the wise?
 Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize;
 Or jewel rare, which men account
 A common pebble, and despise.
 Set forth upon the world's bazaar,
 It mildly gleams, but no one buys,
 Till it in anger Heaven withdraws
 From the world's undiscerning eyes:
 And in its shell the pearl again,
 And in its mine the jewel, lies.—*Oriental.*

2567. NEGLECT. The sinner's

THE husbandman, who sluggishly forgot
 In spring to plough and sow, could censure none,
 Though winter clamour'd round his empty barns.
 But he who having thus neglected, did
 Refuse, when autumn came, and famine threaten'd,
 To reap the golden field that charity
 Bestow'd—nay, more obdurate, proud, and blind,
 And stupid still, refused, though much beseech'd,
 And long entreated, even with Mercy's tears,
 To eat what to his very lips was held,
 Cook'd temptingly—he certainly, at least,
 Deserved to die of hunger, unbemoan'd.
 So did the wicked spurn the grace of God,
 And so were punish'd with the second death.

Pollok.

2568. NEIGHBOUR. Definition of

THY neighbour? 'Tis he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless;
 Whose aching heart and burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim;
 Whom hunger sends from door to door;—
 Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that wearied man
 Whose years are at their brim,
 Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain!—
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
 Of every earthly gem;
 Widow and orphan, helpless left;—
 Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
 Fetter'd in thought and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave!—
 Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
 With any need or grief,
 Remember 'tis thy brother worm;
 Oh! give thou quick relief.

2569. NEW YEAR. Uncertainty of the

COULD I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage
 To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
 As I can number in my punctual page
 And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet
 On which the press might stamp him next to die;
 And, reading here his sentence, how replete
 With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Then doubtless many a trifer, on the brink
 Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
 Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
 Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah, self-deceived! could I prophetic say
 Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
 The rest might then seem privileged to play;
 But, naming none, the Voice now speaks to all.

Couper.

2570. NEW YEAR'S THANKSGIVING.

O LOVING One! O bounteous One!
 What have I not received from Thee,
 Throughout the seasons that have gone
 Into the past eternity?

Lowly my name, and mine estate;
 Yet, Father, many a child of Thine,
 Of purer heart and cleaner hands,
 Walks in a humbler path than mine.

And, looking backward through the year,
 Along the way my feet have press'd,
 I see sweet places everywhere,
 Sweet places where my soul had rest.

For though some human hopes of mine
 Are dead and buried from my sight,
 Yet from their graves immortal flowers
 Have sprung and blossom'd into light.

Body, and heart, and soul have been
 Fed by the most convenient food;
 My nights are peaceful all the while,
 And all my mortal days are good.

My sorrows have not been so light,
 Thy chastening hand I could not trace;
 Nor have my blessings been so great
 That they have hid my Father's face.

2571. NIGHT. Charms of

LOOK how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Shakespeare.

Now glow'd the firmament
With livid sapphires : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in cloudy majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.—*Milton.*

But see where, in the clear, unclouded sky,
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint.
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow
Upon this world of beauty and of sin,
That mingle not with that wherein they rest ;
So should immortal spirits dwell below.
There is a holy influence in the moon,
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,
The heart cannot resist : its passions sleep,
And all is still : save that which shall awake
When all the vast and fair creation sleeps.

Mrs Follen.

2572. NIGHT. Moral of

BEHOLD the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes ;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared. The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridal. Even the hectic, lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapp'd,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering
nurse,

Poor victim ! smiles. Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations ; and the warning voice
Of nature utters audibly within
The general moral—tells us that repose,
Death-like as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapp'd around
With grave-cloths ; and their aching, restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

H. Kirke White.

2573. NIGHT. Temple of

AND how I bless night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn a universe ;

Fill us with great ideas full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth !
In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer !
And what a fane is this, in which to pray !
And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane !
Oh, what a genius must inform the skies !

Young.

2574. NIGHT. Uses of the

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching heart
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years—
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descends, athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
The Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will His followers do—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease :
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine.

James Montgomery.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

Mrs Barbauld.

Night is the time when Nature seems
God's silent worshipper ;
And ever with a chasten'd heart,
In unison with her,
I lay me on my peaceful couch,
The day's dull cares resign'd,
And let my thoughts fold up like flowers,
In the twilight of the mind.

Sara J. Clarke.

2575. NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O FLODDING life ! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care !
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain ! by night and day
Working, with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain—
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart ! so quick to feel
In others' woes a share,
Yet human loves each power enthrall,
And sordid treasures fill it all—
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul ! thus to debase
The being God doth spare !
Blood-bought thou art ! no more thine own ;
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone—
Make room for Jesus there,

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer
To find in Jesus' heart a place :
For ever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there.

2576. NOBILITY : not an accident of birth.

WHOE'ER amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust ; or where had been our
honours ?—*Thomson.*

Look round
Among the titled great ones of the world ;
Do they not spring from some proud monarch's
flatterer,
Some favourite mistress, or ambitious minister,
The ruin of his country, while their blood
Rolls down through many a fool, through many a
villain,
To its now proud possessors ?—*Frances.*

There's no power
In ancestry to make the foolish wise,
The ignorant learn'd, the cowardly and base
Deserving our respect as brave and good.
All men feel this : nor dares the despot say
His fiat can endow with truth the soul,
Or, like a pension, on the heart bestow
The virtues current in the realms above.

Hence man's best riches must be gain'd—not given ;
His noblest name deserved, and not derived.

Mrs Hale.

2577. NOBILITY. True

'Tis not the wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purple colouring,
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gate on mighty hinges roll'd.

The king is he, who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear ;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be sway'd by smile or frown :
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals, or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosom'd in a glassy river.
What shall move his placid might ?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With onward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down ;
He welcomes Fate, when Fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

No—to fear not earthly thing,
That is all that makes the king ;
And all of us, whoe'er we be,
May carve us out that royalty.

Seneca, tr. by Leigh Hunt.

2578. NOVELS. Nature of

A NOVEL was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft cram'd full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page ;
And oftener still of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseas'd, putrid thought ;
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war :
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till, done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung in a day,
From lean and shallow-soil'd brains of sand,
And in a day expired ; yet while they lived,
Tremendous oftentimes was the popular roar ;
And cries of Live for ever ! struck the skies.

Pollok.

2579. NOVELS. Vicious

YE writers of what none with safety reads,
Footing it in the dance that fancy leads ;
Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
Snivelling and drivelling folly without end,

Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
 With sentimental frippery and dream,
 Caught in a delicate soft silken net
 By some lewd earl or rakehell baronet;
 Ye pimps who, under virtue's fair pretence,
 Steal to the closet of young Innocence,
 And teach her, unexperienced yet and green,
 To scribble as you scribble at fifteen;
 Who, kindling a combustion of desire,
 With some cold moral think to quench the fire,
 Though all your engineering proves in vain,
 The dribble stream ne'er puts it out again:
 Oh that a verse had power, and could command
 Far, far away, these flesh-flies of the land,
 Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
 And suck, and leave a craving maggot there!

Cowper.

2580. NOVELTY.

NEW customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Shakespeare.

All with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past.

Shakespeare.

If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

Shakespeare.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
 The love of novelty rules most the mind;
 In search of this, from realm to realm we roam;
 Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.

Foote.

Still sighs the world for something new,
 For something new
 Imploring me, imploring you,
 Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue.
 Ah, hapless world, what will it do!
 Imploring me, imploring you,
 For something NEW!—*Hoyt.*

2581. OATHS.

OATHS were not purposed more than law
 To keep the good and just in awe,
 But to confine the bad and sinful,
 Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.—*Butler.*

An oath is a recognizance to heaven,
 Binding us over in the courts above,
 To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
 That those who 'scape this world should suffer there.

Southern.

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
 Where men regard no God but interest?

Waller.

2582. OATHS. Frequent

OATHS terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
 Some men have surely then a peaceful life.
 Whatever subject occupy discourse,
 The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
 Asseveration blustering in your face
 Makes contradiction such a hopeless case;
 In every tale they tell, or false or true,
 Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
 They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
 With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;
 And even when sober truth prevails throughout,
 They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
 A Persian, humble servant of the sun,
 Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,
 Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
 With adjurations every word impress,
 Supposed the man a bishop, or at least,
 God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
 Bow'd at the close with all his graceful airs,
 And begg'd an interest in his frequent prayers.

Cowper.

2583. OBEDIENCE. Perfect

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
 And all Thy ways adore,
 And every day I live, I seem
 To love Thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
 My heart is ever gay,
 I run no risk, for come what will,
 Thou always hast Thy way!

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
 For all my cares are Thine;
 I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.—*Faber.*

2584. OBLIVION. Emblem of

ALONE I walk'd the ocean strand;
 A pearly shell was in my hand:
 I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, the day.
 As onward from the spot I pass'd,
 One lingering look behind I cast:
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me :
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.—*Hannah F. Gould.*

2585. OBSERVATION. Points of

THERE are points from which we can command our
life ;
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass ;
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out, dark, on the offing of the mind.—*Bailey.*

2586. OBSTINACY.

YOUR blunderer is as sturdy as a rock,
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A muleteer's the man to set him right.
First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders ; that his error leads
To fatal ill ; that though the path he treads
Be flowery, and he see no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there ;
In vain, the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats ;
New-raised objections with new quibbles meets ;
Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends.

Cowper.

2587. OCEAN.

OTHERS may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode ;
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky.

Waller.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain :
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Byron.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests : in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made : each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.—*Byron.*

Type of the Infinite ! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break ;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think ; then rests, and then puts forth again.

Dana.

Ocean, thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man !
Death's capital where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
Wide opening and loud roaring still for more,
Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life.

2588. OFFENCES.

ALL's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.—*Shakespeare.*

Time to me this truth has taught
('Tis a treasure worth revealing),
More offend by want of thought
Than by any want of feeling.

Charles Swain.

2589. OFFERING. A complete

'SAVIOUR, is there anything
I have fail'd to bring ?
Lies my offering at Thy feet
Incomplete ?
Lord, bethink Thee, I am poor ;
Slender is my store ;
Yea, my best is nothing worth
Even on earth—
Even to men : oh ! then, how small
To the Lord of all,
Who, creating worlds anew,
As the dew

Sweeps them lightly from their place
 In the fields of space ;
 Counts the universe as nought
 But a thought !
 Yet, since Thou hast deign'd to ask,
 Oh, how sweet the task
 (Though the gift be poor) to bring
 Everything !
 Everything ? Alas, this fear !
 I may yet appear
 Holding some dear bauble fast
 At the last.
 Saviour, is there anything
 I have fail'd to bring ?
 Lies my offering incomplete
 At Thy feet ?

Answer'd He, 'If thou hast brought,
 Clothing every thought,
 Love to God, and love to man,
 As men can ;
 Charity for all who stray
 From the narrow way ;
 Eager hands to draw them back
 And point the track ;
 Gifts according to thy store
 For the needy poor ;
 In My suffering ones dost see
 Even Me ;
 If thy tears are swift to flow
 For thy brother's woe ;
 Having strength, if thou dost seek
 To raise the weak ;
 If thou dost My mercy show
 Even to thy foe ;
 Grant the pardon proffer'd thee
 Full and free ;
 Yea, if thou thy will hast brought,
 Crossing Mine in nought ;
 Faith that shall outlast thy breath,
 Strong in death ;
 Matters not thy world's estate,
 Be it small or great :
*This thy offering, thou dost bring
 Everything !*

'Nay, my Lord, my Lord !' I cried ;
 'I am sorely tried :
 Nothing, nothing have I brought
 That I ought !
 Cold my love to Thee, Most High ;
 Cold my charity ;
 Idle hands and heart of stone
 Are my own ;
 Mine an unsubdued will ;
 Faith that gropeth still :

Yet, O God my Righteousness !
 Bless, oh ! bless.
 This, at least, to Thee I bring—
 Meek petitioning ;
 Humble penitence and pain :
 Is it vain ?
 Strong desire to serve Thee more
 Than I have before,
 And in Thy suffering ones to see
 Even Thee !
 Now, indeed, my tears do flow
 For all others' woe ;
 Tasting grief that doth surpass
 All, alas !
 Hear me, Lord of earth and sky !
 At thy feet I lie ;
 My confessions all I bring—
 Everything.
 Pitying Lord, wilt Thou despise
 This my sacrifice ?
 Tell me, Saviour, do I bring
Anything !

Answer'd He, 'At last, at last,
 Is thy pride o'erpast ?
 Little is thy best, indeed ;
 Great thy need.
 Yet, beloved of My heart,
 I for thee did smart ;
 On the cross, in thy dear stead,
 Bow'd My head ;
 Though Death's sharpest, sorest throes,
 I triumphant rose,
 Even that thou mightest be
 Raised with Me.
 Is My love for thee grown less,
 That I should not bless,
 Or the lowliest sacrifice
 Should despise ?
 Nay, but I am satisfied,
 Having all beside,
 Since that erring heart of thine,
 On My shrine,
 Broken, contrite, suppliant lies—
 Sweetest sacrifice !
 In that offering thou dost bring
 EVERYTHING !

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

2590. OFFERINGS. Acceptable

HAIL, kingly Jesus ! to Thy feet
 Our hearts their tribute bring ;
 Not sparkling gold, not odours sweet,
 But love, our offering.

Such treasures to Thy manger-bed
The ancient Magi brought,
When, by the star resplendent led,
Judea's King they sought.

But hearts of humble poverty
Are fairer in Thine eyes ;
And penitence is more to Thee
Than costly sacrifice.

When Thou wert sitting once at meat,
And, kneeling humbly there,
With tears a sinner bathed Thy feet,
And wiped them with her hair ;

As over them she pour'd perfume,
Amid her tears like rain,
Till the sweet odour fill'd the room,
Thou didst not her disdain.

And wilt Thou, Master, from our hymn
Turn scornfully Thine ear ?
Nay, 'mid the songs of seraphim
Our worship Thou wilt hear.

A. R. Thompson.

2591. OFFERINGS: brought to Christ.

THE wise men to Thy cradle-throne,
O Infant Saviour ! brought, of old,
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern Star,
Thine own baptized Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand !

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love ;
Till we have pray'd the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above ;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err ;
Worship and love and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee, our own adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God, and King :
Accept the gold and incense, Lord ;
Accept the myrrh, we bring.

Mrs Alexander.

2592. OFFERINGS. Easter

WHAT shall we offer of gift to-day—
What treasure that Christ will heed ?
What on Love's altar is best to lay—
Of what can the Lord have need !

Once robes and branches of palm were strew'd,
While thrill'd was the bending sky
With floods of triumph filling the road
As the Holy One went by.

What meed to-day shall leaven the throng
With faith in the feet we kiss ?
What spreading bloom and pæan of song
Move the question, ' Who is this ? '

Oh, not the evergreen palms we wear,
Or robes in His way we fling,
Or floral gifts that to Him we bear,
Most honour our Lord, the King !

These gifts are good, but worthier ones
Lie hidden away beneath,
And mellow the world as latent suns
That pierce through the winter's sheath.

Of such are the childlike trust and peace
That beam on the Christian's face ;
Of such are the prayers that never cease
Till they win a looked-for grace ;

Of such are the helping hand and heart ;
Of such is sympathy's tear ;
Of such is the soul that knows the art
To gladden with godly cheer ;

Of such is the love that upward lifts
The Church in its onward way :
Such, such are our spirit's priceless gifts
That the dear Lord needs to-day.

Mary B. Dodge.

2593. OFFERINGS. Heathen

OF oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes :
Another finds the way to dye the grain,
And make Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain ;
Or, from their golden ore, in rivers rakes ;
Then melts the mass : all these are vanities !
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise :
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold ?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear ;
A soul, where laws both human and divine
In practice more than speculation shine :
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

Persius, tr. by Dryden.

2594. OFFERINGS. Personal

THEY gave to Thee
 Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;
 But, Lord, with what shall we
 Present ourselves before Thy majesty,
 Whom Thou redeem'dst when we were sold ?
 We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither ;
 Vile dirt and clay ;
 Yet it is soft, and may
 Impression take.
 Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst rather ;
 Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
 Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
 The beauty of the golden mine.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

2595. OFFICE.

CUSTOM calls me to't.
 What custom wills in all things, should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to overpeer. Rather than feel it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one who would do thus.—*Shakespeare.*

2596. OLD AGE : claims our reverence.

YOUTH has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
 That in the valley of decline are lost,
 And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
 Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years.
 Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,
 Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,
 That fire abated which impels rash youth,
 Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
 As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
 Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
 And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day,
 That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.—*Cowper.*

2597. OLD AGE. Irreligious

A SHIPWRECK'D sailor on a desert isle,
 A lonely bark without supplies or compass,
 Launching upon a dark, uncharted sea,
 A houseless wanderer on an Arctic shore,
 A thirsty traveller over desert sands,
 Is wintry age with piety unblest.
 And he who trusts and loves the glittering things
 O'er which corruption and decay have power,
 Prepares the soil, and sows the seed, whose fruit
 Is sorrow, disappointment, and despair.—*Dewart.*

2598. OLD AGE : its opportunity.

As the barometer foretells the storm
 While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,

So something in us, as old age draws near,
 Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
 The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
 Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;
 The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
 Sinks from its higher levels in the brain ;
 Whatever poet, orator, or sage
 May say of it, old age is still old age.
 It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
 The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon ;
 It is not strength, but weakness ; not desire,
 But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of fire,
 The burning and consuming element,
 But that of ashes and of embers spent,
 In which some living sparks we still discern,
 Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
 The night hath come ; it is no longer day?
 The night hath not yet come, we are not quite
 Cut off from labour by the failing light ;
 Something remains for us to do or dare ;
 Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear ;
 Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,
 Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
 Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
 But other something, would we but begin ;
 For age is opportunity no less
 Than youth itself, though in another dress,
 And as the evening twilight fades away
 The sky is fill'd with stars, invisible by day.

Longfellow.

2599. OLD AGE. Signs of'

MY days pass pleasantly away,
 My nights are bless'd with sweetest sleep ;
 I feel no symptoms of decay,
 I have no cause to mourn or weep ;
 My foes are impotent and shy,
 My friends are neither false nor cold ;
 And yet of late I often sigh,
 'I'm growing old.'

My growing talk of olden times,
 My growing thirst for early news,
 My growing apathy to rhymes,
 My growing love of easy shoes,
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,
 My growing fear of taking cold ;
 All whisper, in the plainest voice,
 'I'm growing old.'

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs,

I'm growing careless of my dress,
 I'm growing frugal with my gold,
 I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes,
 'I'm growing old.'

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
 My sombre muse too sadly sings;
 Thanks for the gleams of golden light
 That tint the darkness of their wings;
 The light that beams from out the sky
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
 Where all are blest, and none may sigh
 'I'm growing old.'—*Saxe*.

2600. OLD AGE. Solitariness of

WHAT is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.—*Byron*.

2601. OMNIPRESENCE. Comfort of

EVER with Thee, Almighty Love, through all the
 weary night—
 A joy above all other joy, a light above all light;
 And all the day, where'er I stray, on path bestrewn
 with flowers,
 Or dight in winter's drapery, of snow, and sleet, and
 showers.

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love! I lean upon the
 breast,
 On which the universe of stars, with all their being,
 rest;
 That cares for many a thousand worlds, yet ever
 cares for me,
 And guides my way, by night and day, where'er my
 wanderings be.

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love! Thy Son, the
 King of kings,
 To me the message of Thy love, writ in His heart's-
 blood, brings;
 And when the blasts that shake the base of earthly
 hopes o'ertake me,
 He gently whispers in my ear, 'I never will forsake
 thee.'

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love! When lying in
 the dust,
 I'll gather all thy promises, and lean on them my
 trust;
 Then rise refresh'd, and journey on, assured the end
 will be
 A home in heaven for evermore, Almighty Love,
 with Thee!—*Paulin*.

2602. OMNISCIENCE. Trust in

GOD knows—not I—the devious way
 Wherein my faltering feet must tread,
 Before into the light of day
 My steps from out this gloom are led.
 And since my Lord the path doth see,
 What matter if 'tis hid from me?

God knows—not I—how sweet accord
 Shall grow from all this crash
 Of earthly discords which have jarr'd
 On soul and sense—I hear the clash—
 Yet feel and know that on His ear
 Breaks harmony—full, deep, and clear.

God knows—not I—why, when I'd fain
 Have walk'd in pastures green and fair,
 The path He pointed me hath lain
 Through rocky deserts, bleak and bare.
 I blindly trust—since 'tis His will—
 This way lies safely, that way, ill.

He knows, too, why, despite my will,
 I'm weak when I should be most strong,
 And after earnest wrestling still

I see the right, yet do the wrong.
 Is't that He'd have me learn at length,
 Not mine, but His—the saving strength?

His perfect plan I may not grasp;
 Yet I can trust Love Infinite,
 And with my feeble fingers clasp
 The hand which leads me to the light.
 My soul upon His errand goes,
 The end I know not—but God knows.

2603. ONENESS WITH CHRIST.

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
 O height, O depth of love!
 With Thee we died upon the tree,
 In Thee we live above.

Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down,
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.

Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine,
 Were borne on earth by Thee;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
 To set Thy members free.

Ascended now in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art,
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and Thee can part.

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

2604. OPINION.

OPINION's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Shakespeare.

Opinion is that high and mighty dame
Which rules the world ; and in the mind doth frame
Distaste or liking : for in human race,
She makes the fancy various as the face.—*Howel.*

Yet in opinions look not always back ;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track ;
Leave what you've done for what you have to do,
Don't be 'consistent,' but be simply true.

O. W. Holmes.

How much there is self-will would do,
Were it not for the dire dismay
That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
Of 'What will my neighbours say?'

Elisa Cook.

2605. OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.—*Shakespeare.*

The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Shakespeare.

A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

Shakespeare.

Occasion, set on wing, flies fast away,
Whose back once turn'd, no hold-fast can we find ;
Her feet are swift, bald is her head behind :
Whoso hath hold, and after lets her go,
Doth lose the lot which fortune did bestow.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Opportunity to statesmen, is as the just degree
Of heat to chymists ; it perfects all the work.

Suckling.

The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings,

To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which, if her fav'rite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever.—*Chapman.*

Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

Wordsworth.

A thousand years a poor man watch'd
Before the gate of Paradise :
But while one little nap he snatch'd
It oped and shut. Ah ! was he wise?

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

The golden opportunity
Is never offer'd twice ; seize then the hour
When fortune smiles and duty points the way ;
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the spectre Fear,
Nor pause, though Pleasure beckon from her bowers ;
But bravely bear thee onward to the goal.

2606. ORATORY.

AND 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most that have the least to say.
Your daily speakers have the curse
To plead their causes down to worse :
As dames who native beauty want
Still uglier look the more they paint.—*Prior.*

While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

Goldsmith.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining.—*Goldsmith.*

2607. ORDER. Argument from

If casual concourse did the world compose,
And things and hits fortuitous arose,
Then anything might come from anything ;
For how from chance can constant order spring?

Blackmore.

2608. ORDER. Beauty of

SET all things in their own peculiar place,
And know that order is the greatest grace.

Dryden.

Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised ;
But as the world, harmoniously confused :
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, they agree.

Pope.

2609. ORDER. Divine

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful—
 Not first the beautiful and then the true ;
 First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
 Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful—
 Not first the beautiful and then the good ;
 First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
 Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful—
 But first the sorrowful and then the glad ;
 Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full,
 Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark—
 But first the dark, and after that the bright ;
 First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc ;
 First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night—stern night of storm and war—
 Long nights of heavy clouds and veiled skies,
 Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,
 That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

Bonar.

2610. ORDER. Law of

ORDER is Heaven's first law—a glorious law
 Seen in those pure and beauteous isles of light
 That come and go, as circling months fulfil
 Their high behest. Nor less on earth discern'd,
 'Mid rocks snow-clad, or waste of herbless sand,
 Throughout all climes, beneath all varying skies,
 Fixing for e'en the smallest flower that blooms
 Its place of growth.—*Milton.*

The heavens themselves, the planets, and their centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order.

Shakespeare.

And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.—*Pope.*

2611. ORNAMENT.

THE world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some marks of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beard of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight:
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisp'd, snaky, golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head;
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 That seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest.—*Shakespeare.*

2612. PAIN.

THERE was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the toothache patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance.
Shakespeare.

Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.

Milton.

How soon would ease recant
 Vows made in pain as violent and void!
Milton.

Of night impatient, we demand the day;
 The day arrives, then for the night we pray:
 The night and day successive come and go;
 Our lasting pains no interruption know.
Sir R. Blackmore.

O fatal search! in which the lab'ring mind,
 Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
 A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
 From years of pain one moment of release.—*Prior.*

2613. PAINS OF LIFE. The

'Suffer us not for any pains of Death to fall from Thee.'—
Book of Prayer.

THE pains of Death, O Christ, we do not fear,
 Nor that still valley beyond human call,
 For then, Thy voice will fill our dulling ear,
 And from Thy mighty hands we cannot fall.
 We but attain to Peace through Death's hard strife;
 But oh, the pains of Life! The pains of Life!

The weariness of all our daily cares,
 The bitterness of love that ends in tears,

The griefs that come upon us unawares,
The hopes delay'd—the unprofitable years,
The sense of bitter wrongs and poverty :
Through these ! O Christ ! we would not fall from
Thee !

But when our hearts are troubled and afraid,
Weary and fainting, full of vague alarms,
Healer of bruised souls, then bring us aid,
Put under us the Everlasting Arms.
Thou that hast wept, and died, oh, grant that we
For pains of Life or Death, fall not from Thee !
Lillie E. Barr.

2614. PAINTING.

HARD features every bungler can command ;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.
Dryden.
'Tis every painter's art to hide from sight,
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.
Dryden.

His pictured morals mend the mind,
And through the eye improve the heart.
Garrick : on Hogarth.

2615. PALESTINE. Redemption of

OH, happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above !
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of
fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;
Yet shalt thou rise ; but not by war restored,
Not built in murder, planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made ;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring—
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing !
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
Even now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land
That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright visions of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from His destined reign.—*Heber.*

2616. PARADISE. Traditions of

SAY'ST thou there was no 'Paradise of God ?'
No happy, sinless state of early man ?

Ask all the ages past, each record scan,
And see if always cursed was this now barren sod.
Go ask the Greek—he tells of Golden age,
When the god-govern'd earth was heavenly, pure ;
When never death, nor woes men now endure,
Had enter'd here, nor hate, nor guile, nor rage.
The eastern Magian speaks of earliest days,
When holy Oromasdes reign'd o'er man ;
The far Egyptian tells Osiris' praise,
Governing all in peace, ere rude revolt began.
And wilt thou God's own Paradise deny,
When e'en the heathen tales affirm it ceaselessly ?
Ann Flinders.

2617. PARDON.

THESE evils I deserve,
Yet despair not of His final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and His eye
Gracious to readmit the suppliant.—*Milton.*

2618. PARENTAL AFFECTION.

UNREASONABLE creatures feed their young ;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometimes they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
Shakespeare.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
Shakespeare.

2619. PARENTS. Indulgent

BY Satan's subtlety beguiled,
To Satan's school they send,
And each delights the favourite child
To humour and commend.
The proud with ranker pride they fill,
Heighten their worst disease,
And fondly soothe the stubborn will
To tenfold stubbornness.

With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame,
Their children they inspire,
And every vain desire inflame,
And every passion fire.
They wish them good, but rather great ;
Religious, but genteel ;
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state ;
As heaven would mix with hell.

Adorn'd in pearl and rich array
You see the murderer's prize !
As, crown'd with flowers, the victims gay
Are led to sacrifice.

Down a broad, easy way they glide
To endless misery ;
And curse their doting parents' pride
To all eternity.—*Charles Wesley.*

2620. PARENTS. Tyrannic

WITH notions fraught, the Stoics sour
Pursue their rigid plan ;
In weakness look for perfect power,
In babes the strength of man.
The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs
From children they require ;
Till time their scheme in pieces tears,
And all in smoke expire.

Harass'd by long domestic war,
With scarce a truce between,
The children's tender minds abhor
The Egyptian discipline.
They quite throw off the yoke severe,
O'er nature's wilds to rove,
And hate the objects of their fear,
Whom they could never love.

Charles Wesley.

2621. PARTING.

I NEVER spoke the word 'Farewell !'
But with an utterance faint and broken ;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

Caroline Bowles.

When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow ;
We yet a kind of anguish prove
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But oh ! what words can paint the fears
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months—for years—
Perhaps to part for ever.

2622. PASSION. The ruling

IN every breast there burns an active flame,—
The love of glory or the dread of shame.—*Pope.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.—*Pope.*

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.—*Pope.*

Search then the ruling passion : there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

Pope.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.—*Pope.*

In the human breast

Two master-passions cannot co-exist.—*Campbell.*

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last.

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

'Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke'
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke) ;
'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead ;
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.'

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all humankind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
stir,

'If, where I'm going, I could serve you, sir ?'—*Pope.*

2623. PASSIONS. Conquered

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.

Pope.

2624. PASSIONS. Governing the

THOU must chain thy passions down :
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire, they must obey.
They are good, in subject state,
To strengthen, warm, and animate ;
But if once we let them reign,
They sweep with desolating train,
'Till they but leave a hated name,
A ruin'd soul, and blackened fame.

Eliza Cook.

2625. PASSIONS. Power of the

TAKE heed lest passion
Sway thy judgment to do aught.—*Milton.*

Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind : with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was raised to law !

Churchill.

How terrible is passion ! how our reason
Falls down before it ! whilst the tortured frame,
Like a ship dash'd by fierce encount'ring tides,
And of her pilot spoil'd, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave.—*Barford.*

While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Young.

2626. PASSIONS: restrained.

WHEN Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant track of glory ; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for bright renown.

Young.

As a driver checks his horses,
Stamping, prancing, in the courses,
Firm of hand, alert, yet mildly
Keeping them from running wildly,
So the wise man and the saint
Hold their passions in restraint.

Redpath, from the Acara of Mann.

2627. PASSIONS. Slavery to the

THE worst of slaves is he whom passion rules,
Uncheck'd by reason, and the powerful voice
Of friendship.—*Brooke.*

But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave?—*Dryden.*

What profits us that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

Dryden.

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost :
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour :
And oh, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share !—*Scott.*

2628. PASSIONS. Slumbering

AND underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.

Halleck.

2629. PASSIONS. Strong

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams ;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :

So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Raleigh.

Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course,
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.

Paye.

Oh how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along,
Make us the madness of their will obey,
Then die, and leave us to our grief a prey.—*Crabbe.*

I cannot love as I have loved,

And yet I know not why ;

It is the one great woe of life

To feel all feeling die ;

As one by one the heartstrings snap,

As age comes on so chill ;

And hope seems left that hope may cease,

And all will soon be still.

And the strong passions, like to storms,

Soon rage themselves to rest,

Or leave a desolated calm—

A worn and wasted breast ;

A heart that like the Geyser spring,

Amidst its bosom snows,

May shrink, not rest—but with its blood

Boils even in repose.—*Bailey.*

2630. PASSIONS. Ungoverned

A LITTLE fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

Shakespeare.

When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel.—*Higgin.*

An empire thou could'st crush, command, rebuild.
But govern not thy pettiest passion.—*Byron.*

2631. PASSIONS. Youthful

ALAS ! our young affections run to waste,

Or water but the desert ; whence arise

But weeds, of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,

Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,

Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,

And trees whose gums are poison ; such the plants

Which spring beneath her steps as passion flies

O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants

For some celestial fruit, forbidden to our wants.

Byron.

2632. PAST. The

THINGS without all remedy
Should be without regard : What's done is done.
Shakespeare.

Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.—*Shakespeare.*

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Young.

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream.—*Scott.*

The past lives o'er again,
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning present is its image.—*Coleridge.*

2633. PAST. Progress in the

OH sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right !
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man ;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold :
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.—*Whittier.*

2634. PASTOR. Lot of the

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong

To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned pastor dwells, their watchful lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,
Though pride's least lurking thought appears a
wrong

To humankind ; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart ; can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, array'd in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to Divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?
Wordsworth.

2635. PASTORS. Faithful

A TRUE good man there was of religion,
Pious and poor, the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work,
And thereto a right learned man ; a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught
The word of life he from the gospel caught ;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth what should iron do ?
Not of reproach imperious or malign,
But in his teaching soothing and benign ;
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.—*Chaucer.*

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd ;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught) :
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
Dryden.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd,
Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.—*Dryden.*

In his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

Goldsmith.

Of the deep learning in the schools of yore,
The reverend pastor hath a golden stock :
Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
The better cravings of his simple flock ;
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock ;
For well he knows, not learning's purest tides
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.

Mrs Little.

2636. PASTORS. Inconsistent

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.—*Shakespeare.*

2637. PATIENCE. Angel of

To cheer, to help us, children of the dust,
More than one angel has Our Father given ;
But one alone is faithful to her trust,
The best, the brightest exile out of heaven.

Her ways are not the ways of pleasantness ;
Her paths are not the lightsome paths of joy ;
She walks with wrongs that cannot find redress,
And dwells in mansions Time and Death destroy.

She waits until her stern precursor, Care,
Has lodged on foreheads, open as the morn,
To plough his deep, besieging trenches there—
The signs of struggles which the heart has borne.

But when the first cloud darkens in our sky,
And face to face with Life we stand alone,
Silent and swift, behold ! she draweth nigh,
And mutely makes our sufferings her own.

Unto rebellious souls, that, mad with Fate,
To question God's eternal justice dare,
She points above with looks that whisper, 'Wait—
What seems confusion here is wisdom there.'

Daughter of God ! who walkest with us here,
Who mak'st our every tribulation thine,
Such light hast thou in Earth's dim atmosphere,
How must thy seat in heaven exalted shine !

Bayard Taylor.

2638. PATIENCE. Angel of

A GENTLE angel walketh throughout a world of woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below :

His peaceful smile invites them to love and to confide,
Oh ! follow in His footsteps, keep closely by His side !

To soft and tearful sadness, He changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief
and care ;

Where midnight shades are brooding, He pours the
light of noon,

And every grievous wound He heals, most surely, if
not soon.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear,
His watchword is, 'Be patient, the journey's end is
near !'

And even through the toilsome way, He tells of joy
to come,

And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to
his home.

2639. PATIENCE. Angel of

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.
There's quiet in that Angel's glance !
There's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.
Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !
O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, 'Be resign'd :
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !'

Whittier.

2640. PATIENCE. Difficulty of exercising

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's moral, when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;
My griefs are louder than advertisement.

Shakespeare.

Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause
(They can be meek that have no other cause) :

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

Shakespeare.

Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ,
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;
Unless he feels within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold. — *Milton.*

2641. PATIENCE : enjoined.

WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here ;
Be comforted ! thou need'st not fear
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will ;
Rest on this anchor and be still ;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God. — *Gerhardt.*

2642. PATIENCE. Example of

O YE, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue,
Who shrink from persecution's rod,
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God,
And in His griefs forget your own.
Forsaken are ye?—so was He ;
Reviled?—yet check the 'vengeful word ;
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er his suffering Lord ?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot :
Deluded man from God may fly,
But when was man by God forgot ?

Mrs Sigourney.

2643. PATIENCE. Exhortation to

OH ! foolish heart, be still,
And vex thyself no more,
Wait thou for God until
He opens pleasure's door.
Thou know'st not what is good for thee,
But God doth know,—
Let Him thy strong reliance be,
And rest thee so. — *C. F. Gellert.*

2644. PATIENCE. Help to

IN such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thirstily sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others, suffering more.

Cowper.

2645. PATIENCE. Lessons of

BE patient ! oh, be patient ! Put your ear against
the earth ;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed
has birth ;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the
blade stands up in day.

Be patient ! oh, be patient ! the germs of mighty
thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under-
ground be wrought ;
But as sure as there's a power that makes the grass
appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time
shall be here.

Be patient ! oh, be patient ! go and watch the wheat-
ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor
throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully
grown,
And then again day after day, till the ripen'd field
is brown.

Be patient ! oh, be patient ! though yet our hopes
are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crown'd with
sunny sheen.

Be ripening ! be ripening ! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on
freedom's harvest day !

2646. PATIENCE. Reward of

'With patience sour grapes become sweetmeats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.'—*Oriental Proverb.*

CALM daughter of the might of God,
Large-handed, firm, not prone to speak ;
Delighting to make strong the weak,
To lift with those who bear the load.

I long for that I do not find ;
It rests above, high out of reach.
Then comest thou, with skill to teach
The better habits of the mind.

I wait uneasily and strive,
Resentful at the motion slow
Of leaves which spread and worms which grow,
And, unproducing, seem to thrive.

But, after all, the grape will round,
Ruddy and ripe, with perfect juice ;
And, after all, the worm hath use,
When its cocoon is fully wound.

And then I drink, at length, the wine
Of long-enduring sun and rain,
And wear the robe which I was fain
In other days to seek for mine.—*Duffield.*

2647. PATIENCE. Reasons for

OH, my tried soul, be patient ! Roughest rinds
Fold over sweetest fruitage ; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvests on the fields ;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows
Have fallen deepest, and the fairest flowers
Spring from old dead decay ; the darkest mine
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell ;
And stars are born of darkness—day of night.
Oh, my tried soul, be patient ! Yet for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life ;
God, the one giver, grants no boon to earth
That He withholds from thee ; and from the depth
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves ;
Perchance, new gladness, and the freshest hopes.
Oh ! there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffer'd, for I know great strength
Is born of suffering ; and I trust that still
Wrapt in the dry husks of my outer life
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering ; stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me, Thou Great All-Patient ! for the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail :
Add to my human Thy Divine strength ;

When next I falter, rouse my faith as now,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee.

Caroline A. Briggs.

2648. PATIENCE. Success of

HASTE not : the flying courser, over-heated, dies,
While step by step the patient camel goalward plies.
Oriental.

2649. PATIENCE. True

PATIENCE in cowards is tame, hopeless fear ;
But in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.
Dryden.

2650. PATIENCE. Value of

How poor are they who have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

Shakespeare.

Patience, my lord ! why 'tis the soul of peace :
Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven ;
It makes men look like gods : the best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Dexter.

E'en the best must own,

Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.—*Young.*

2651. PATIENCE. Victory of

PATIENCE is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude ;
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.—*Milton.*

2652. PATIENT LOVE. Christ's example of

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below !
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

For ever on Thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

Oh ! give us hearts to love like Thee,—
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord with Thee.

2653. PATRIOTISM. Innate

BUT where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations make their blessings even.

Goldsmith.

2654. PATRIOTISM. Lack of

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.—*Scott.*

2655. PATRIOTISM. Maxim of

THAT grounded maxim,
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield.—*Milton.*

2656. PATRIOTISM. Sacrifices of

Calendario. BUT if we fail—
Bertuccio. They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;

Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.—*Byron.*

2657. PATRIOTISM. Shrines of

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!—*Collins.*

2658. PATRIOTISM. Universal

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
'Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?'
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,

Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

James Montgomery.

2659. PATRIOTS.

PATRIOTS, in peace, assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might.

Dryden.

All private virtue is the public fund :
As that abounds, the state decays or thrives :
Each should contribute to the general stock,
And who lends most is most his country's friend.

Jephson.

Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds un-
done ;
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound !
While the mere victors may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the Future shall be free.—*Byron.*

What constitutes a state ?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starr'd and spangled courts
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No :—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain :—
These constitute a state.—*Sir William Jones.*

2660. PATTERN. Neglecting the

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,
Among the colours bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turn'd his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas ! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof ;

When her voice recall'd him suddenly
To himself, as sadly she said :
' Ah, woe is me ! for your work is spoil'd,
And what will we do for bread ? '

And then the weaver look'd, and saw
His work must be undone ;
For the threads were wrong, and the colours dimm'd,
Where the bitter tears had run.

' Alack, alack ! ' said the weaver,
' And this had all been right
If I had not look'd at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight ! '

Ah ! said it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife ;
And sad it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task of life,

' The colours that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years ;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stain'd
The woof with bitter tears.

' We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love—
Because we look'd at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above ! '—*Phæbe Cary.*

2661. PAUPER. Death of a

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend ;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hand,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp, and then—
The parting groan.

O change ! O wondrous change !

Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there* so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change ! stupendous change !

There lies the soulless clod ;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.—*Caroline Bowles.*

2662. PAUPER. Funeral of a

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round
trot—

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs ;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings :

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

Oh, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are none ;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man ;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can :

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and
din !

The whip, how it cracks ! and the wheels, how they
spin !

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd ;
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach !

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last ;

But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast :

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother convey'd,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid !

And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid
low,

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go !

Rattle his bones over the stones !

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad

Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend !

Bear soft his bones over the stones !

*Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet
owns !—Hood.*

2663. PEACE : at the Birth of Christ.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still, with awe-full eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed
wave.—*Milton.*

2664. PEACE. Blessings of

PEACE,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful birth.

Shakespeare.

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease :
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise ;
And war more force, but not more pains, employs.
Dryden.

Oh, first of human blessings ! and supreme !
Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Live, brothers like, in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.

Thomson.

O beauteous Peace !
Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people ?

Thomson.

Oh, Peace ! thou source and soul of social life ;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee !

Thomson.

2665. PEACE. Christ's

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labour'd heavily,
Foam glitter'd white,

Trembled the mariners,
Peril was high ;
Then said the GOD of GOD—
'Peace! It is I.'

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest !
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light—
'Peace! It is I.'

JESU, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me :
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea ;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth—
'Peace! It is I.'

Anatolius, tr. by J. M. Neale.

2666. PEACE. Christ's bequest of

ERE our dear Saviour spoke the parting word
To those who loved Him best when here below,
While deep emotion every bosom stirr'd,
He said, 'My Peace I give you ere I go !'

His Peace. Sweet Peace! As falls the summer
dew

On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

His Peace—Christ's Peace! O gift most rare and
strange!

Never was aught so precious given before!
Vain trifler he who would that gift exchange
For all the riches of Golconda's shore!

His Peace—His blessed Peace! Not Joy, the bright
Bewildering sprite that charm'd their early years,
When, with youth's roses crown'd, and clad in light,
Her radiant eyes had ne'er been dimm'd by tears;

But Peace that walks with Patience, side by side,
Bearing Heaven's seal upon her pale, calm face:
Child of Submission, whatsoe'er betide,
She wears the white robes of celestial grace.

O Christ! whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must
fill,

Withhold what else Thou wilt—but give us Peace!

Mrs Dorr.

2667. PEACE: comes only from Christ.

WHEN across the heart deep waves of sorrow
Break, as on a dry and barren shore;
When hope glistens with no bright to-morrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore;

When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving stream;
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream,—

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding?
Who the aching void within shall fill?
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still?

Only He whose wounded heart was broken
With the bitter cross and thorny crown;
Whose dear love glad words of joy had spoken;
Who His life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer! all our burdens lighten;
Give us peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray;
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,
And all mists and shadows flee away.—*Alford.*

2668. PEACE: comes only from Christ.

LIFE's mystery—deep, restless, as the ocean—
Hath surged and wail'd for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripen'd grain.
Ah! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charm'd hearts forget their drear com-
plaining.

No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
O Lamb that hast been slain, we find in Thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands,—
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee!

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels ;
 Thy thorn-crown'd brow now wears the crown of
 power ;
 And, when the dread enigma presseth sore,
 Thy patient voice saith, ' Watch with Me one
 hour.'
 As sinks the moaning river in the sea
 In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2669. PEACE. Divine

PEACE upon peace, like wave on wave,
 This is the portion that I crave ;
 The peace of God which passeth thought,
 The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
 Peace like the morning's silent glow,
 From day to day, in love supplied,
 An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace through the night and through the day,
 Peace through all windings of our way,
 In pain, and toil, and weariness,
 A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow
 Upon a stranger here below ;
 O God of peace, Thy peace impart
 To every troubled, trembling heart.—*Bonar.*

2670. PEACE. Glory of

A PEACE is of the nature of a conquest ;
 For then both parties nobly are subdued,
 And neither party loser.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis less to conquer than to make wars cease,
 And, without fighting, awe the world to peace.
Halifax.

Peace, greatness best becomes. Calm power doth
 guide
 With a far more imperious stateliness,
 Than all the swords of violence can do :
 And easier gains those ends she tends unto.—*Daniel.*

2671. PEACE : in death

SURE the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
 Night dews fall not more calmly on the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.—*Blair.*

2672. PEACE. Love and

THERE is a story told
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it :
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
 ' O son of peace ! ' the giant cried, ' thy fate
 Is seal'd at last, and love shall yield to hate.'
 The unarm'd Buddha looking, with no trace
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
 With pity said : ' Poor fiend, even thee I love.'
 Lo ! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
 To handbreadth size ; the huge abhorrence shrank
 Into the form and fashion of a dove ;
 And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
 Brooding above him sweetly sang the bird :
 ' Hate hath no harm for love,' so ran the song,
 ' And peace unweapon'd conquers every wrong !'

Whittier.

2673. PEACE. Perfect

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully :
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieeth,
 Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
 There is a temple sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hush'd stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieeth,
 Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord ! in Thee.

O Rest of rests ! O Peace serene, eternal !
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2674. PEACE. Perfect : not far off.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
 Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright ' for ever,'
 Amid the shadows of earth's ' little while.'

' A little while,' for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong ;
 ' A little while,' to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest-song.

'A little while,' to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways ;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

'A little while,' 'midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell ;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, 'He doth all things well !'

'A little while,' the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain Head.

'A little while,' to keep the oil from failing,
'A little while,' faith's flickering lamp to trim ;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad 'for ever'
Will light the shadows of the 'little while.'

Mrs Crewdson.

2675. PEACE. Prayer for

JESUS, pitying Saviour, hear me ;
Draw Thou near me ;
Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me,
For Thou knowest all my sorrow ;
Night and morrow
Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Peace I cannot find : oh, take me,
Lord, and make me
From the yoke of evil free ;
Calm this longing never-sleeping,
Still my weeping,
Grant me hope once more in Thee.

Thou, my God and King, hast known me,
Yet hast shown me
True and loving is Thy will ;
Though my heart from Thee oft ranges,
Through its changes,
Lord, Thy love is faithful still.

Here I bring my will, oh take it ;
'Thine, Lord, make it ;
Calm this troubled heart of mine :
In Thy strength I too may conquer ;
Wait no longer ;
Show in me Thy grace Divine. — *Tersteegen.*

2676. PEACE. Prophecies of

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end. — *Pope.*

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace !'

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies ;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holiest melodies of love arise. — *Longfellow.*

'Peace,' shall the world outwearied ever see
Its universal reign ? Will states, will kings,
Put down these murderous and unholy things,
Which fill the earth with blood and misery ?
Will nations learn that love—not enmity—
Is heaven's first lesson—which beneath the wings
Of mercy, brooding over land and sea,
Fills earth with joy by its soft ministrings ?
'Twere a sad prospect—'twere a vista dark
As midnight—could this wearied mortal eye,
Through the dim mists that veil futurity,
Discern not that heaven-bright though distant spark,
Lighted by prophecy, whose ray sublime
Sheds a soft gleam of hope o'er the dull path of time

I hate that noisy drum, it is a sound
That tells of war, of bondage, and I blush
That liberty had ever cause to rush
Into a warrior's arms ; that right e'er found
Asylum in the furious field. Not so
The holy crowns of genuine glory grow ;
Not there should they who bear the badge serene
Of Him who was the Prince of Peace, be seen :
Can such His faithful followers be ?—Oh no !
His laurels are not drench'd in blood, but green
And beautiful as spring ;—His arms are love
And mercy and forgiveness ; and with them
He rules the nations' mighty destinies
And gently leads us to our homes above.

Bourne.

2677. PEACE. Settled

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace !
Sure as Jehovah's name ;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-seal'd friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

My love is oft-times low,
 My joy still ebbs and flows,
 But peace with Him remains the same,
 No change Jehovah knows.

I change, He changes not,
 The Christ can never die !
 His love, not mine, the resting-place,
 His truth, not mine, the tie !

The cross still stands unchanged,
 Though heaven is now His home ;
 The mighty stone is roll'd away,
 But yonder is His tomb !

And yonder is my peace,
 The grave of all my woes !
 I know the Son of God has come,
 I know He died and rose !

I know He liveth now
 At God's right hand above,
 I know the throne on which He sits,
 I know His truth and love !—*Bonar.*

2678. PEACE : undervalued.

MEN are unhappy when they know not how
 To value peace without its loss,
 And from the want learn how to use
 What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.
Howard.

2679. PEACE. Waiting for

AMID the darkness, when the storm
 Swept fierce and wild o'er Galilee,
 Was seen of old, dear Lord, Thy form,
 All calmly walking on the sea ;
 And raging elements were still,
 Obedient to Thy sovereign will.

So on life's restless, heaving wave,
 When night and storm my sky o'ercast,
 Oft hast Thou come to cheer and save,
 Hast changed my fear to joy at last ;
 Thy voice hath bid the tumult cease,
 And soothed my throbbing heart to peace.

But ah ! too soon my fears return,
 And dark mistrust disturbs anew ;
 What smother'd fires within yet burn
 My days of peace, alas, how few !
 These heart-throes—shall they ne'er be past ?
 These strifes—shall they for ever last ?

I heed not danger, toil, or pain,
 Care not how hard the storm may beat,
 If in my heart Thy peace may reign,
 And faith and patience keep their seat ;

If strength Divine may nerve my soul,
 And love my every thought control.

Oh may that voice that quell'd the sea,
 And laid the surging waves to rest,
 Speak in my spirit, set me free
 From passions that disturb my breast ;
 Jesus, I yield me to Thy will,
 And wait to hear Thy 'Peace, be still !'

Ray Palmer.

2680. PEACE AND JOY : how they are obtained.

ORT when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task,
 Involving care and strife ;
 Is this the boon for which we sought ?
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

This is, indeed, the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems ;
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams ;
 For when we are the most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field
 Wherein, to us unknown,
 A treasure lies conceal'd,
 Which may be all our own ;
 And shall we of the toil complain
 That speedily will bring us gain ?

We dig the wells of life,
 And God the water gives ;
 We win our way by strife ;
 Then He within us lives ;
 And only war could make us meet
 For peace so sacred and so sweet.—*Lynch.*

2681. PEASANTS.

ILL fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay :
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

Goldsmith.

Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;

Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

Goldsmith.

Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Gray.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
The short'ning winter-day draws near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn at ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward
bend.—*Burns.*

2682. PEN. The

THE poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling ;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms ;
And marks the variations of all mind
As does the needle.—*Bailey.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand ! itself a nothing !
But taking sorcery from the master hand,
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless !—*Bulwer.*

2683. PENITENCE : exemplified in the woman
who had been a sinner.

SHE sat and wept beside His feet. The weight
Of sin oppress'd her heart ; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date.

Only the sin remain'd, the leprous state ;
She would be melted by the heat of love
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver her adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch ;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.

I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears :
Make me a humble thing of love and tears !

Hartley Coleridge.

2684. PENITENCE. Prayer of

My God, oh let me call Thee mine,
Weak, wretched sinner though I be ;
My trembling soul would fain be Thine,
My feeble faith still clings to Thee !

Not only for the past I grieve,
The future fills me with dismay ;
Unless Thou hasten to relieve,
Thy suppliant is a castaway !

I cannot say my faith is strong,
I dare not hope my love is great :
But strength and love to Thee belong ;
Oh do not leave me desolate !

I know I owe my all to Thee ;
Oh take the heart I cannot give !
Do Thou my strength, my Saviour be,
And *make* me to Thy glory live.

Anne Bromfi.

2685. PENITENCE. Tears of

THE fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise ;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalation reach the skies.

Moor.

2686. PEOPLE. The

THE people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow ;
But unopposed they either lose their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former course.

Dryden.

Thus think the crowd, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage ;
Who ne'er consider, but without a pause
Make up in passion what they want in cause.

Dryden.

2687. PERFECTION. Degree of

PRESS to the mark (the Spirit cries,
And cannot cry to saints in vain) ;
Ambitious of your calling's prize,
The height of holiness attain.
Let down from heaven the ladder see,
And mount, till all the steps are past.
Perfection is the last degree,
Perfection is attain'd the last.

Charles Wesley.

2688. PERFECTION. Natural

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—*Shakespeare.*

2689. PERFECTION : not to be found.

WHOEVER thinks a perfect work to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
Pope.

2690. PERFECTION : reached through suffering.

PERFECT through suffering ! Is this the path
My Saviour trod ?
And shall I shrink to follow Thee,
Thou Lamb of God ?

Perfect through suffering ! The heart may faint
Upon the road,
And flesh and spirit both may fail ;—
Yet hope in God.

Perfect through suffering ! The gold refined,
No dross remains,
And o'er the furnace watcheth One,
To guide the flames.

Perfect through suffering ! Is this the path
My Saviour trod ?
Then welcome be its fiery cross ;
It leads to God.

2691. PERFECTION : slowly attained.

NATURE, in her productions, slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height.
Somerville.

So slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
Cowper.

2692. PERFECTION : unexpectedly attained.

MANY things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
Dryden.

2693. PERFECTION. Way of

OH, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth !
God only is the creature's home ;
Though long and rough the road,
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Oh ! utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above :
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love ?

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on.
The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task—
Oh ! these are graces far below
What longing love would ask.

Dole not thy duties out to God ;
But let thy hand be free :
Look long at Jesus : His sweet blood—
How was it dealt to thee ?
The perfect way is hard to flesh :
It is not hard to love.
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move !

Oh ! keep thy conscience sensitive ;
No inward token miss ;
And go where grace entices thee :
Perfection lies in this.
Be docile to thine unseen Guide ;
Love Him as He loves thee :
Faith and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.—*Faber.*

2694. PERSECUTION.

AND when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.
Fraed.

2695. PERSEVERANCE. Call to

IF aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill
Denham.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
Herrick.

Come, labour on :
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
'Go, work to-day' ?

Come, labour on :
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be fill'd, and blanks supplied ;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is 'Come.'

Come, labour on :
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away :
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumber'd not.

Come, labour on :
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done !'

Come, labour on :
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
Bless'd are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

2696. PERSEVERANCE. Christian

TOIL on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come !—*Bonar.*

2697. PERSEVERANCE : necessary.

PERSEVERANCE

Keeps honour bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.—*Shakespeare.*

2698. PERSEVERANCE. Reward of

HE who flies

In war or peace, who his great purpose yields,
He is the only villain of this world :
But he who labours firm and gains his point,
Be what it will, which crowns him with success,
He is the son of fortune and of fame
By those admired, those specious villains most,
That else had bellow'd out reproach against him.

Thomson.

Hast thou attempted greatness ? Then go on ;
Back-turning slackens resolution.—*Herrick.*

Perseverance is a virtue
That wins each god-like act, and plucks success
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

Havard.

2699. PHILANTHROPY. Reward of

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou ?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one ?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

Leigh Hunt.

2700. PHILANTHROPY. Works of

FROM realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Mild Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud and fetters clank,
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan,
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows ;
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil and prodigal of health ;
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains ;
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life—
Onward he moves ! disease and death retire ;
And murmuring demons hate him and admire.

Darwin.

2701. PHILOSOPHERS.

MUCH learned dust

Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

Cooper.

They give the reins to wandering thoughts,
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.—*Milton.*

As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline ;
Or as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind,

In every point to make it fit
Will force all nature to submit.—*Swift*.

2702. PHILOSOPHY: baffled.

SURVEY the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
The attractive amber's power, invisible
Even to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from the electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it! Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands with all His circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn, in th' ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.—*Smart*.

2703. PHILOSOPHY. False

FALSE philosophy inspires
Fallacious hope.—*Milton*.

2704. PHILOSOPHY. Incompleteness of

THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakespeare*.

2705. PHILOSOPHY. Instinctive

BEHOLD

Where yon pellucid, populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel, in the reflecting glass,
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May, with astonishment invidious, view
His toils out-done by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.—*Smart*.

2706. PHILOSOPHY. Powerlessness of

I PRAY thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Shakespeare.

Alas! had reason ever yet the power
To talk down grief, or bid the tortured wretch
Not feel his anguish? 'tis impossible!

Whitehead.

Philosophy and Reason! Oh, how vain
Their lessons to the feelings! They but teach
To hide them deeper, and to show a calm
Unruffled surface to the idle gaze.—*Miss Bogart*.

2707. PHILOSOPHY. Province of

PHILOSOPHY consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.

Thomson.

2708. PHILOSOPHY. Sweetness of

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.—*Milton*.

2709. PHILOSOPHY. The Stoic

IN lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.—*Pope*.

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind:
They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flowers were ravish'd too.—*Moore*.

2710. PHILOSOPHY. Toils of

PHILOSOPHY

Did much, refining and exalting man:
But could not nurse a single plant that bore
True happiness. From age to age she toil'd;
Shed from her eyes the mist that dimm'd them still,
Look'd forth on man; explored the wild and tame,
The savage and polite, the sea and land,
And starry heavens; and then retired far back
To meditation's silent shady seat;
And there sat pale, and thoughtfully, and weigh'd,
With wary, most exact, and scrupulous care,
Man's nature, passions, hopes, propensities,
Relations, and pursuits, in reason's scale;
And search'd and weigh'd, and weigh'd and search'd
again,
And many a fair and goodly volume wrote,
That seem'd well worded too, wherein were found
Uncountable receipts, pretending each,
If carefully attended to, to cure
Mankind of folly; to root out the briars,
And thorns, and weeds that choked the growth of
joy:
And showing, too, in plain and decent phrase,

Which sounded much like wisdom's, how to plant,
To shelter, water, culture, prune, and rear
The tree of happiness; and oft their plans
Were tried; but still the fruit was green and sour.

Pollok.

2711. PHILOSOPHY. Value of

SERENE Philosophy,
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man!
A savage roaring through the woods and wilds,
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life.—*Thomson.*

2712. PHRENOLOGY.

FOR of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser.

Away with all doubt and misgiving;
Now lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No men can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.
No more need we fly the bright glances
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And love by the bumps we explore!
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed;
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head.

Literary Gazette.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato, or the Stagyrte:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.

Moore.

2713. PHYSIC.

WHEN nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void:
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.—*Dryden.*

He 'scapes the best, who nature to repair
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
Dryden.

2714. PHYSICIANS.

THE first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began and sloth sustains the trade.

By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.

Dryden.

Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest.—*Dryden.*

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.—*Churchill.*

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem:—but although we sneer
In health,—when sick, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.—*Byron.*

2715. PIETY. Importance of

'ARE virtue, then, and piety the same?'
No—piety is more; 'tis virtue's source—
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest:
They smile at piety, yet boast aloud
Good will to men; nor know they strive to part
What nature joins, and thus confute themselves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies—
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good:
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake.
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man:
Some sinister intent taints all he does,
And in his kindest actions, he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.

Young.

2716. PIETY. Intelligence and

Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right?
The fix'd fee-simple of the vain and light?
Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
That come to waft us out of sorrow's power,
Obscure or quench a faculty that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?
Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
And brings the trifler under rigorous sway,

But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And purifying, makes it shine the more.
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight ;
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth ;
Temperance and peace insure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.—*Cowper*.

2717. PIETY. Secret of

A PINING sceptic towards a raptured saint inclined,
And ask'd him how the Boundless Lover, God, to find.

A smile divine across the saint's pale features stole,
As thus in wise and pitying love he pour'd his soul :
'Ah, hapless wanderer ! long from life's true bliss
shut out,

In night of sin forlorn and wilderness of doubt,
Prepared am I with thy sad lot to sympathize,
For o'er my own dim tracks thy dark experience lies.
Now list and ponder deep, the secret while I tell
Of all the lore with which angelic bosoms swell.
Whoso would careless tread one worm that crawls
the sod,

That cruel man is darkly alienate from God ;
But he that lives, embracing all that is, in love,
To dwell with him God bursts all bounds, below,
above.'—*Oriental*.

2718. PIETY. Womanly

RIGHT from the hand of God her spirit came
Unstain'd, and she hath ne'er forgotten whence
It came, nor wander'd far from thence,
But laboureth to keep her still the same,
Near to her place of birth, that she may not
Soil her white raiment with an earthly spot.
Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth ;
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought, and word, and feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven ; and her heart
Herein doth show its most exceeding worth,
That, bearing in our frailty her just part,
She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood :
For this I love her great soul more than all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly thrall,
She walks so bright and heaven-like therein—
Too wise, too meek, too womanly, to sin.—*Lowell*.

2719. PILGRIM'S PSALM. A

I DO not doubt my safety—that Thy hand
Will still uphold me, even to the last,
And that my feet on Canaan's hill shall stand,
When the long wilderness is overpast ;
But often faith is weak, and hope is low ;
Forward, indeed, but faint and wearily I go.

I do not doubt Thy love, my Lord and God,
The love which suffer'd and which died for me,
The love which sought me on the downward road,
Unclasp'd the fetters, set the captive free !
But mine seems now so languid, dull, and cold—
Oh for the blissful hours which I have known of old !

I do not doubt, unworthy though I be,
Thy worthiness, my Saviour, is my own !
One of Thy many mansions is for me,
In the good land where sorrow is unknown ;
But often clouds obscure the distant scene,
And from the flood I shrink, which darkly rolls be-
tween.

Lord ! at the evening time let there be light ;
Unveil Thy presence, bid all darkness fly ;
Surely, ere now, far spent must be the night,
The morning comes, the journey's end is nigh ;
Renew my strength, what yet remains to run,
Till glory crown the work which grace has here
begun.

2720. PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us ;
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark ;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere Death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls ! for Jesus bids you come !
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee !

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
last !

Cheer up, my soul! Faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping!
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Faber.

2721. PILGRIMS. Landing of the

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the Anthem of the Free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines by the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that Pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither *there*,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high;
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!—*Mrs Hemans.*

2722. PITIFULNESS: the choice of Ambrose.

AMBROSE of Cluny, abbot (now a saint),
Thus, at the altar kneeling, made his plaint:
'Father, Thou knowest how I have striven to be
Faithful through many weary years to Thee.
Not that alone I mortified the flesh,
Lest Thy Son's wounds might gape and bleed afresh;
Not that to poverty my alms I gave,
And made each step as walking on my grave;
Not that with vigil and with zeal untold
I ceaseless guard the sheep within Thy fold;
But ease and honours, all most dear to me,
Have, with my being, been consecrate to Thee.
Yet anxious thoughts and heart-pangs will not cease,
Leaving me wretched. Father, give me peace!'

Then, lo! all Heaven was open'd to his sight,
With the Ineffable enthroned in light.
His vision could not pierce that glory through;
No definite figure smote his ravish'd view;
But dazzling splendour, brightness so intense,
He only felt, not saw, Omnipotence;
And from that Sun of suns a Living Word,
Not by the ear, but by the spirit heard:

'Choose, Ambrose, thou, of these conditions twain,
And, having chosen, in that choice remain:
Take thou a lack of pity for men's woes,
And to their misery let thy vision close,
And with this coldness let thy sufferings cease;
Or for thy fellow-men lay down thy peace,
And take the power, coupled with thine unrest,
To make the suffering ones around thee blest.'

Then Ambrose answer'd: 'Lord! if unto me
The choice be given, the latter let it be.
To walk indifferent through the world alone,
Callous and ruthless, asks a heart of stone.
Such happiness were woe. Let me possess
The soul to pity and the power to bless,
To give, with cheering words and kindly deeds,
Relief to all, according to their needs.'

'So be it,' said the Word. Then gloom came o'er,
Intenser from the glory there before.

Ambrose resumed his work; for many years
Strengthen'd the weak and dried the sufferers' tears,
Nursed the sick poor, and shielded the oppress'd;
Yet knew nor happiness, nor ease, nor rest.
Follow'd by blessings, yet retaining woe,
To white-hair'd age he pass'd existence so.
But when upon his dying couch he lay
Into his chamber came a steady ray,
Which widen'd till of light there seem'd a flood;
And in its midst the blessed Saviour stood.

'Come!' said the Presence. Freed of every ill,
Good Ambrose felt his soul with rapture thrill.
Death had no sting! Caught to the Master's breast,
Who blest his fellow-men in turn was blest.

T. D. English.

2723. PITY.

NOUGHT is there under Heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind
Than beauty brought 't' unworthy wretchedness;
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and vast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony;
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Spenser.

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs.

Shakespeare.

None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, would not beware.

Herrick.

Pity only on fresh objects stays,
But with the tedious sight of woes decays.

Dryden.

And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I learn to pity woes so like my own.—*Dryden.*

The brave are ever tender,
And feel the miseries of suffering virtue

Martyn.

Pity is sworn servant unto Love,
And this be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets the master in.

Daniel.

Soft Pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where Love has been received a welcome guest;
As wandering saints poor huts have blessed made,
He hallows every heart he once has sway'd,
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves Compassion as a relic there.—*Sheridan.*

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do.

Byron.

2724. PITY. God's

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!
And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear?
And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?
And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!—*Blake.*

2725. PLACE: does not change character.

A JEWEL fallen within the mire
Will sparkle still, and still aspire;
But dust, although on wings it fly,
Is dust when lifted to the sky.

From the Persian of Saadi.

2726. PLACE—the lowliest may be filled worthily.

WHAT though unmark'd the happy workman toil,
And break, unthank'd of man, the stubborn clod!
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.
Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph stray'd should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong.—*Jean Ingelow.*

2727. PLAYERS.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? and all for nothing?

Shakespeare.

They abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice; indeed 'tis true;
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them: they do live, we see,
Like cooks by pampering prodigality;

Which are our fond accusers. On the stage,
We set an usurer to tell his age ;
How ugly looks his soul : a prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one play
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,
And foppish humours : hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' ears, so well as eyes.

Randolph.

2728. PLEASURE. Clog of

WHO after wisdom flies must guard both foot and wing
From pleasure's honey, or therein he'll stick and cling.—*Oriental.*

2729. PLEASURE: elusive.

PLEASURES are few, and fewer we enjoy :
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains
What is it but rank poison in your veins?

Young.

2730. PLEASURE: evanescent.

GIVE me long dreams and visions of content,
Rather than pleasures in a minute spent :
And since I know before, the shedding rose
In that same instant doth her sweetness lose ;
Upon the virgin stock still let her dwell,
For me to feast my longings with her smell.
Those are but counterfeits of joy at best,
Which languish soon as brought unto the test,
Nor can I hold it worth his pains, who tries
To inn that harvest which by reaping dies.

King.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm—
Nae man can tether time or tide.—*Burns.*

2731. PLEASURE. Excess of

BUT not even pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low :
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,

The further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.

Thomson.

Pleasure, admitted in undue degree,
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

Peace follows virtue as its sure reward ;
And Pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

Cowper.

2732. PLEASURE. False

ADMIRERS of false pleasures must sustain
The weight and sharpness of ensuing pain.

Beaumont.

Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;
But pleasure full of glory as of joy ;
Pleasure which neither blushes nor expires.

Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason shuns.

Young.

2733. PLEASURE. Influence of

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.—*Shakespeare.*

Pleasure and Revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.—*Shakespeare.*

2734. PLEASURE. Lawless

SHORT is the course of every lawless pleasure—
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height ;
But, downwards as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.—*Milton.*

2735. PLEASURE: not man's chief end.

JUDGE not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet ;
Created as thou art to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine !—*Milton.*

2736. PLEASURE. Power of

OF pleasure next the final cause explore ;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, Pleasure came from heaven.
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first succours virtue ; in return,
Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.

What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief we pray,
(All prayer would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize).
It serves ourselves, our species, and our GOD;
And to serve more is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows.—*Young.*

2737. PLEASURE. Sensuous

ONE said, 'Better a single drop of pleasure,
Than to possess a hog's head full of wisdom.'
Such thought it fitteth a hog's head to treasure,
In filthy dregs of sense appointing his doom;
But sooth, one drop of wisdom is far better
Than pleasure in whole bottomless abysses:
For sense's fool must wear remorse's fetter,
When duty's servant reigns where endless bliss is.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2738. PLEASURE. Sources of

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
The rolling ships, and hear the tempest roar;
Not that another's pain is our delight,
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
Dryden.

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Goldsmith.

2739. PLEASURE. The sum of

KNOW, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.
Pope.

2740. PLEASURE: the object of universal pursuit.

ALL human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.
Warton.

Whate'er the motive, Pleasure is the mark:
For her the black assassin draws his sword;
For her dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp;
For her the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorns;
For her affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;—
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy.
Young.

2741. PLEASURE. Unexpected

PLEASURE that comes unlook'd for is thrice welcome;
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came
Is noted as a white day in our lives.—*Rogers.*

2742. POET. Admonition to the

PRAY ere thou writ'st, and after writing praise;
That God may bless and men may mind thy lays;
And in thy high and holy poet calling,
God keep thy heart from failing, feet from falling.
Bailey.

2743. POET. Fate of the

TRACE the young poet's fate:
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat overrate
His talents and his state? These scenes soon change.
The vain, who sought to mix their name with his;
The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle—all these have been gratified,
And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
Miss Landon.

2744. POET. Power of the

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.—*Shakespeare.*

2745. POET. Prayer of a

AWAKE in me a truer life!
A soul to labour and aspire;
Touch Thou my mortal lips, O God,
With Thine own truth's immortal fire!
Give strength unto my spirit's wing,
Give light unto my spirit's eye,
And let the sunshine of Thy smile
Upon my upward pathway lie!
Thus, when my soul in Thy pure faith
Hath grown serene, and free, and strong,
Thy greatness may exalt my thought,
Thy love make beautiful my song.
Miss Sara F. Clarke.

2746. POET. Priesthood of the

A PRIEST by Heaven ordain'd,
The Poet-seer at Nature's altar stands
To offer reverent worship for his race;
To coin in burning language golden truths,
Bodied in nature's hieroglyphic forms;
And word the grateful joy, and trusting love
And hope, which thousands feel but cannot speak.

Dewart.

2747. POET. Theme of the

THE land of song within thee lies,
Water'd by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts like stars arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.
Look, then, into thy heart and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
These can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.

Longfellow.

2748. POETRY. Effect of

HEarken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.—*George Herbert.*

Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told;
By the loud trumpet which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

Waller.

Well-sounding verses are the charms we use
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.

Roscommon.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.—*Gifford.*

2749. POETRY. Instinct of

THERE breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct call'd poetic sense:
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-form'd word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the field at large,
The girl, turn'd matron to her babe-like charge;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;

The slave who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain;
The hot-cheek'd reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing 'Auld lang syne';
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn;
The jewell'd beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier;
E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silver'd hair—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name.

Holmes.

2750. POETRY: should be pure.

CURST be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear!—*Pope.*

2751. POETS: are painters.

POETS are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
shown,
And nature is their object to be drawn.—*Gracille.*

2752. POETS. Our obligations to the

BLESSINGS be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

Wordsworth.

I have consider'd things beneath the sun
Like Solomon, and even some things done,
And know not where to seek more noble thought,
More spotless truth, or art more finely wrought,
Than in the works of bards of every time;
Of every creed and language, class and clime,
Of every science, song's the most sublime.—*Bailly.*

2753. POETS. Praise of the

THIS be the poet's praise,
That he hath ever been of Liberty
The steadfast friend; of Justice and of Truth
Firmest supporter; of high thoughts,
And all true beauty of the inner world,
Creator.—*American Prospectus—1763.*

2754. POETS: secret of their power.

'Tis long disputed whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame:

But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius of uncultured strain,
Are useless both ; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.

Horace, by Francis.

2755. POETS. Who are

YET, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me, for once, presume t' instruct the times
To know the poet from the man of rhymes :
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains ;
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
Enrage—compose—with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart ;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Horace, by Pope.

Poetry is itself a thing of God ;
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love and power—under-makers.

Bailey.

Poets are all who love—who feel great truths—
And tell them.—*Bailey.*

2756. POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

WHO'S in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen ;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show ;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire.

Churchill.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.—*Pope.*

Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art ;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

Congreve.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave,
The quaint, smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,
Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal,
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.—*Otway.*

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Goldsmith.

A politician, Proteus-like, must alter
His face, and habit ; and, like water, seem
Of the same colour that the vessel is

That doth contain it ; varying his form
With the chameleon at each object's change.

Mason.

2757. POOR. The : are often unjustly blamed.

AY ! idleness ! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries.—*Southey.*

2758. POOR. The :—Christ's representatives.

IN Weimar's orphanage, as evening fell,
Each child, with clasped hands upon his breast,
Thank'd God that he had spread their table well,
And pray'd : 'Dear Jesus, come and be our guest.'

Then little FRANZ, in whose large, earnest eyes
The shadow of some disappointment lay,
Ask'd : 'Master, doth Christ hear beyond the skies ?
He comes not though we ask Him every day.'

'Dear child,' the Master said, 'have thou no fear,
For the Good Shepherd loves this little flock ;
Keep thou His place ; some day He will be here.'—
Just then, upon the door, a trembling knock,

And lo ! a poor, half-frozen 'prentice lad,
Hungry and weary, ask'd a little bread ;
Sick and a stranger, he no shelter had,
And knew not where to lay his aching head.

They welcomed him with childish warmth and grace,
And artless words of sympathy they said ;
And every boy would gladly yield his place,
Or with the sick one share his little bed.

But FRANZ, with earnest eyes, sat still and thought,
Pondering as one that does not hear or see,
Till, in that blessed mood, by angels taught,
What had been dark he now saw perfectly.

Then to the Master ran, with footsteps light,
And climb'd his knee, and confidently said :
'The dear Lord Jesus could not come to-night,
And so He sent this poor one in His stead ;

'Is't so, my Master ?' And the Master's eyes
Fill'd with strange tears. 'O sweet, wise heart !'
he said,

'Truly thy prayer was heard beyond the skies,
And the Lord answer'd—just as thou hast said ;

'For He will come or send—of that be sure,
And He hath sent this answer unto thee ;
See here His word : "Just as ye treat My poor,
So, in as much, ye do it unto Me !"'

Lillie E. Barr.

2759. POOR. Duty of the

IF fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice
To which necessity confines thy price.—*Dryden*.

2760. POOR. The :—how they are to be treated.

'WE cannot always be giving;
The woman has come again;
She has such a whining story
Of hunger, or cold, or pain;
She wearies with petitions;
Her Johnny is out of a place,
Her children are sick with hunger—
I tire of her listless face.'

Grand Philip sat lazily reading;
The crimson gas-light shook,
From a shade that was ruby tinted,
Its red flakes over his book.
I thought that he did not notice;
But suddenly, sweet and low,
He said, with the voice of a dreamer,
'Don't let the woman go.'

And then, with his smile so royal,
So sweet with pity and pain,
He call'd her to the study,
Out of the merciless rain.
'Sit down, my friend;' and he gave her
The best chair in the place;
And I saw a quick blush brighten
Her haggard and listless face.

And then, in tones like music,
He sounded her frozen heart,
Till the thrill of a tender question
Sunder'd its ice apart;
And tears, and sobs, and passion
Came thick as the midnight rain;
And she told such a pitiful story
My own heart throbb'd with pain.

'You see,' said Philip, softly,
'She is greater than you or I;
She has struggled and conquer'd where we, love,
Would maybe sink down and die;
She has fought in the dark with demons,
With evil on every side;
And Satan hath tried to strip her
Even of her womanly pride.

'Love, let us be very tender;
The lowliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasures,
That only a God can see.'

So the woman left our study
With the face of an angel of light;
And she is my noblest pattern
Who came as a beggar that night.

2761. POOR. Prayers of the

AROUND each pure, domestic shrine,
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearths are altars all:
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal.—*Kehle*.

2762. POOR. The : seldom pitied.

FEW save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debar'd:
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.

L. E. Landon.

2763. POOR. The : should be treated kindly

HAVE pity on them, for their life
Is full of grief and care:
You do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear;
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer—
'Give us our daily bread.'

Mrs Worthington.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh term be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.—*Bates*.

2764. POPULARITY.

ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, win-
dows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him.—*Shakespeare*.

I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind

To hear him speak : the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts :
I never saw the like.—*Shakespeare.*

They more or less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
Even at his heels, in golden multitudes.

Shakespeare.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course ;
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke,
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage.—*Shakespeare.*

O momentary grace of mortal men !
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God ;
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down.—*Shakespeare.*

I have no taste
Of popular applause : The noisy praise
Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds ;
Still vehement, and still without a cause ;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success ; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.—*Dryden.*

O breath of public praise,
Short-lived and vain ! oft gain'd without desert,
Is often lost, unmerited : composed
But of extremes : thou first beginn'st with love
Enthusiastic, madness of affection ; then
(Bounding o'er moderation and o'er reason)
Thou turn'st to hate, as causeless and as fierce.

Havard.

Oh, popular applause, what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;
But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas !
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power ?

Cowper.

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car
To gaze in 's eyes and bless him. Maidens wave

Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy.
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and, turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.

Cowper.

2765. POSITION. Judging by

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn :
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will :
Wise if a minister ; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.

Pope.

2766. POSSESSION. Law of

WHAT men gain fairly—that they should possess,
And children may inherit idleness,
From him who earns it—this is understood ;
Private injustice may be general good,
But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoil'd ; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.—*Shelley.*

2767. POSSIBILITIES. Our

WE cannot all be heroes,
And thrill a hemisphere
With some great, daring venture,
Some deed that mocks at fear ;
But we can fill a lifetime
With kindly acts and true.
There's always noble service
For noble souls to do.

We cannot all be preachers,
And sway with voice and pen,
As strong winds sway the forest,
The minds and hearts of men ;
But we can be evangels
To souls within our reach.
There's always Love's own gospel
For loving hearts to preach.

We cannot all be martyrs,
And win a deathless name
By some divine baptism,
Some ministry of flame ;
But we can live for Truth's sake,
Can do for her and dare.
There's always faithful witness
For faithful lives to bear.—*C. A. Mason.*

2768. POSSIBILITY. Lost

LOOK in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
 I'm also call'd No-more, Too-late, Farewell ;
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell ;
 Cast up thy life's foam-fretted feet between ;
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
 Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
 Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
 Of ultimate things unutter'd, the frail screen.

Rossetti.

2769. POVERTY : a barrier to progress.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar ?
 Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with fortune an eternal war ?
 Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
 And poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

Beattie.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
 Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

Johnson.

2770. POVERTY : a political danger.

To men
 Press'd by their wants, all change is ever welcome.

Ben Jonson.

2771. POVERTY. Burden of

To mortal men great loads allotted be ;
 But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

Herrick.

2772. POVERTY. Contented

CLEON hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I ;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I ;
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I ;
 But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I ;
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot buy ;
 Cleon harbours sloth and dulness—freshening
 vigour, I ;
 He in velvet, I in fustian ; richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I ;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I.
 Wealth-surrounded, care-envir'd, Cleon fears to
 die ;

Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man
 am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I ;
 Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and sky ;

Nature sings to me for ever—earnest listener, I.
 State for state, with all attendants, who would
 change ? Not I.—*Mackay.*

2773. POVERTY. Degrading influence of

SLEEP seems their only refuge. For alas
 Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
 And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.

Cropper.

2774. POVERTY : ennobled.

BURNS o'er the plough sung sweet his wood-note
 wild ;

And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child.

Ebenzer Elliott.

2775. POVERTY. Fear of

RICHES endless is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Shakespeare.

2776. POVERTY. Happiness with

THINK you, indeed, Fate is unkind,
 In poverty's dull chains to bind
 Or fetter my aspiring mind ?

Ah ! think again :

Lady, my Father is a King :
 Around His throne immortals sing,
 Their faces veil !

This beauteous world, this air-hung ball,
 Sun, moon, and stars, both great and small,
 My Father made, and owns them all :

I am not poor.

And, when I read His Legacy, I find
 That He has will'd to me a kingdom,
 And I shall be of it possess'd.

I would not change my happy state
 For all the honours of the great,
 Or pleasures which around them wait :

They are vanity.

Poverty never was design'd
 To chain and fetter down the mind ;
 There are boundless fields to range, I find,
 In Jesus' grace.

I have no idolizèd gold,
 To canker or corrode my soul,
 Or in this world my heart to hold :
 Praisèd be God !

2777. POVERTY. Hardships of

THE poor sleep little : we must learn to watch
 Our labours late and early ; every morning,
 'Midst winter frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
 Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at our heels, and chases us in view.—*Otway.*

2778. POVERTY. Heritage of

WHAT doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.—*Lowell.*

2779. POVERTY. Honourable

BE thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul:
Say man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild the span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven
To virtue or to vice is given.
Say, to the just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Burns.

2780. POVERTY: is often self-inflicted.

BUT poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,
Th' effect of laziness, or sottish waste.

Cowper.

2781. POVERTY: lies in the mind.

HE is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires.

Daniel.

2782. POVERTY. Love in

O FAITHFUL love by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
Even as thy taper gives intensest light
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.

Ebenezer Elliott.

2783. POVERTY: not an evil.

WANT is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

Dryden.

2784. POVERTY. Riches of

WHY art thou cast down, my heart?
Why trouble, why dost mourn apart,
O'er nought but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God, be not afraid,
He is thy Friend, who all things made!

Dost think thy prayers He doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need;
And heaven and earth are His!
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

The rich man in his wealth confides;
But in my God my trust abides.
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast, that He hath taught:
Who trusts in God shall want for nought.

Yes, Lord: Thou art as rich to-day
As Thou hast been, and shall be aye:
I rest on Thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven!

Hans Sachs.

2785. POVERTY: the soil of virtue.

No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest mine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head.

Cowper.

2786. POVERTY: the test of virtue.

AND what is want? 'Tis virtue's test:
What weakness? An escape from pride:
That life on earth may be the best
In which, by woe, the soul is tried:
For He whose word is ever sure,
Hath said that 'Blessed are the Poor.'—*Weld.*

2787. POWER. Monuments of misused

'Tis not in mockery of man that earth
Is strew'd with splendid fragments, temple, tower;

That realms, where glory sprang full-arm'd to birth,
Are desolate, the snake and tiger's bower ; —
They lie the monuments of misused power,
Not freaks of fate, but warnings against crime :
And ancient Babylon might, at this hour,
Had she been guiltless, stand as in her prime,
Nay, stand in growing pomp, till God had finish'd
time.—*Croly.*

2788. PRAISE. Demand for

OF all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into His hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.
Man is the world's high-priest : he doth present
The sacrifice for all ; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.
He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.—*Herbert.*

2789. PRAISE. Duty of

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.
Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.—*Austin.*

2790. PRAISE. Foolish desire for

OF praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
Goldsmith.

2791. PRAISE. Life-long

FILL Thou my life, O Lord, my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty, and each deed,
However small and mean.

Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board,
With my beloved ones.

Not in the temple-crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

Upon the bed of weariness,
With fever'd eye and brain ;
Or standing by another's couch,
Watching the pulse of pain.

Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and steadfast will ;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.

Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small,
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.

Fill every part of me with praise ;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak !

So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turned into song ;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.—*Bonar.*

2792. PRAISE. Love of

THE love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart :
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells :
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis tory, whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.

Here to Steel's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pultney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

Young.

2793. PRAISE : not all of equal value.

THAT praise contents me more which one imparts
Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree,
Than praise from princes void of princely parts,
Who have more wealth, but not more wit, than he.

Earl of Stirling.

The gaudy glass of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Armstrong.

My soul,

Like yours, is open to the charms of praise :
There is no joy beyond it, when the mind
Of him who hears it can with honest pride
Confess it just, and listen to its music.

Whitehead.

2794. PRAISE : not to be our supreme desire.

PRAISE is but Virtue's shadow; who courts her,
Doth more the handmaid than the dame admire.

Heath.

For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Goldsmith.

2795. PRAISE. Preciousness of

PRAISE of the wise and good !—it is a meed
For which I would long years of toil endure,—
Which many a peril, many a grief would cure.

Brydges.

2796. PRAISE. Rules for the bestowment of

COMMEND but sparingly whom thou dost love,
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue.

Denham.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

Pope.

2797. PRAISE: the stimulus of virtue.

OR who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,

If none should yield him his deserved meed,—
Due praise,—that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.

Spenser.

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that :
Our praises are our wages.—*Shakespeare.*

Praise of great acts he scatters, as a seed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Roscommon.

Praise

Is the reflection doth from virtue rise;
These fair encomiums do virtue raise
To higher acts : to praise is to advise.
Telling men what they are, we let them see,
And represent to them what they should be.

Alecyn

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast.

Young.

2798. PRAISE : to be offered at all times.

'PRAISE God ! Praise God !'

We smiling say,
With peace within our dwelling,
When love-light beams along our way,
And joy the heart is swelling.

'Praise God ! Praise God !'

We murmur low,
When wealth and friends forsaking,
Make dearer still the hearts we know
Still true to us, though breaking.

'Praise God ! Praise God !'

With faltering tone
We breathe o'er loved ones, lying
Beneath His rod, whose touch alone
Changed living into dying.

'Praise God ! Praise God !'

If from our grasp
He forced a long-sought treasure,
'Tis but to grant with loving clasp
Some safer, purer pleasure.

'Praise God ! Praise God !'

Of all bereft
That makes life sweet and pleasant;
Seeking the only refuge left,
We find our Helper present.

'Praise God ! Praise God !'

With sobbing breath,
Low on our knees we pray it,
And ask for grace, defying Death,
Triumphantly to say it.—*Kate V. Carpenter.*

2799. PRAISE : to Christ.

OH could I speak the matchless worth
 Oh could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine !
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
 In notes almost Divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath Divine :
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne :
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face :
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.—*Medley.*

2800. PRAISE. True Object of

'NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us,'
 The praise or honour, power or glory, be !
 Our naked spirit bows in shame and dust,
 And empty all our nothingness to Thee.

'Not unto us !' How trifling all our might,
 Our toils or talents, gifts or growth or grace,
 Nothing, and less than nothing, in Thy sight,
 Our works, ourselves ! Before Thy glorious face.

'Not unto us ;' O Lord of lords, supreme,
 Whate'er we work, Thou workest ; Thine the
 praise :

Oh wake us, cleanse us, light us with Thy beam,
 And work, in us, through us, to endless days.'
G. L. Taylor.

2801. PRAISE : varies.

AND what is most commended at this time,
 Succeeding ages may account a crime.
Earl of Stirling.

2802. PRAISE. Venomous

HIS praise of foes is venomously nice ;
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice.
Dryden.

Damn with faint praise, concede with civil leer.
Pope.

2803. PRAISE. Vulgar

I HAVE no taste for the noisy praise
 Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds ;
 Servants to change, and blowing with the tide
 Of swoln success, but veering with its ebb.
Dryden.

The worthlessness of common praise—
 The dry-rot of the mind,
 By which its temple secretly
 But fast is undermined.—*Miss Landon.*

2804. PRAYER. A

GIVE me, O Father, to Thy throne access,
 Unshaken seat of endless happiness !
 Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see !
 Give me Thy light, and fix mine eyes on Thee !
Boethius.

2805. PRAYER. A

O THOU, that holdest in Thy spacious hands
 The destinies of men ! whose eye surveys
 Their various actions ! Thou, whose temple stands
 Above all temples ! Thou, whom all men praise !
 Of good the author ! Thou, whose wisdom sways
 The universe ! all bounteous ! grant to me
 Tranquillity, and health, and length of days ;
 Good-will towards all, and reverence unto Thee ;
 Allowance for man's failings, and of my own
 The knowledge and the power to conquer all
 Those evil things to which we are too prone—
 Malice, hate, envy—all that ill we call.
 To me a blameless life, Great Spirit, grant,
 Nor burden'd with much care, nor narrow'd by
 much want.

2806. PRAYER. Answer to

ALL night the lonely suppliant pray'd,
 All night his earnest crying made ;
 Till, standing by his side at morn,
 The Tempter said, in bitter scorn,
 'Oh ! peace, what profit do you gain
 From empty words and babblings vain ?
 "Come, Lord—oh, come !" you cry always ;
 You pour your heart out night and day ;
 Yet still no murmur of reply—
 No voice that answers, "Here am I."

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
 That word had wither'd all its trust ;
 No strength retain'd it now to pray,
 For faith and hope had fled away ;
 And ill that mourner now had fared,
 Thus by the Tempter's art ensnared,

But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood and said,
'Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer, that now not any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before?'
'I am cast out, I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace;
"Come, Lord, oh, come!" I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer, "Here am I, my son."'

Oh, dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each 'Come, Lord,' a 'Here am I.'
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,
Reflections of a love Divine.
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects they are not so;
Strong hands are round them in their woe;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
That sighs or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart;
All other gifts unto His foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows;
But love's sweet smart and costly pain
A treasure for his friends remain.

Oriental, tr. by R. C. Trench.

2807. PRAYER. Answer to

'ALLAH, Allah!' cried the sick man, rack'd with
pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips
like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter, said, 'Call
louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hears, or answers, "Here am I!"
again.'

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and
pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness
sent.

Then before him stands Elias, says, 'My child, why
thus dismay'd?
Dost repent thy former fervour? Is thy soul of
prayer afraid?'

'Ah!' he cried, 'I've call'd so often; never heard
the "Here am I:"
And I thought God will not pity, will not turn on
me His eye.'

Then the grave Elias answer'd, 'God said, "Rise,
Elias; go
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him from his
gulf of woe.'

' "Tell him that his very longing is itself an answer-
ing cry;
That his prayer, "Come, gracious Allah!" is my
answer, "Here am I." "'

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father' slumbers deep a
'Here, my child!'

Dscheladeddin, Tholuck's Version.

2808. PRAYER. Answer to a mother's

A MOTHER's holy arms caress'd
A babe that laugh'd upon her breast.

Then thus to heaven she cried in prayer
'Now, even as his face is fair,

O Lord! keep Thou his soul within
As free from any spot of sin.'

From heaven the Lord an answer made,
'Behold! I grant as thou hast pray'd.'

Within her door the darkness crept,
And babe and mother sweetly slept.

The belfry rang the midnight bell;
The watchman answer'd, 'All is well.'

Awaking at the cradle side,
The mother knew the babe had died.

With grief to set a woman wild,
She caught and clasp'd the marble child—

Until her heart against his own
Was broken, beating on a stone.

'O God!' she cried in her despair,
'Why hast Thou mock'd a mother's prayer?'

Then answer'd He, 'As I have will'd,
Thy prayer, O woman! is fulfill'd:

'If on the earth thy child remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain:

'At thy behest, I reach my hand
To lift him to the heavenly land!'

The mother heard and bow'd her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead.

And cried, 'O God! I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way!'

In shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and mourn'd the live-long night;

But when the morning brought the sun,
She pray'd, 'Thy will, O God, be done.'

2809. PRAYER. Best

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all. — *Coleridge*.

2810. PRAYER. Distractions in

AH ! dearest Lord, I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free ;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day,
Grows bright on me at prayer ;
And plans that ask no thought but then,
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily blend
In one bewitching strife.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer :
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly
It hangs, dear Lord, on Thee. — *Faber*.

2811. PRAYER. Divine help in

I.

ALONG the keys a child's hand stray'd,
And discords fill'd the air ;
Even so my blundering heart, I said,
That seeks to voice its prayer.

I have no art to shape my speech,
My thoughts unsteady stray
Amid the countless cares that reach
From dawn to darkening day.

The melody I fain would lift
Breaks up in jangled chords,
Through which the voiceless longings drift
That cannot rise to words.

II.

The mother's hands the child's surround,
Knowledge and love combine,
That unskill'd fingers may give sound
To thoughts or hopes divine.

And those who hear the notes expand
Along the evening's calm,
Cannot divide the baby's hand
From mother's circling palm.

Oh ! Love Divine, that reachest down
To choose the keys for me—
Amid each wild, discordant tone
Discerning melody—

Lay Thou the hand of grace along
My heart, and softly wreath
Amid my failures the sweet song
Of hope I cannot breathe.

When 'round me evening's shadows flow,
And the lesson is all done,
Only my heart and God will know
His hand and mine were one.

2812. PRAYER. Evening

LET me ask Thee, ere I sleep,
To remember those who weep,—
Those who moan with some wild sorrow,
That shall dread to meet the morrow ;
Let me ask Thee to abide
At the fainting sick one's side,
Where the plaints of anguish rise
In smother'd groans and weary sighs :
Give them strength to brook and bear
Trial pain and trial care ;
Let them see Thy saving light ;
Be Thou ' watchman of their night.'

Elisa Cook.

2813. PRAYER. Evening

CANST thou thy body on thy bed compose,
The resting-place whence it no more may rise,
Till the Archangel's trump unseal thine eyes,
And call thee hence to judgment ; canst thou close
Those eyes with comfort, and in peace repose,
Before thou lift thy voice, and to the skies
Send up devotion's Evening Sacrifice,
Sweet as the fumes which from the censer rose ?
Ere on thy thoughts oblivious slumber creep,
Ere the still sleep can lull thy pillow'd head,
To Him, whose eyelids slumber not, nor sleep,
Commend thy spirit : that about thy bed
His wing may shield thee, and His feathers keep,
Sustain thee living, or receive thee dead ! — *Mant*.

2814. PRAYER. *Fervent*

INQUIRER, cease! petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer:
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd:
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal for retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants who grants the power to gain:
With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

*Johnson.*2815. PRAYER. *Formal*

I OFTEN say my prayers;
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.
For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.—*Burton.*

2816. PRAYER. *Hour of*

My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?
Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here from my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.
Hush'd is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.—*Charlotte Elliott.*

2817. PRAYER. *Humble*

In reverence will we speak of those who woo
The ear Divine with clear and ready prayer;

And while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,
Know their bright thoughts are winging heavenward too.

Yet many a one,—'the latchet of whose shoe'
These might not loose—will often only dare
Lay some poor words between him and despair—
'Father, forgive! we know not what we do.'

*R. M. Milnes.*2818. PRAYER. *Hymn of*

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it!
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,
Forgive its weakness!

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight—who every bosom viewest—
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away; and still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal—whispering, watching ever,
My bosom?—never.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark
portal

Becomes immortal.—*Bowring.*

2819. PRAYER: in active life.

BUSINESS might shorten, not disturb, her prayer:
Heaven had the best, if not the greater, share:

An active life long orisons forbids ;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.
Dryden.

2820. PRAYER. Influence of

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
That eye is fix'd on seraph throats ;
That ear is fill'd with angels' songs ;
That arm upholds the worlds on high ;
That love is throned beyond the sky.
But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain ;
That power is prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

2821. PRAYER. Intercessory

AND we are told
How much the prayers of righteous men avail ;
And yet 'tis strange how very few believe
These blessed words, or act as were they true.

One reason of this incredulity
May be, that conscience whispers to their souls,
'Not righteous men are ye.' And thus they think
That useless it would be to strive in prayer
For others' good, when scarcely for themselves
They hope for mercy. Lukewarm hearts and faint,
Lift up your feeble hands and bend the knee ;
A Mightier than ye your guilt hath borne,
And for His sake, not yours, all prayer is heard.
Lady Chatterton.

2822. PRAYER : is often unwise.

WE, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.—*Shakespeare.*

God gives us what He knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire :
Some pray for riches ; riches they obtain ;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain :
Some pray from prison to be freed, and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home ;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,—
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife :

Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Dryden.

Ignorant of happiness, and blind to ruin,
How oft are our petitions our undoing !
Hart.

The few that pray at all pray oft amiss ;
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.—*Croft.*

A sad estate
Of human wretchedness ! so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruin'd at our own request.
Hannah More.

2823. PRAYER : its Nature and Blessedness

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

The prayers and praises of the saints,
Like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume
Around the mercy-seat.

When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.—*Baldwin.*

2824. PRAYER. Joy in

ANY heart, turn'd Godward, feels more joy
In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was raised
By all the feasts on earth since their foundation.
Baile.

2825. PRAYER. Limit to

IF by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries.
But prayer against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blows stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
Therefore to His great bidding I submit.—*Milton.*

2826. PRAYER. Need of

WHEN prayer delights the least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.
Crooked and warp'd I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.
Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parch'd roots.
My well is bitter; cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.
Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.
The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.
Flowers, from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.
The greenest leaf divided from its stem,
To speedy wintering doth itself condemn.
The largest river from its fountain-head
Cut off, leaves soon a parch'd and dusty bed.
All things that live, from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

Trench.

2827. PRAYER: not useless.

'WHY wilt thou pray? why storm with cries
His ear who rides the thundering skies,
And passes wrathful by?
His laws stand firm; He may not hear;
Thy life, thy death, in His career
Are but as steps. He will not hear
Though thou shalt loudly cry.'

Most like, most like! yet the soft tear
Fresh dropt upon the senseless bier
Hath virtue—nor that small.
The sod why dost thou strew with flowers?
The dead man walks not in thy bowers,
He will not rise to sorrow's showers,
Nor feel when soft flowers fall;

And yet thou weep'st. Much more may'st thou
Pay to the living God thy vow,
And pour the heart-felt prayer.
Deft Logic is but Reason's tool,
Reason a child in Nature's school;
We may not joy nor grieve by rule,
Nor syllogize a prayer.—*Blackie.*

2828. PRAYER. Objects of

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hope,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace

Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope or see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Hartley Coleridge.

2829. PRAYER. Offensive

HIS comrade too arose,
And with the outward forms
Of righteousness and prayer insulted God.

Southey.

2830. PRAYER. Offerings in

LORD! Who art merciful as well as just,
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust.
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty! Who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things, which are not in Thy treasury,
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.—*Southey.*

2831. PRAYER. Perseverance in

THE watcher stood on Carmel's height,
With eager, longing eye,
Gazing across the sobbing sea,
Scanning the burning sky;
While with bow'd head between his knees,
Scorch'd by the sun's fierce glow,
The Prophet, press'd with anguish sore,
Pray'd in the vale below;

Watch'd for the coming of the cloud;
Pray'd for the blessed rain
To shade the burning of the sky,
To cheer the earth again—
The cloud with wind, like breath of God,
Among the thick tree-tops,
The rain, like rush of angel's wings,
Murm'rous with pattering drops!

'Nothing! nothing!' the watcher cried;
'No cloud, no sign of rain!

The same fierce sun that burns the earth
Burns o'er the watery main.'
Again the Prophet bow'd his head
Between his knees and pray'd;
Again the watcher's eye look'd for
The blessing still delay'd.

'Nothing! nothing!' the watcher cried;
'No cloud, no sign of rain!'

The Prophet, labouring in prayer
 Bow'd 'twixt his knees again ;
 And thus twice, thrice, seven times they strove,
 With faith that cannot fail—
 One watching in the mount above,
 One wrestling in the vale !

Oh can it be the God whose breath
 Burns like consuming fire,
 Scorching the earth, and sky, and sea,
 With blast of judgment dire—
 Oh can it be the God whose flame
 Consumes the sacrifice,
 The wood, stones, water, all ablaze
 In incense to the skies—

Oh can it be this God, whose wrath
 Our prostrate souls approve,
 So burning in His holiness—
 Is not a God of love ?
 O Heaven, for Thy dear mercy's sake,
 Accept our sacrifice !
 Dissolve this spell of burning wrath !
 Oh melt these brazen skies !

Seven times the two souls watch'd and pray'd,
 Seven times with faith and hope,
 When from the sea a little cloud
 Pushes its finger up !
 A hand ! a hand ! a cloud-form'd hand !
 The hand God's chosen find
 Always reveal'd to point before
 When God is close behind !

And, swelling in proportions vast,
 Reveals an awful form :
 God, coming in His majesty,
 God, in the blessed storm,
 Blackening the heavens with clouds and wind,
 Pouring the welcome rain,
 Filling the thirsty earth with floods
 Of life and joy again !

O watchers on the mountain height,
 Stand with eye steadfast there !
 O wrestlers in the vale beneath,
 Cease not your sevenfold prayer !
 God will not always frown ; He will
 Accept your sacrifice
 Of loving hearts and praying hands ;
 God will in love arise !

A finger, hand, an arm, a form
 Of power and grace Divine !
 The heavens shall swell with blessed showers,
 The earth with rain-drops shine !
 Oh dare with joyful hearts to bring
 The sacrifice of blood !

While Hope stands watching on the mount,
 And Faith lays hold on God !

2832. PRAYER. Power of

BUT that from us aught should ascend to heaven
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high blest, or to incline His will,
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer.
Milton.

Temporal blessings Heaven doth often share
 Unto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.
Quarles.

'A good man's prayers
 Will from the deepest dungeon climb to heaven's
 height,
 And bring a blessing down.—*Joanna Baillie.*

2833. PRAYER. Secret

Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night :
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling every fear away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee ;
 If any such there be :
 Then, for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 May reach His throne of glory,
 Who is mercy, truth, and love.—*Bell.*

2834. PRAYER. Silent

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 It hath not been my use to pray,
 With moving lips or bended knees ;
 But silently, by slow degrees,
 My spirit I to love compose,
 In humble trust my eyelids close,
 With reverential resignation,

No wish conceived, no thought express'd,
 Only a sense of supplication ;
 A sense o'er all my soul impress'd
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,
 Since in me, round me, everywhere
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.—*Coleridge.*

Fountain of mercy ! whose pervading eye
 Can look within and read what passes there,
 Accept my thoughts for thanks ; I have no words.
 My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
 The aid of language—Lord !—behold my heart.

Hannah More.

Oh ! when, with fretted palm, we cry,
 ' Lord, save us from despair !'
 Yet with no feeling in our heart,
 Dead silence is our prayer.

But when, with anguish in our heart
 So great we think to die,
 We merely turn our face to God,
 Our silence is a cry !—*Howard.*

2835. PRAYER. Submission in

STILL raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.

Johnson.

2836. PRAYER. Thanks for the rejection of

THANK God that yet I live !
 In tender mercy, heeding not the prayer
 I boldly utter'd in my first despair,
 He would not give
 The punishment an erring spirit braved !

Mrs Neal.

2837. PRAYER : the key of Heaven.

HEAVEN is the magazine wherein God puts
 Both good and evil ; prayer's the key that shuts
 And opens this great treasure ; 'tis a key
 Whose wards are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
 Would'st thou prevent a judgment due to sin ?
 Turn but the key, and thou may'st lock it in.
 Or would'st thou have a blessing fall upon thee !
 Open the door, and it will shower on thee.

Quarles.

2838. PRAYER. Thoughtless

MY words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

Shakespeare.

2839. PRAYER. Unceasing

WHEN all is bright and gay,
 I will pray,

And foil the tempter's art,
 Lest sunshine lure my heart
 From the way.

When darkness follows day,
 I will pray ;
 And my tearful eyes shall see
 That love is guiding me
 On the way.

Let life bring what it may,
 I will pray ;
 If I cannot understand,
 I will hold my Father's hand,
 All the way.

2840. PRAYER? What is

Is prayer an outward form,
 The bending of the knee,
 The meekly folding of the hands,
 And eyes upturn'd to Thee ?

To us this form is prayer,
 We only know in part,
 But God will never hear our words,
 Unless they're from the heart.

Then though our words be few,
 And poorly framed at best,
 He does not look to outward form,
 But heeds the heart's request.

Lord, dear Lord, we often cry,
 Down deep within the breast ;
 We are tired and weary of our load ;
 We come to Thee for rest !

2841. PRAYER: why it is often left unanswered.

ON the terse heroic pages
 Of the stately elder time,
 Where the wisdom of the ages
 Lives in melody sublime,
 I this story long ago
 Read, the sunbeams dropping low.

Through the leaves of oak and maple,
 On the brown and ancient book ;
 With the scent of pear and apple,
 And the lapping of the brook,
 And the vestal lilies white,
 Each a separate delight.

'Twas the Argive mother's story,
 She who, borne to Juno's feast
 By her sons, her pride, her glory,
 Nobler none in west or east,
 Lifted up her voice in prayer
 To the goddess, crown'd and fair.

'Give to these,' so cried the mother,
 'These my darlings, I implore,
 Some rich guerdon, like no other,
 Make them joyful evermore ;
 Bless them, touch them, queenly heart,
 With thine own divinest art.'

Pour'd she then the choice libation
 Of the sacrificial wine.
 Ah ! the bursts of acclamation !
 Ah ! how bright the sun did shine !
 Stole a whisper through the noon—
 'Woman, granted is thy boon.'

Turning, beautiful with gladness,
 All her soul's ecstatic grace
 Beaming, burning, shaming sadness,
 Lighting ardently her face,
 Forth she stepp'd, her matron brow
 Proud and calm as Juno's now.

As before a progress royal
 Parted all the eager throng,
 And, to Juno's brightness loyal,
 Fed her heart with shout and song.
 Still that whisper through the noon
 Told her 'Granted is thy boon.'

'Are ye sleeping? Waken ! Waken !
 First-born, twin-born sons of mine !
 I for you in prayer have taken
 Pledge and vow at Juno's shrine.
 Sorrow, pain, or creeping fears
 Shall not blight your manly years.

'Waken ! Wherefore sleep in daylight ;
 Ah !-h'-a bitter, wailing cry ;
 Sudden, awful, hath the grey night
 Fallen from the radiant sky.
 Is it thus? hath Juno heard?
 Keeps she so her plighted word?

Dead—both sons ! Nay, broken-hearted,
 Hapless mother, 'twas thy prayer
 That no trial poison-darted
 Evermore their souls should bear.
 They are glad, with gladness great,
 Lifted far from evil fate.

Did the mother feel it? Lonely,
 Desolate, grown too early old.
 It was Juno's answer. Only
 Prayer unheard had been less cold.
 'Twas a pitiless gift in sooth,
 Emptied arms and blasted youth.

Do we ken how our petitions
 Granted might, like swords of wrath,
 Sweep away the sweet conditions
 And the mercies from our path,

Leave us shorn of all our pride,
 Fenceless, trampled, cast aside?

Do we ken? Oh, dear compassion,
 Gracious ruth, that bids us wait,
 Though we mourn, in thankless fashion,
 That the answers tarry late,
 And, o'erwhelm'd by waves of care,
 Have no patience in our prayer !

Margaret E. Sangster.

2842. PRAYERS. Folly of selfish

How we, poor players on Life's little stage,
 Thrust blindly at each other in our rage,
 Quarrel and fret, yet rashly dare to pray
 To God to help us in our selfish way.

We think to move Him with our prayer and praise,
 To serve our needs—as in the old Greek days
 Their gods came down and mingled in the fight,
 With mightier arms the flying foe to smite.

The laughter of those gods peal'd down to men,
 For heaven was but earth's upper story then,
 Where goddesses about an apple strove,
 And the high gods fell humanly in love.

We own a God whose presence fills the sky—
 Whose sleepless eyes behold the worlds roll by—
 Whose faithful memory numbers, one by one,
 The sons of men, and calls them each His son.

He loves us all—is patient with our sin—
 Spreads wide His door, and bids us enter in—
 Yet holds no man above his humblest brother,
 And loves us least when least we love each other.

How idle, then, to pray for mine and thine,
 To seek for earthly ends the grace divine,
 To hope for health in storing up our gold,
 That we be warm while other men are cold !

He loves us all ; and from His waiting feast
 Will turn away no meanest one, or least—
 But all His guests must come in friendly guise,
 Since Love, bright angel, guards His Paradise,
 And swift as lightning shuts its gleaming gate
 Against the soul that learns to love too late.

Louise C. Moulton.

2843. PRAYERS. Two

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say,
 One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
 Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod ;
 The other to the altar's God.—*Crashaw.*

2844. PRAYERS. Unspoken

HIGH thoughts and words, and music strong and sweet,

Are worship's token ;
But tears that drop in love at Jesu's feet
Are prayers unspoken !

2845. PREACHER. Example of a

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine, uncorrupt ; in language, plain ;
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.—*Cowper.*

2846. PREACHER. Lament of a

OFT, in the summer days, I've mark'd some wild,
On which the sower vainly spent his toil ;
Heaven's showers distill'd, but still no verdure
smiled
O'er all the cheerless length of that obdurate soil.

How fitly pictures this dull waste, methought,
The arid wilderness I plough in vain !
'Cursing' steals on apace, to doom the spot
Where only thorns repay the Spirit's gracious rain.

Lord of the vineyard, with Thy power descend !
Breathe on these hearts of stone, and bid them
live !

The garden's beauty to the desert lend,
And for the encumbering weed the rose of Sharon
give !—*Eastburn.*

2847. PREACHER. Learned

OF the deep learning in the schools of yore,
The reverend pastor hath a golden stock ;
Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
The anxious cravings of his simple flock !
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock ;
For well he knows, not learning's purest tides
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul
abides.—*Mrs Little.*

2848. PREACHER. Respect for the

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose
life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

Cowper.

2849. PREACHER. Sobriety of the

HE that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation ; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip .
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No : he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

Cowper.

2850. PREACHERS. A warning for

THE poet Andreas one night
Stood wrapt in dreams of proud delight.
For he was great ; his skilful thought,
From common things in beauty wrought
Ethereal fancies, strange and sweet.
He saw the world beneath his feet ;
And, as his spirit mounted higher,
Wing'd by its own poetic fire,
He almost thought, with step elate,
To enter at the heavenly gate,
And see the white and rapid wings
Of angels bearing offerings.

But suddenly he turn'd, aware
Of some new presence in the air.
And lo ! amid the gathering gloom
That fell unheeded in the room,
An angel stood, more pure and bright
Than any in his dreams of light.
The poet, fill'd with awed surprise,
Was mute before those holy eyes,
And bent his head. The angel spoke,
And thus the solemn stillness broke :

'Believest thou these thoughts divine
Are sprung from God, or wholly thine?'
The poet slowly raised his head,
And almost proudly thus he said,—
'I know them all! Their fibres twine
About my soul, and they are mine!'
Then said the angel, mournfully,
'As thou hast spoken let it be!
No longer shall the breath of heaven
In music to thy soul be given;
And thou, alone, shalt go thy ways,
And thine alone shall be the praise!'
And then the vision and the voice,
Like some long echo of lost joys,
From out the chamber dim were gone,
And Andreas stood all alone.

The morning touch'd him with its wings,
The cool wind with its murmurings
Pass'd close to him. The dreamy sky
Look'd down upon him tenderly,
And in his ear the awful sea
Spoke ever things of mystery;
But through this beauty of the earth,
Which had in heaven its secret birth,
He pass'd unquicken'd and alone,
As if with fancy turn'd to stone.

And so he went from nature. Then
He sought to find his fellow-men.
For ever had the mystery
Of life in its diversity—
Its many hopes and many fears,
Its many smiles and many tears—
Had power to move him; but, alas,
Through even these his soul could pass
Untouch'd and lifeless; for below
This human joy and human woe,
Far in the depths of every heart,
God's holy Presence dwelt apart;—
The Presence which with wondrous store
Of deep revealings came no more.

He fled into a desert place,
And falling down upon his face,
He cried out in his agony,
'The Lord is gone away from me!
The Lord, to whom my evil pride
His own Divinity denied!'
And then a voice that seem'd a strain
From some low, heavenly refrain
Said, 'Thou hast turn'd away from me,
But I am ever close to thee!
Arise and write!' The solemn air
Breathed round him like an answer'd prayer;
And he arose and went his ways.
And after that, the legend says,

The poet Andreas became
As one inspired; his very name
Was cherish'd as a word of grace
By other men. But from his face
And from his earnest eyes had fled
All pride of self, and in its stead
Had come the deep humility
Of one who prays; for constantly,
By day and night, at morn and even,
Beside the very gate of heaven,
His spirit stood with unshod feet,
The coming of the Lord to meet.

M. W. Lincoln.

2851. PREACHERS : their disappointments.

HIGH thoughts at first and visions high
Are ours of easy victory;
The word we bear seems so divine;
So framed for Adam's guilty line,
That none, unto ourselves we say,
Of all his sinning, suffering race,
Will hear that word so full of grace,
And coldly turn away.

But soon a sadder mood comes round;
High hopes have fallen to the ground,
And the ambassadors of peace
Go weeping that men will not cease
To strive with Heaven; they inly mourn
That suffering men will not be blest,
That weary men refuse to rest,
And wanderers to return.

Well is it, if has not ensued
Another yet unworthier mood,
When all unfaithful thoughts have way;
When we hang down our hands and say,
'Alas! it is a weary pain
To seek, with toil and fruitless strife,
To chafe the numb'd limbs into life,
That will not live again.'

Then, if spring odours on the wind
Float by, they bring into our mind
That it were wiser done to give
Our hearts to Nature, and to live
For her, or in the student's bower
To search into her hidden things,
And seek in books the wondrous springs
Of knowledge and of power.

Or if we dare not thus draw back,
Yet, oh, to shun the crowded track,
And the rude throng of men! to dwell
In hermitage or lonely cell,

Feeding all longings that aspire
Like incense heavenward, and with care,
And lonely vigil, nursing there
Faith's solitary pyre.

Oh, let not us this thought allow !
The heat, the dust, upon our brow,
Signs of the contest, we may wear ;
Yet thus we shall appear more fair
In our Almighty Master's eye,
Than if, in fear to lose the bloom,
Or ruffle the soul's lightest plume,
We from the strife should fly.

And, for the rest, in weariness,
In disappointment, or distress,
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,
We ever may recur to Him
Who has the golden oil divine
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,—
*Who watches every lamp that burns
Before His sacred shrine.—Trench.*

2852. PREACHING. Eloquent

WITH eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher
charm'd ;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.
He bore his great commission in his look :
But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he
spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell ;
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
And forced himself to drive ; but loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Dryden.

2853. PREACHING. Evangelical

SAY, what is gospel-preaching ? 'Tis to show,
How from his Father's love by wilful deed
Man fell ; and how, for ransom'd man to bleed,
The Son of God took in this world of woe
Our flesh, and quell'd by death our mortal foe :
And what His Spirit's aid ; and whither lead
His laws ; His means of grace ; and what the
need
Of faith, matured by love ; and what we owe

The Three in One ! This knowledge, passing reach
Of man's device or angel's, broad and deep,
God by His Son deliver'd ; this to teach
Mankind, He charged the shepherds of His sheep :
If man or angel other Gospel preach,
He 'sows the wind, and shall the whirlwind reap.'
Mant.

2854. PREACHING. Inspired

By weakest ministers, the Almighty thus
Makes known His sacred will, and shows His
power :
By Him inspired, they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilst the illumined breast
Heaves with unwonted strength ; high as their
theme,
Their great conceptions rise in rapturous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart ;
The listening throng there feel its bless'd effect,
And deep conviction glows in every breast.—*Jenner.*

2855. PREACHING. Power of

I SAW one man, arm'd simply with God's word,
Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
And pierce them sharply as a two-edged sword,
While conscience echo'd back his words again ;
Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
So their hearts open'd to the wholesome pain,
And hundreds knelt upon the flowery sod—
One good man's earnest prayer, the link 'twixt them
and God.—*Caroline E. Norton.*

2856. PRESENT. Value of the

THE present ! what is it ? A passing thought ;
A shadowy, fleeting phantom of the mind ;
It is a coin above all gold ! grasp it,
Weigh it in the nice balance of the mind
Now it is yours—and, fresh from out the mint
Of Time, 'tis yours *but now*. Ere you can fix
The mind upon 't, 'tis valueless ; 'tis dropp'd
Amid the countless sum of all the past !
Moments are meted out to you, and bear
A stamp that will be known when ye are call'd
To the high accompt. They come, and then they
fly,
Unheeded messengers, up to heaven's bar ;
There, millions unaccounted for await
The final reck'ning.

2857. PRESENTIMENTS. Guidance by

UNWELCOME insight ! Yet there are
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
 Truth shows a glorious face,
 While on that isthmus which commands
 The councils of both worlds, she stands,
 Sage Spirits ! by your grace.
 God, who instructs the brutes to scent
 All changes of the element,
 Whose wisdom fix'd the scale
 Of natures, for our wants provides
 By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
 When lights of reason fail.—*Wordsworth.*

2858. PRESS. Influence of the

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
 Thou god of our idolatry, the Press ?
 By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause :
 By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
 Diffused, make Earth the vestibule of Hell ;
 Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise ;
 Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.—*Cowper.*

But mightiest of the mighty means
 On which the arm of progress leans,
 Man's noblest mission to advance,
 His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
 His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,
 Mightiest of mighty is the Press.—*Bourning.*

2859. PRESS. Perversions of the

TURN to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
 Big with the wonders of each passing day ;
 Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and
 wrecks,
 Harangues and hail-storms, brawls and broken-necks,
 Where half-fledged bards on feeble pinions seek
 An immortality of near a week ;
 Where cruel eulogists the dead restore,
 In maudlin praise to martyr them once more ;
 Where ruffian slanderers wreak their coward spite,
 And need no venom'd dagger while they write ;
 While hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,
 Which sullies most—the slander or the praise.

Sprague.

2860. PRESS. Province of the

THERE are, thank Heaven,
 A nobler troop to whom this trust is given ;
 Who, all unbribed, on Freedom's altar stand,
 Faithful and firm, bright warders of the land,

By them still lifts the press its arm abroad,
 To guide all-curious men along life's road ;
 To cheer young Genius, Pity's tear to start,
 In Truth's bold cause to rouse each fearless heart ;
 O'er male and female quacks to shake the rod,
 And scourge the unsex'd thing that scorns her God :
 To hunt Corruption from his secret den,
 And show the monster up, the gaze of wondering
 men.—*Sprague.*

2861. PRIDE. Absurdity of

O POVERTY of pride ! O foul disgrace !
 Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
 Mortal, and proud ! strange, contradicting terms !
 Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms !
 Of all the wonders which the eventful life
 Of man presents ; of all the mental strife
 Of warring passions ; all the raging fires
 Of furious appetites and mad desires ;
 Not one so strange appears as this alone,
 That man is proud of what is not his own.

Hannah More.

2862. PRIDE. Blindness of

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride :
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind :
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.—*Pope.*

2863. PRIDE. Cause of

PRIDE (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men who labour and digest things most
 Will be much apter to despond than boast ;
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

Rasselas.

2864. PRIDE. Criminal

HARK the rustle of a dress
 Stiff with lavish costliness !
 Here comes one whose cheek would flush
 But to have her garment brush
 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
 Wove the weary 'broidery in,
 Bending backward from her toil,
 Lest her tears the silk might soil,
 And in midnight's chill and murk,
 Stitch'd her life into the work.

Little doth the wearer heed
Of the heart-break in the brede ;
A hyena by her side
Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.—*Lowell.*

2865. PRIDE : defined.

WHAT is pride ? a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.—*Wordsworth.*

2866. PRIDE. Kinds of

SHUN pride, O Rae !—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride !
A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse ;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attain't,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.—*Hood.*

2867. PRIDE : not in itself an evil

SPITE of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man a useless burthen laid ;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced ;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed :
When right, its views know none but virtue's bound ;
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
Stillington.

2868. PRIDE. Punishment of

IN days of old, when holy prophets trod
This earth, the living oracles of God,
What time one such his mission did fulfil,
There lived a youth, a prodigy of ill :
So foul the tablets of his heart and black,
That Satan's self from them had started back ;
Him, as the plague, sought every soul to shun,
At him in horror pointed every one.
And in the city where this sinful youth
All bosoms fill'd with horror or with ruth,
In the same city dwelt a Monk as well,
Round whom all crowded when he left his cell ;
And those who only touch'd his garment's hem,
Counted that heaven was nearer unto them—
Such name for prayer and penance he had gain'd :
And he one day that Prophet entertain'd :
When in their sight this sinner did appear,
Who yet for awe presumed not to draw near,
But falling back, like moth from stunning light,
Lay on the ground, as blinded by their sight.
And as in spring relents the frozen ground,
Even so it seem'd as though his heart unbound ;
Stream'd from his eyes, like loosen'd floods, the
tears :
'Woe's me,' he cried, 'for thirty guilty years

My life's best treasure have I spent in vain,
And death and hell are now my only gain.
I totter on a dark chasm's dreadful brink,
Hell's jaws are yawning for me, and I sink :
Yet since none ever Thou didst from Thee cast,
I stretch my hands to Thee : Lord, hold them fast.'

But here the Monk with lifted eyebrows—'Peace,
Blasphemer ; from thy useless clamours cease :
And darest thou, thus steep'd in sin, make free
With him, God's holy Prophet, and with me ?
My God, this one thing grant me, that I may
Stand far from this man on the judgment day.'
More he had said, but on the Prophet broke
Swift inspiration, and he straightway spoke :
'Two here have pray'd—diverse have been their
prayers,

Yet granted both their supplications are.
He who in mire of sin now thirty years
Has roll'd, forgiveness asks with many tears :
Ne'er yet has head of contrite sinner lain
Upon the threshold of God's throne in vain
All he has sinn'd to him shall be forgiven ;
Him God has chosen a denizen of heaven.
That Monk has pray'd, upon the other hand,
That he may never near this sinner stand ;
That this may be so, hell his place must be,
Where nevermore this sinner he shall see.
Whose robe is white, but heart is black with pride,
He for himself hell's gate has open'd wide,
For, weigh'd in God the all-sufficient's scale,
Not claims nor righteousness of man avail ;
But these are costly in His sight indeed,—
Repentance, contrite shame, and sense of need.'

Oriental, tr. by Trench.

2869. PRIDE. Punishment of

TAKE heed of pride, and curiously consider,
How brittle the foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn
Latona's double burthen ; but what follow'd ?
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to
marble.

The beauty you o'erprise so, time or sickness
Can change to loath'd deformity ; your wealth
The prey of thieves.—*Massinger.*

2870. PRIDE : universal.

IN pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies :
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel ;

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal cause.—*Pope.*

2871. PRIDE. Use of

PRIDE is of mighty use.
The affectation of a pompous name,
Has oft set wits and heroes in a flame :
Volumes, and buildings, and dominions wide,
Are oft the noble monuments of pride.—*Crown.*

2872. PRIEST. The only

ONE Priest alone can pardon me,
Or bid me go in peace,
Can breathe that word, '*Absolve te,*'
And make these heart-throbs cease :
My soul hath heard His priestly voice,
It said, 'I bore thy sins, rejoice !'

He show'd the spear-mark in His side,
The nail-print on His palm,
Said, 'Look on Me the crucified !
Why tremble thus ? Be calm !
All power is mine,—I set thee free,—
Be not afraid,—"*Absolve te.*"'

By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled !
Cleansed in the fountain from His side,
God sees me as a child :
No priest can heal or cleanse but He ;
No other say, '*Absolve te.*'

A girded Levite here below,
I willing service bring,
And fain would tell to all I know
Of Christ, the Priestly King :
Would win all hearts from sin to flee,
And hear Him say, '*Absolve te.*'

A little while, and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardon'd brethren home ;—
O bliss supreme, divine !
When every blood-bought child see
The Priest who said, '*Absolve te.*'

He robed me in a priestly dress,
That I might incense bring,
Of prayer and praise and righteousness,
To heaven's eternal King :
And when He gave this robe to me,
He smiled, and said, '*Absolve te.*'

In heaven He stands before the throne,
The great High Priest above,
'Melchisedec,'—that name alone
Can sin's dark stain remove :
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet—'*Absolve te.*'

2873. PRISON.

A PRISON is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive ;
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

Inscription on Edinburgh Tolbooth.

How like
A prison's to a grave ! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither ; and our heirs,
Masking their joy in false dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearse : but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd :
So enter'd into a prison.—*Massinger.*

A prison is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men ; nor so good. The soul once fled
Lives freer now, than when she was cloist'ed
In walls of flesh ; and though she organs want
To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
Her faculties more clear, now separate,
Than if the same conjunction, which of late
Did marry her to earth, had stood in force ;
Incapable of death, or of divorce ;
But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
And, at one time, feels two captivities :
A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
But narrower body, which herself enfolds.—*King.*

And faint not, heart of man ! though years wane
slow !

There have been those that from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses below
The stormy dashing of the ocean waves,
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time and
burst

On the bright day, like wakeners from the grave.

Mrs Hemans.

2874. PROBATION. Man's

PLACED for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse ;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man ?
With nought in charge he could betray no trust,
And, if he fell, would fall because he must ;

If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.
Divine authority within his breast
Brings every thought, word, action to the test ;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.
Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
Cries in his startled ear, ' Abstain from sin ! '

The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his soul a treacherous fire ;
While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue as its sure reward ;
And Pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

Man, thus endued with an elective voice,
Must be supplied with objects of his choice.
Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight :
These open on the spot their honey'd store ;
Those call him loudly to pursuit of more.
His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.
Here various motives his ambition raise—
Power, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of
praise ;

There beauty woos him with expanded arms ;
E'en bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined
Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
Seek to supplant his inexperienced youth,
Or lead him devious from the path of truth ;
Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Safe in themselves, but dangerous in the excess.

Cowper.

2875. PROCRASTINATION : a deceiver.

THERE's a little mischief-maker,
That is stealing half our bliss ;
Sketching pictures in a dream-land
That are never seen in this ;
Dashing from the lips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh :
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is By-and-By.

He is sitting by your hearthstones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance ;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh :
He's a smooth deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, By-and-By.

You may know him by his winning,
By his careless, sportive air ;

By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere ;
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his sombre victims lie ;
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky ;
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, By-and-By.

' By-and-By,' the wind is singing,
' By-and-By,' the heart replies ;
But the phantom just above us
Ere we grasp it ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie—
Do not e'er believe or trust in
This deceiver, By-and-By.

2876. PROCRASTINATION. Absurdity of

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

2877. PROCRASTINATION. Habit of

Cornutus. UNHAPPY he who does his work ad-
journ,

And to to-morrow would the search delay :
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

Pers. But is one day of ease too much to borrow ?

Corn. Yes, sure ; for yesterday was once to-
morrow.

That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd ;
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd :
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task ;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach, the first.

Persius, tr. by Dryden.

2878. PRODIGALITY.

WHAT is a prodigal ? faith, like a brush,
That wears himself, to furbish others' clothes ;

And having worn his heart even to the stump,
He's thrown away like a deformed lump.
Oh such am I! I have spent all the wealth'
My ancestors did purchase; made others brave
In shape and riches, and myself a knave:
For though my wealth raised some to paint their door,
'Tis shut against me, saying, I am poor.—*Wilkins.*

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

Pope.

See!

The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal:
The covetous man never has money,
And the prodigal will have none shortly!—*Johnson.*

That which made him gracious in your eyes,
And gilded o'er his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,
And glides to many rivers; so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expense,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other men's.—*Cook.*

Liberality

In some circumstances may be allow'd:
As when it has no end but honesty;
With a respect of person, quantity,
Quality, time, and place: but this profuse,
Vain, injudicious spending makes him idiot;
And yet the best of liberality
Is to be liberal to ourselves: and thus
Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows
How fond a thing it is for discreet men
To purchase with the loss of their estate
The name of one poor virtue, liberality,
And that, too, only from the mouth of beggars!
One of your judgment would not, I am sure,
Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate.—*Randolph.*

2879. PROFESSION. Perverse

THOUGH all the precious promises
I find fulfill'd in Jesu's love,
If perfect I myself profess,
My own profession I disprove.

The purest saint that lives below,
Doth his own sanctity disclaim;
The wisest owns, I nothing know;
The holiest cries, I nothing am!—*C. Waley.*

2880. PROGRESS. Day of

THERE's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to gleam,

There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing
Into grey
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day—
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men!
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

Lo! the right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!—*Mackay.*

2881. PROGRESS. Omens of

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep,
On His complacent arms, the earth, the air, the
deep.

Will then the merciful One, Who stamp'd our race
With His own image, and Who gave them sway
O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our swarming nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the
day,

Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
His latest offspring? will he quench the ray

Infused by His own forming smile at first,
And leave a work so fair all blighted and accused?

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give
The hope of happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
He who has tamed the elements shall not live
The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span—
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
In God's magnificent works His will shall scan—
And love and peace shall make their paradise with
man.—*Bryant*.

2882. PROGRESSION. Pythagorean

WE weep when we are born, not when we die!
So was it destined; and thus came I here,
To walk the earth and wear the form of man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.
And knowing these things, can I stoop to fret,
And lie, and haggle in the market-place;
Give dross for dross, or everything for nought?
No! let me sit above the crowd, and sing,
Waiting with hope for that miraculous change
Which seems like sleep; and though I waiting starve,
I cannot kiss the idols that are set
By every gate, in every street and park;
I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul:
For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts and the caverns in the earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

Aldrich.

2883. PROMISES.

AND be the juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—*Shakespeare*.

The man that is not in the enemies' power,
Nor fetter'd by misfortune, and breaks promises,
Degrades himself; he never can pretend
To honour more.—*Sir Robert Stapleton*.

2884. PROMPTITUDE.

THE keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.

Hannah More.

2885. PROOFS.

EXAMPLES I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four;
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.—*Prior*.

2886. PROPORTION.

SOME figures monstrous and misshaped appear
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which but proportion'd to their site or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.—*Pope*.

2887. PROSPERITY: dangerous.

MORE ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
Danham.

Daily and hourly proof
Tell us, prosperity is at highest degree
The fount and handle of calamity:
Like dust before a whirlwind those men fly
That prostrate on the ground of fortune lie;
And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,
Their own top-heavy state grabs up their root.
Chapman.

2888. PROSPERITY: destructive of piety.

BEHOLD, Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as their manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.—*Pope*.

2889. PROSPERITY. Friendship and

BETWEEN a wise magician, whom fair Maia knew,
And one of earth's poor sons, there once a friendship
grew.
That friend his ear with protestations plied:
At length their truth the enchanter by his magic tried.
Within a meadow sits the friend in mild repose,
Sees how each flower, each blade of grass, in silence
grows.
At once in order rise the grass-blades, and appear
A host of helmeted warriors, arm'd with pike and spear.
They throng around the friend and greet him as a
king,
And pearls and rubies at his feet profusely fling.
His heart beats strong with bliss: like a vast tent
unfur'd,
The sky is pitch'd; and he is lord of all the world.
A breathless man then through the crowding courtiers
press'd,
And straight the king as a familiar friend address'd.
The monarch, with a look surprised, to him replied,
'My friend, I know you not,' and turn'd away in
pride.

Thrice waved his Maia's staff that grieved magician's hand,
And all the incantation faded from the land.
The friend, now disenchanting, bitterly repents,
Till thus the conjurer comforts him for his offence :
'It is the world's low lusts that do our senses bind ;
Let Maia's veil but fall, we leave those snares behind.
The splendid courtiers shrink to grass-blades in the field,

The pearls and rubies are but drops of dew congeal'd.
Just now my art made shapes to you from out this mist :

And yet I never would your friendship have dismiss'd.
The worst of the illusion was that it turn'd friend
From friend, and therefore have I brought it to an end.

But doubtless, friend ! had me the same proud spell possess'd,

You would have seen me full as badly stand the test.'
Oriental.

2890. PROSPERITY : portentous.

OH how portentous is prosperity !
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines !
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheathe his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye ;
When Fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropp'd at once !
Our morning's envy ! and our evening's sigh !
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destined prey.
High Fortune seems in cruel league with Fate.
Ask you for what ?—to give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.—*Young.*

2891. PROSPERITY : should inspire caution.

WHO feels no ills
Should therefore fear them ; and when fortune smiles,
Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied.

Sophocles.

2892. PROSPERITY : why it is withheld.

THE man, perhaps,
Thou pitiest, draws his comfort from distress.
That mind so poised, and centred in the good

Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,
Might, with prosperity's enchanting cup
Inebriate, have forgot the All-giving hand ;
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
Wing'd a desire beyond.—*Bally.*

2893. PROTECTION. Divine

OH troubled soul, why thus complain ?
Why thus great Providence arraign ?
Poor, feeble heart ! thy troubles still,
And hide thyself in God's great will.

'Tis true, He now thy strength doth try,
Like birds, that teach their young to fly ;
But when thou sinkest, He will bring,
Beneath thy fall, His own great wing.—*U'pham.*

2894. PROVIDENCE : all-embracing.

THIS is Thy work, Almighty Providence !
Whose power, beyond the reach of human thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire ; bids them sink
Deep in the dead'ning night of Thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.—*Thomson.*

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Pope.

Yes, thou art ever present, Power Supreme !
Not circumscribed by time, nor fixt to space,
Confined to altars, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons, or on thrones, the faithful find Thee !

Hannah More.

2895. PROVIDENCE : all-wise.

ETERNAL Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears, can make herself a way.

Spenser.

Providence, not niggardly but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtues we may rise.

Granville.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies ?—*Pope.*

All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord harmony not understood ;
All partial evil universal good :
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.—*Pope.*

2896. PROVIDENCE: all-wise.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learn'd,
And suns and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurn'd,

The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, amid life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue :
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And what most seem'd reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me—
How, when we call'd, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see ;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthen'd breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend ;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
Should for each mystery find there is a key,
And trace the love that sent each woe of life.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart !
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold ;
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,
Where we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, 'God knew the best.'

2897. PROVIDENCE: all-wise.

WHATEVER God does is well !
His children find it so.
Some He doth not with plenty bless,
Yet loves them not the less,
But draws their hearts unto Himself away.—
Oh ! hearts, obey.

Whatever God does is well,
Whether He gives or takes !
And what we from His hand receive
Suffices us to live.
He takes and gives, while yet He loves us still.—
Then love His will.

Whatever God does is well !
And what can our will do ?
We cannot reap from what we sow
But what His power makes grow.

Sometimes He doth all other good destroy,
To be thy joy.

Whatever God does is well !
And His will shall prevail.
Doth He refuse thy hands to fill ?
He knows thy heart to still.
A Christian from a very little gift
Much joy can sift.

Whatever God does is well !
Although the field look dark,
Yet cheerful in His path we go ;
And by our faith we know
That Christ for us hath heavenly riches bought.—
Can we lack aught ?

Whatever God does is well !
In patience let us wait :
He doth Himself our burdens bear,
He doth for us take care.
And He, our God, knows all our weary days.—
Come, give Him praise !—*Schmolk.*

2898. PROVIDENCE: causes all things to work together for good.

'ALL things,' dear Lord ! Is there no thread of woe
Too dark, too tangled, for the bright design ?
No drop of rain too heavy for the bow
Set in the cloud in covenant Divine ?

I know that all Thy full designs are bright ;
That darkest threads grow golden in Thy hand,
That bending lines grow straight—the tangled
right—
The bitter drops all sweet at Thy command.

Command the sweetness ! make the crooked straight ;
And turn these dusky tangled threads to gold !
Swifter, dear Lord ! I cannot longer wait ;
Faith has grown weary—longing to behold.

I know the promise ; but I crave the sight ;
I yearn to see the beautiful design ;
To hail the rose-tints of the morning light ;
To watch the straightening of the bended line.

Why these enigmas ? Wherefore not receive
Their bright solution ? Then a voice drew near :
'Blessed are they who see not, yet believe !'
And One I knew approach'd, and wiped my tear.

With wounded hand, and sigh'd. Ah ! then I fell
Down on my knees and held him by the feet,
My Lord ! My God ! All, all is well !
With Thee, the dark is light, the bitter sweet !

2899. PROVIDENCE. Direction of

THERE is power
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,
That guides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone;
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.—*Thomson.*

2900. PROVIDENCE. Diversities of

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and green,
And while sweet showers and sunshine every day,
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
The fulness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good;
And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood;
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing; and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
And so is ease and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grieved, they become.
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full as kind as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favours He will do us,
That we His bounties may the better prize,
And make His chastisement less bitter to us.
One while a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth new-mown grass to parched hay;
Anon, His fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
Commix'd with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown;
For as, to relish joys, He sorrow sends,
So comfort on temptation still attends.—*Wilder.*

2901. PROVIDENCE. Divine

ALL is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

Lowell.

2902. PROVIDENCE: foolishly distrusted.

ONE part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem;
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
Oh then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise.

Baillie.

2903. PROVIDENCE: its mysteries.

PURBLIND man
Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest links;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.—*Dryden and Lee.*

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.—*Addison.*

Do thou, my soul, the destined period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear.—*Titchell.*

Heaven darkly works;—yet, where the seed hath
been,

There shall the fruitage, glowing, yet be seen.

Mrs Hemans.

2904. PROVIDENCE: its mysteries.

(*A Russian Fable.*)

ONE day a farmer in his field
Was sowing oats for autumn yield.

A young horse watch'd him on his way,
And gave at once a scornful neigh.

'How foolish man is!' this colt thought.

'Here in the very act he's caught

'Of throwing oats upon the ground.
Could any rasher waste be found?

'Give me that heap, and I would show
What oats are good for—for I know.

'Or even give them to the crows:
They have more sense than this act shows!

'Or hoard them carefully away:
Man may want oats some future day!'

Well, time pass'd on. The autumn grain
Was garner'd from the field again.

The farmer gather'd oats tenfold,
And gave the horse all he could hold.

Are we not sometimes like this colt?
We send a criticizing bolt

'Gainst higher powers. We call *waste*
What is but wisdom, view'd in haste.

We mock the providence that sends
Its aim through darkness to kind ends.

Laura Sanford.

2905. PROVIDENCE. Mercifulness of

YET Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all the dreary labyrinth of fate.

Thomson.

2906. PROVIDENCE : overrules all things.

OUR indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.—*Shakespeare.*

Each individual seeks a separate goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effects of every vice.—*Pope.*

2907. PROVIDENCE : should be gratefully acknowledged.

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumptuous in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.

Shakespeare.

2908. PROVIDENCE. Tenderness of

JUST as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,
And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

*From the Italian of Vincenzo da Filicaja : tr. by
Leigh Hunt.*

2909. PROVIDENCE. Trust in

INTRUST thy fortune to the powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel:
Ah, that we loved ourselves but half so well!

Dryden.

2910. PROVIDENCE. Trust in

MY times are in Thy hand!
I know not what a day

Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.

All weakness, I
On Him rely,
Who fix'd the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand!
Pale poverty, or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter's snows,
Sickness, or buoyant health,—

Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best, I wish no lot beside!

My times are in Thy hand!
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee,—this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to thy praise,

May ready be
To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou comest to set my spirit free!

2911. PROVIDENCE. Trust in

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !—*Whittier*.

2912. PROVIDENTIAL DIRECTION. Prayer
for

FROM storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let Thy strong hand this little vessel guide ;
It was Thy hand that made it : through the tide
Impetuous of this life let Thy command
Direct my course and bring me safe to land.—*Prior*.

2913. PROVOCATIONS. Small

A THOUSAND gnats make up a serpent's sting,
And many sly, soft stimulants to wrath
Compose a formidable wrong at last,
That gets call'd easily by some name
Not applicable to the single parts,
And so draws down a general revenge,
Excessive if you take crime fault by fault.

Browning.

2914. PRUDENCE.

SHE's a majestic ruler, and commands
Even with terror of her awful brow.
As in a throng, sedition being raised,
Th' ignoble multitude inflamed with madness,
Firebrands and stones fly ; fury shows them weapons :
Till spying some grave man, honour'd for wisdom,
They straight are silent, and erect their ears ;
Whilst he, with his sage counsel, doth assuage
Their mind's disorder and appease their rage :
So prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have raised temptations, with their batteries
Assaulting reason, then doth interpose,
And keep it safe.—*Nabb*.

When any great designs thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.

Denham.

I look forward what's to come, and back what's past ;
Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced :
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess ;
Thou then wilt be secure of the success.—*Denham*.

Prudence ! thou vainly in our youth art sought,
And with age purchased, art too dearly bought,—
We're past the use of wit, for which we toil :
Late fruit, and planted on too cold a soil.—*Dryden*.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays ;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;
A certain snare to miseries immense ;
A gay prerogative from common sense ;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.—*Young*.

Consult your means, avoid the tempter's wiles,
Shun grinning hosts of unreceipted files,
Let Heaven-eyed prudence battle with desire,
And win the victory, though it be through fire.

Field.

2915. PULPIT. Power of the

THE pulpit, therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing),
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth : there stands
The legate of the skies ! his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect !
Are all such teachers ?—would to Heaven all were !

Cooper.

2916. PUNISHMENT. Inevitable

ALL vice to which man yields in greed to do it,
Or soon or late, be sure, he'll sorely rue it.
The whole creation's strange and endless dealing,
In spite of shields and veils and arts concealing,
Proclaims that whoso'er is long a sinner,
Can only be by it of woe a winner.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2917. PUNISHMENT : necessary.

THE land wants such
As dare with rigour execute the laws.
Her fester'd members must be lanced and tented :
He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares
The part corrupted till the gangrene spread,
And all the body perish : he that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.—*Rando'ph*.

2918. PUNISHMENT: not to be administered vindictively.

YE princes all, and rulers every one,
In punishment beware of hatred's ire.
Before you scourge, take heed ; look well thereon :
In wrath's ill will, if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burn in such a hot desire,
That, in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,
Ye shall forget to join your justice right.

You should not judge till things be well discern'd ;
Your charge is still to maintain upright laws :
In conscience' rules ye should be thoroughly learn'd—
Where clemency bids wrath and rashness pause ;
And further saith, strike not without a cause :
And when ye smite, do it for justice' sake ;
Then in good part each man your scourge will take.
Churchyard.

2919. PURITY.

WHO has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?—*Shakespeare.*

2920. PURPOSE: should be promptly carried into effect.

THE flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.—*Shakespeare.*

2921. PURPOSE. Unshaken

No wrath of men or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes ;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them, can alter him ;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.—*Herrick.* ⁵

2922. QUARRELS.

DISSENSIONS, like small streams, are first begun ;
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run :
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed the more they still disjoin.

Garth.

2923. RAILLERY.

ABOVE all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that task design :
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool ;
For all must grant it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart.

No wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
Without good-nature, and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time ;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime ;
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.
Stillington.

2924. RAIN.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Longfellow.

2925. RASHNESS.

WE may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.—*Shakespeare.*

All great concernments must delays endure ;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure ;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty.—*Denham.*

2926. RATIONALISM. Uncertainty of

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul : and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When Day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamps shone brighter, have been
led

From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;
And found that one first principle must be :
But what, or who, that universal He ;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved ; yet making, moving all ;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
Or this great all was from eternity ;
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see ;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he :
As blindly groped they for a future state ;
As rashly judged of providence and fate :

But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of humankind :
For happiness was never to be found ;
But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd ;
Ambition said, Be constantly employ'd :
The wiser madman did for Virtue toil ;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep ;
But found their line too short, the well too deep,
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul :
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
How can the less the greater comprehend ?
Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

Dryden.

2927. READING.

WHO reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains :
Deep-versed in books, but shallow in himself.

Milton.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,—
Let me return to you ; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone ;
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

Mrs Norton : To My Books.

2928. REASON. Audacity of

WITH scanty line shall Reason dare to mete
Th' immeasurable depth of providence ?
On the swoln bladders of opinion borne,
She floats awhile, then, floundering, sinks absorb'd
Within that boundless sea she strove to grasp.
Shall man, here station'd to revere that God
Who call'd him into being from the dust,
His mortal scheme implead, and, impious, cite
Th' Almighty Legislator to the bar
Of erring intellect ?—*Bally.*

2929. REASON. Faith and

TRUE faith and reason are the soul's two eyes :
Faith evermore looks upward, and describes

Objects remote ; but Reason can discover
Things only near,—sees nothing that's above her.

Quarles.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there and such they be ;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descried.—*Cowley.*

Reason the root ; fair Faith is but the flower ;
The fading flower shall die, but Reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.—*Young.*

2930. REASON. Instinct and

REASON's progressive ; Instinct is complete :
Swift Instinct leaps ; slow Reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In ages they
No more could know, do, covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.

Young.

2931. REASON : insufficient.

I SEE the errors that I would avoid,
And have my reason still, but not the use on't :
It hangs upon me like a wither'd limb
Bound up and numb'd by some disease's frost,
The form the same, but all the use is lost.

Howard.

I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with its never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy. I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe.—*Bryant.*

2932. REASON : intermittent.

THOUGHT

Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower betwixt shade and shining.

Congram.

2933. REASON : not to lie unused.

SURE He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.—*Shakespeare.*

2934. REASON. Province of

WHERE men have several faiths, to find the true,
We only can the aid of reason use ;
'Tis reason shows us which we should eschew,
When by comparison we learn to choose.
But though we there on reason must rely,
Where men to several faiths their minds dispose ;
Yet after reason's choice, the schools are shy
To let it judge the very faith it chose.—*Davenant.*

'Tis reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast ;
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life.

Cotton.

2935. REBELLION.

WANT made them murmur ; for the people who,
To get their bread, do wrestle with their fate,
Or those who in superfluous riot flow,
Soonest rebel : convulsions in a state,
Like those which natural bodies do oppress,
Rise from repletion, or from emptiness.—*Alecyn.*

Let them call it mischief :
When it's past and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.

Ben Jonson.

Who strikes at sov'reign power had need strike home ;
For storms that fail to blow the cedar down,
May tear the branches, but they fix the roots.

Jeffrey.

The sight
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,
As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel ;
And you will find a harder task to quell
Than urge them when they have commenced ; but
till
That moment a mere voice, a straw, a shadow,
Are capable of turning them aside.—*Byron.*

A spark creates the flame ; 'tis the last drop
Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full
Already.—*Byron.*

Rebellion ! foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd !
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame !

As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again ;—
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there !—*Moore.*

2936. RECOGNITION. Hope of

I COUNT the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue,
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walk'd with, in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in heaven to find.
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true ;
And such, we deem, the holy Word to view
Unfolds, an antidote for grief design'd,
One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis thus we read
The Book of life : but if we read amiss,
By God prepared fresh treasures shall succeed
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss
Of joy ; nor aught the longing spirit need,
To fill its measure of enormous bliss.—*Mant.*

2937. RED SEA. Song of Israel at the

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
Jehovah has triumph'd,—His people are free !
Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is broken :
His chariot and horsemen all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but
spoken,
And chariot and horsemen are sunk in the wave !
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
Jehovah has triumph'd,—His people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword !
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride !
For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea :
Jehovah has triumph'd,—His people are free !

Moore.

2938. REDEMPTION. Condition of

HALF mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the Donor of eternal life,
Because the deed, by which His love confirms
The largess He bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with His will your lot insures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours.

And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
As with a frown to say, Do this, and live.

Cowper.

2939. REDEMPTION. Mystery of

THE grand redemption of degenerate man
Is not a single, independent act,
But one great system ; that, perchance, involved
In the one only greater, God's high law
Pervading and supporting every part
Of the stupendous universe : to thee,
Dark are the system's limits ; nay, the whole
To thee unknown, save some minuter spots,
Display'd to show the parts thou hast to act
In the alarming scene.—*Hy.*

2940. REFORM. Consistent

'Tis not to cry God mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd :
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.—*Quarles.*

2941. REFORM. Course of

THE outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—
These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day ;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh backward-looking son of time !
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.
So wisely taught the Indian seer ;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine ;
So, in his time, thy child grown grey
Shall sigh for thine.
But life shall on and upward go ;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart ! The Waster builds again ;
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey
His first propulsion from the night :
Wake thou and watch ! the world is grey
With morning light.—*Whittier.*

2942. REFORM : effected with difficulty.

HABITUAL evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows ;
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a 'second nature in the soul,
Ere Virtue can resume the place she lost.

Ross.

2943. REFORM : needs skill as well as zeal.

WISE experience
Gives us to know, that in th' lopping of trees,
The skilful hand prunes but the lower branches,
And leaves the top still growing, to extract
Sap from the root, as meaning to reform,
Not to destroy.—*Tatham.*

2944. REFUGE. The Sinner's

WHEN rising wind and rain descending
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed, their wings extending,
The birds to sheltering trees repair.
So I, by faith, with sin oppress'd,
Would refuge take, O Christ, in Thee ;
Thou art my hiding-place and rest,
From every evil shelter me.

2945. REJOICING. Occasions for

REJOICE, though storms assail thee ;
Rejoice, when skies are bright ;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night :
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell !

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice !
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice ?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seem'd :
Who pour'd those rays of gladness
Which on thy prospect beam'd ?

Recall the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice,
Though wave on wave of sorrow
Rush on with fearful noise :

Was not the Bow of Promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallow'd lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone !
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on ;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is,
Rejoice for evermore.

2946. RELIGION : a source of peace and joy.

RELIGION ! Providence ! an after state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock !
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change :
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Young.

2947. RELIGION. Growth in

THE strong right arm is only strong
Because an active will
Has made it serve. But, were that arm
Left idly hanging still,
'Twould lose the hoarded strength of years,
And lose more rapidly
Than it was gain'd, by Nature's law
Of inactivity.

'Tis true of souls. They gather strength
With every cross they bear ;
With every humble sacrifice ;
With every heartfelt prayer ;
With every conflict bravely met,
And trial bravely borne ;
With every throb of anguish felt
When tender ties are shorn.

The tears and toil of praying ones
Are wisely, kindly sent

By Him who knoweth what they need
For soul-development.
The path of idleness is one
By vagrant children trod :
They grow in grace most rapidly
Who labour most for God.

2948. RELIGION : her mission.

HER end is to direct
The judgment and inform the intellect ;
To lift them up, to brighten, to refine ;
The soul to soothe, and teach it to resign
Its careful joys, bequeathing earth to earth,
And seek with her for what alone is worth,
The spirit's splendid calm which hath in heaven
its birth.—*Bailey.*

2949. RELIGION : in daily life.

WE need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.—*Kable.*

2950. RELIGION. Plainness of

COULD not that wisdom which first broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions ?
And jag'd His seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions ?
But all the doctrine which He taught and gave
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came :
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame,
Love God, and love your neighbour ; watch and pray ;
Do as you would be done unto ;
O dark instructions, even dark as day !
Who can these gordian knots undo ?—*Herbert.*

2951. RELIGION. True

SEEMING devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave ;
But when religion doth with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.—*Waller.*

True Christianity depends on fact :
Religion is not theory, but act.—*Harte.*

Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss ; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.

Wordsworth.

He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever on the
watch to keep it spotless :
Such care argueth debility, a garrison relying on its
sentinel.

Passive strength shall scorn excuses, patiently waiting
a reaction ;

He wotteth well that truth is great, and must prevail
at last :

But fretful weakness hasteth to explain, anxiously
dreading prejudice,

And ignorant that perishable falsehood dieth as a
branch cut off.—*Tupper.*

2966. RESIGNATION. A call for

BE still in God ! Who rests on Him
Enduring peace shall know,
And with a spirit fresh and free
Through life shall cheerly go.
Be still in faith ! Forbear to seek
Where seeking nought avails,
Unfold thy soul to that pure light
From heaven which never fails.

Be still in love ! Be like the dew
That, falling from the skies,
On meadows green, in thousand cups,
At morning twinkling lies !
Be still in conduct, striving not
For honour, wealth, or might !
Who in contentment breaks his bread
Finds favour in God's sight.

Be still in sorrow ! 'As God wills !
Let that thy motto be ;
Submissive 'neath His strokes receive
His image stamp'd on thee.
Be still in God ! Who rests on Him
Enduring peace shall know,
And with a spirit glad and free
Through night and grief shall go.—*Sturm.*

2967. RESIGNATION. A psalm of

As Thou wilt, my God ! I ever say ;
What Thou wilt is ever best for me :
What have I to do with earthly care,
Since to-morrow I may leave with Thee ?
Lord, Thou knowest I am not my own,
All my hope and help depend on Thee alone.

As Thou wilt ! still I can believe,
Never did the word of promise fail ;

Faith can hold it fast, and feel it sure,
Though temptations cloud, and fears assail.
Why art thou disquieted, my soul,
When thy Father knows and rules the whole ?

As Thou wilt ! still I can endure
Patiently my daily cross to bear :
Why should I complain, a pardon'd child,
If the children's portion here I share ?
As Thou wilt, my Father and my God !
I can drink the cup, and bless the rod.

Neumaier.

2968. RESIGNATION. A psalm of

WE see not, know not ; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day :
From out the torrent's double drift,
Above the storm, our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease ?
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press ;
If, from thine ordeal's heated bars,
Our feet are seam'd with crimson scars,
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies,
The minor of Thy loftier strain :
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done !—*Whittier.*

2969. RESIGNATION. Cause for

ALL are not taken ! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find

No love in all the world for comforting,
 Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
 Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoin'd—
 And if before these sepulchres unmoving
 I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
 Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving?'
 I know a Voice would sound, 'Daughter, I AM;
 Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for earth?'

Mrs Browning.

2970. RESIGNATION. Christian

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best,
 Winding or straight, it matters not,
 It leads me to Thy rest.
 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might:
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.—*Bonar.*

2971. RESIGNATION: its blessedness.

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
 With unknown thresholds on each hand,
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 'Each day more surely as I go,
 That doors are open'd, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathom'd purpose to fulfil,
 'Not as I will.'

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
 Too heavy burdens in the load,
 And too few helpers on the road;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long:
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are order'd still,
 'Not as I will.'

'Not as I will,' the sound grows sweet,
 Each time my lips the words repeat.

'Not as I will;' the darkness feels
 More safe than light when this thought steals
 Like whisper'd voice to calm and bless
 All unrest and all loneliness.
 'Not as I will,' because the One
 Who loved us first and best has gone
 Before us on the road, and still
 For us must all His love fulfil,
 'Not as we will.'—*Helen Hunt.*

2972. RESIGNATION. Perfect

MY will would like a life of ease,
 And power to do, and time to rest,
 And wealth and health my will would please,
 But, Lord, I know Thy will is best.

If I have strength to do Thy will,
 That should be power enough for me,
 Whether to walk or to sit still
 Th' appointment of the day may be.

And if by sickness I may grow
 More patient, holy, and resign'd,
 Strong health I need not wish to know,
 And greater ease I cannot find.

And rest—I need not seek it here—
 For perfect rest remaineth still;
 When in Thy presence we appear
 Rest shall be given by Thy will.

Lord, I have given my life to Thee,
 And every day and hour is Thine,
 What Thou appointest, let them be,
 Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

2973. RESIGNATION. Prayer for

I ASK not now for gold to gild
 With mocking shine a weary frame;
 The yearning of the mind is still'd,—
 I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud dimly seen above,
 Melting in heaven's blue depths away,
 O sweet, fond dream of human love,
 For thee I may not pray.

But, bow'd in lowliness of mind,
 I make my humble wishes known,
 I only ask a will resign'd,
 O Father, to Thine own.

To-day, beneath Thy chastening eye,
 I crave alone for peace and rest,
 Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
 And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death ;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath !

In vain I task mine aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan :
I only feel how weak and vain
And poor and blind is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child would come,
O Father, unto Thee.

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have pass'd away,
In mercy lend Thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day !—*Whittier.*

2974. RESIGNATION. Prayer for

O THOU, whose sacred feet have trod,
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done !

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gain'd
The blessing which it bears,
And learn'd, though late, I entertain'd
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.—*J. D. Burns.*

2975. RESIGNATION. Prayers for

THOU Power supreme ! whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest ; they must be best,
Because they are Thy will !

Then all I want, (O do Thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to enjoy Thou didst deny,
Assist me to resign.—*Burns.*

Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !
Oh ! may Thy will be mine ;
Into Thy hand of love
would my all resign.

Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own ;
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

2976. RESIGNATION. Reasonableness of
THE good we have enjoy'd from Heaven's free will ;
And shall we murmur to endure the ill ?—*Dryden.*

2977. RESIGNATION. Reason for

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty garlands by
So piteously, yet with a humble mind ;
Sailors, who, when their ship rocks in the wind,
Cast out her freight with half-averted eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore—
Thus we, O Father, standing Thee before,
Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh,
Each after each, our precious things and rare,
Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flower would die,
And the long-voyaged hoards be found but dust ;
So took'st them, while unchanged. To Thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure : Thou art just.

D. M. Mulock Craik.

2978. RESIGNATION. Reasons for

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful
Or too regretful ;
Be still ;

What God hath order'd must be right.
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart !

One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favour,
But rest ;
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all His creatures, so for thee,
The best.—*Fleming.*

ransom paid,
 action made;
 what Christ has done,
 and make the joy thine own;
 of guilt and fear distress,
 thy rest!

My heart,
 silent griefs, and secret pain,
 less regrets, and longings vain;
 and love have order'd all the past,
 and be blessedness and light at last;
 off the cares that have so long oppress;
 Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb:
 Light from above has broken through its gloom;
 Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
 Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
 Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
 Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
 With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
 Beside the streams of Life eternal led,
 For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
 Rest, sweetly rest!

2980. REST. Idleness is not

ABSENCE of occupation is not rest;
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

Cowper.

2981. REST: only to be found in God.

MADE for Thyself, O God!
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;
 Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might;
 Made for Thy praise, whom veil'd archangels laud;
 Oh, strange and glorious thought, that we may be
 A joy to Thee!

Yet the heart turns away
 From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
 'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
 Chasing illusions, melting day by day;
 Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
 'This is not rest!'

Nor can the vain toil cease,
 Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
 One who can guide our aching wayward feet

To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace:
 In Him the long unrest is soothed and still'd;
 Our hearts are fill'd.

O rest, so true, so sweet!

(Would it were shared by all the weary world!)
 'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurl'd,
 We bend to kiss the Master's pierc'd feet;
 Then lean our love upon His loving breast.
 And know God's rest.

Frances R. Havergal.

2982. REST. Praise for

No lambkin by its shepherd borne,
 No dove its mate caressing,
 No bondman freed, no pilgrim worn,
 The grateful shade possessing;
 No child clasp'd to its mother's heart,
 No sick man when his pains depart,
 No warrior, home returning;
 No man can know such perfect rest
 As that which ends our weary quest,
 Our gracious Lord discerning.

Oh winning words! 'Come unto me,
 Ye weary and forsaken!'
 They gave me rest: I came to Thee;
 My burden Thou hast taken.
 Thus I am well who once was ill;
 Up, soul! Thy lips with praises fill,
 For praise Thy peace deserveth.
 O Saviour! make me yet more blest;
 Let me at last attain that rest,
 Which Heaven for me reserveth!

Hiller, tr. by Professor Dunn.

2983. REST: the gift of Christ.

'COME ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile,
 With labour weary, and with crowds oppress;
 Straightway they cross the sea at His behest,
 Their leisure sweeten'd by the Master's smile.
 'Come to the lonely shore, or forest aisle,'
 To us His gracious word is now address,
 'Come to the mountain-solitude, and rest,
 Where peaceful hours may careful hearts beguile.'
 My Master, in Thine hand it is to measure
 My times of work and weariness for Thee:
 My times of rest return at Thy good pleasure,
 By lake or mountain, wood or murmuring sea:
 But, to give sweetness to my hours of leisure,
 Come Thou Thyself, O Lord, and rest with me!

Wilton.

2984. REST: the reward of the righteous.

HAIL, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos;
 'Write,
 Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are blest:

Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall rest
From all their labours ! ' But no dull, dark night
That rest o'ershadows : 'tis the day-spring bright
Of bliss ; the foretaste of a richer feast ;

A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,
Peopled with visions of intense delight.
And though the secrets of that resting-place
The soul embodied knows not ; yet she knows
No sin is there God's likeness to deface,
To stint His love, no purgatorial woes ;
Her dross is left behind, nor mixture base
Mars the pure stream of her serene repose.

Mant.

2985. REST. The Soul's

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements—Satan's snares.
God is thy rest—with heart inclined
To keep His Word, that Word believe ;
Christ is thy Rest—with lowly mind
His light and easy yoke receive.—*Montgomery.*

2986. REST. True

SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil !
Is not true leisure
One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best ;
Use it, not waste it—
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee ? all round ?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt ;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onwards ! unswerving—
And that is true rest.—*Dwight.*

2987. REST : where it is to be found.

O LITTLE birds, fly east again ! O little birds, fly west !
Ye have found no happy city in all your wandering
quest ;

Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may
stray,
And still, like ye, the weary soul must wing its weary
way !

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's
bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals
found.

We are but children, crying here, upon a mother's
breast,
For life, and peace, and blessedness, and for eternal
rest !

Bless God ! I hear a still small voice above life's
clamorous din,
Saying, ' Faint not, O weary one, thou yet may'st
enter in !

That city is prepared for those who well do win the
fight,
Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath wash'd
them pure and white.

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy waking eyes with stupefying
power ;

It lieth calm, within the light of God's peace-giving
breast,

Its walls are call'd Salvation,—that city's name is
" Rest ! "—*From ' Household Words. '*

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect rest be found ;
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers,
Even on cultured ground ;
Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest ;
And this must be his onward word—
' In heaven alone is rest ! '—*Barton.*

2988. RESURRECTION. Analogies of the

THE seed, the insentient seed,
Buried beneath the earth,
Starts from its dusty bed,
Responsive to the voice of spring,
And covers mead and mountain,
Fields and forests, with its life.
Myriads of creatures, too, that lay
As dead as dust on every inch of ground,
Touch'd by the vernal ray,
Spring from their little graves, and sport
On beauteous wings in fields of sunnied air.
Shall this be so ? shall plants and worms

Come forth to life again? And oh, shall man
Descend into the grave to rise no more?
Shall he, the master of this world,
Image and offspring of the fontal life,
Through endless ages sleep in dust?—*Thomas.*

2989. RESURRECTION. Emblem of the

HAVE you not seen how, pent in narrow room,
From leaf to leaf the worm-like insect creeps?
Have you not seen how undistinguish'd sleeps
That insect, girded by its death-like tomb?
Till, bursting forth in vernal beauty's bloom,
Quick into life the winged wonder leaps,
Sports in the sun, the flower, the brooklet sips,
Broider'd with brightest tints from nature's loom?
So man, within his being's narrow ring,
Crawls on his kindred earth: so down he lies
In wintry slumber wrapt: in life's new spring
Again, no more a grovelling worm, to rise;
But seraph-like, to soar on radiant wing,
And quaff delight 'mid heaven's unclouded skies.

Mant.

2990. RESURRECTION: its certainty.

Two thousand years ago, a flower
Bloom'd brightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
That man had lived, and toil'd, and died;
But even in that far-off time
That flower had shed its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went;
That dead hand kept its treasure well:
Nations were born, and turn'd to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The senseless hand is robb'd at last;
The seed is buried in the earth;
When lo! the life, long sleeping there,
Into a lovely flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloom'd,
And died—two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watch'd the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er His buried saints as well?

And will not He, from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise?

Ay, though it sleeps two thousand years,
Yet all this slumbering dust shall rise!

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as now you wear,
But, oh, more glorious far, shall rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air!

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When call'd to leave this vale of tears;
For 'in my flesh I shall see God,'
E'en though I sleep a thousand years!

Sarah H. Bradford.

2991. RESURRECTION. Recognition in the

AND shall I e'er again thy features trace,
Beloved friend; thy lineaments review?
Yes: though the sunken eyes, and livid hue,
And lips compress'd, have quench'd each lively grace,
Death's triumph; still I recognize the face
Which thine for many a year affection knew:
And what forbids, that, clothed with life anew,
It still on memory's tablet hold its place?
Though then thy cheek with deathless bloom be
sheen,

And rays of splendour wreath thy sun-like brow,
That change I deem shall sever not between
Thee and thy former self; nor disallow
'That love's tried eyes discern thee through the screen
Of glory then, as of corruption now.—*Mant.*

2992. RESURRECTION: the hope of the right-
eous.

LET those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls can look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Beattie.

2993. RETIREMENT. Causes of

THUS some retire to nourish hopeless woe;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined;
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust;
Some self-impoverish'd, and because they must;
But few that court retirement are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.

Cowper.

2994. RETIREMENT. Charms of

LET him that will, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great

As are his mounting wishes : as for me,
 Let sweet repose and rest my portion be ;
 Give me some mean obscure recess, a sphere
 Out of the road of business, or the fear
 Of falling lower ; where I sweetly may
 Myself and dear retirement still enjoy :
 Let not my life or name be known unto
 The grandees of the time, tost to and fro
 By censures or applause ; but let my age
 Slide gently by ; not overthwart the stage
 Of public action ; unheard, unseen,
 And unconcern'd, as if I ne'er had been ;
 And thus, while I shall pass my silent days
 In shady privacy, free from the noise
 And bustles of the mad world, then shall I
 A good old innocent plebeian die.
 Death is a mere surprise, a very snare,
 To him that makes it his life's greatest care
 To be a public pageant ; known to all,
 But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.

Sir Matthew Hale : Paraphrase from Seneca.

I'd rather, like the violet, grow
 Unmark'd i' th' shaded vale,
 Than on the hill those terrors know
 Are breathed forth by an angry gale :
 There is more pomp above, more sweet below.

Habington.

How miserable a thing is a great man :
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please,
 Give me obscure, and safe, and silent ease.

Crown.

How much they err who, to their interest blind,
 Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows !
 And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,
 Banish the tranquil bliss which Heaven for man
 design'd !—*Mrs Tighe.*

2995. RETRIBUTION. Fact of

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,
 Yet they grind exceeding small ;
 Though with patience He stands waiting,
 With exactness grinds He all.—*Longfellow.*

2996. REUNION : above.

If yon bright stars, which gem the night,
 Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
 Where kindred spirits reunite,
 Whom death hath torn asunder here ;
 How sweet it were at once to die,
 To leave this blighted orb afar,
 Mixt soul and soul, to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star !

But, oh ! how dark, how drear and lone,
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
 If, wandering through each radiant one,
 We fail'd to find the loved of this !
 If there no more the ties shall twine
 Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
 Ah, then those stars in mockery shine,
 More hateful as they shine for ever !

It cannot be !—each hope, each fear,
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now.
 There is a voice which sorrow hears,
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
 'Tis Heaven that whispers, ' Dry your tears ;
 The pure in heart shall meet again.'—*Lygnet*

2997. REUNION. Place of

WHERE no shadow shall bewilder,
 Where life's vain parade is o'er,
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more :
 Where the bond is never sever'd ;
 Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noontide,—all are done :
 Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds the child,
 Where dear families are gather'd,
 That were scatter'd on the wild :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where the hidden wound is healed,
 Where the blighted light re-blooms,
 Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes :
 Where the love that here we lavish
 On the withering leaves of time,
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
 In an ever spring-bright clime :
 Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before,
 Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd,
 Loving once and evermore :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,
 'Mid the holy and the blest !—*Bonar.*

2998. REUNION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN. Moral certainty of the

OH ! mocking life if this be not !
 Oh ! mocking love, the curse of life !
 Be husband, father, mother, wife,
 For one brief hour ! O cruel lot !

'This cannot be!' our hearts will cry :
If all beginnings have their end,
And perfect justice cannot read
Our issues from us when we die ;—

If life on earth must meet its due,
And deeds of good or ill receive
Their measure, then we will believe
That love shall round its cycle too ;

That these strong heart-strings are not rent,
But only strain'd and stretch'd awhile,
And wound about some circling coil
Of God's all-measureless intent.

And I shall see my own again,
Shall love them with a richer love ;
And by their side shall blissful move,
And thankful think of this day's pain.

G. W. Conder.

2999. REVENGE: blind.

If happiness be a substantial good,
Not framed of accidents, nor subject to them,
I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge.—*Denham.*

3000. REVENGE. Disgrace of

You satisfy your anger, and revenge :
Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss ; and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When, rebels unto reason, passions fought it :
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd, entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.—*Massinger.*

3001. REVENGE: recoils.

How rash, how inconsiderate is rage !
How wretched, oh ! how fatal is our error,
When to revenge precipitate we run !
Revenge, that still with double force recoils
Back on itself, and is its own revenge !
While to the short-lived momentary joy
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.

Froude.

Revenge, at first, though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.—*Milton.*

3002. REVENGE. Right of

SPEAK not of vengeance ! 'tis the right of God.
'Vengeance is His.' Who will usurp the bolt
And launch it for Omnipotence ? Shall man
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe

How far the line of mercy shall extend,
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod ?
In thine own cause to judge, who gave thee right,
Presumptuous man ?—*Layard.*

3003. REVENGE: scorned by the wise.

A NOBLE heart doth teach a virtuous scorn :
To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong ;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind ?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Lady Elizabeth Carew.

Revenge impatient Hubert proudly sought ;
Revenge, which, ev'n when just, the wise deride :
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

Davenant.

3004. RICHES:

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
For like an ass, whose back's with ingots bound,
Thou bears't thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee.—*Shakespeare.*

Abundance is a blessing to the wise ;
The use of riches in discretion lies :
Learn this, ye men of wealth,—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.—*Cumberland.*

3005. RICHES. True

Go, buy thee new lands, and enlarge thy estate,
And write thy proud name with the wealthy and
great ;

But if thou shalt fail of a treasure in heaven,
All thy wealth to the winds shall be rapidly given.

Go, enter the mart where the merchantmen meet ;
Get rich, and retire to some rural retreat :
Ere happiness comes, comes the season to die ;
Quickly then will thy riches all vanish and fly.

Go, sit with the mighty in purple and gold ;
Thy mansions be stately, thy treasures untold :
But soon shalt thou dwell in the damp house of clay,
While thy riches make wings to themselves, and
away.

Oh, give me the flowers that droop not nor die !
A treasure up yonder !—a home in the sky !
Where beautiful things in their beauty still stay,
And where riches ne'er fly from the blessed away.

Hunter.

3006. RIDICULE. Answer to

RIDICULE is a weak weapon when levell'd at a
strong mind ;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty
laugh.
Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly—its poison shall
burn thee to the shoulder ;
But grasp it with a bold hand—is it not a bundle of
myrrh ?
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools
enough to mock thee ;
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and
the scoffers will lick thy feet.—*Tupper.*

3007. RIDICULE. Purpose of

WHERE'ER the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint-eyed visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combined,
Strikes on the quick observer : whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim,
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell ;
Or whether these, with violation loathed,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly?—*Akenside.*

3008. RIGHT. Doing

Go boldly on. Do what is right ;
Ask not for private ease or good ;
Let one bright star direct thy sight,
The polar star of rectitude.

Go boldly on. And though the road
Thy weary, bleeding feet shall rend,
Angels shall help thee bear thy load,
And God Himself thy steps attend.

Do right. And thou hast nought to fear ;
Right hath a power that makes thee strong :
The night is dark, but light is near ;
The grief is short, the joy is long.

Know, in thy dark and troubled day,
To friends of truth and right are given,
When strifes and toils have pass'd away,
The sweet rewards and joys of heaven.

Upham.

3009. RIGHT. Vindication of

NOT to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong ;
For he who strikes for freedom wears
The armour of the captive's prayers,
And Nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws.
While he whose arm essays to bind
And herd with common brutes his kind,
Strives evermore at fearful odds
With Nature and the jealous gods,
And dares the dread recoil which late
Or soon their right shall vindicate.—*Whittier.*

3010. RIVERS.

THE river Thames that by our door doth pass,
His first beginning is but small and shallow ;
Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.

Shakespeare.

Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as thou art my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

Denham.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun ;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !—*Dyer.*

3011. 'ROCK OF AGES.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,'
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung ;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish tongue ;
Sang as little children sing ;
Sang as sings the birds of June ;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Let me hide myself in Thee.'
Felt her soul no need to hide ;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside ;

All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouch'd by care,
 Dreaming not that they might be
 On some other lips a prayer—
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.'
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
 'Twas a woman sung them now,
 Sung them slow and wearily—
 Wan hand on her aching brow.
 Rose the song as storm-toss'd bird
 Beats with weary wing the air,
 Every note with sorrow stirr'd—
 Every syllable a prayer—
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.'
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
 Lips grown aged sang the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly—
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
 'Let me hide myself in Thee.'
 Trembling through the voice and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow.
 Sung as only they can sing
 Who life's thorny paths have press'd ;
 Sung as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest—
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.'
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,'
 Sung above a coffin lid ;
 Underneath, all restfully,
 All life's joys and sorrows hid,
 Never more, O storm-toss'd soul !
 Never more from wind or tide,
 Never more from billows' roll,
 Wilt thou need to hide.
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft grey hair ;
 Could the mute and stiffen'd lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, ay, still the words would be,
 'Let me hide myself in Thee.'

3012. ROCK OF AGES. The

THE sea is flashing its silver light,
 And fiercely its surface gleams ;
 There is not a cloud in the wide blue sky
 To temper its burning beams.
 But cool in the shadow the great Rock throws
 I sit through the scorching day,
 While the white rocks glitter, and ships go by,
 And the glad waves tireless play.

And I think of One who has thrown for me,
 In the midst of a weary land,
 A great Rock's shadow where I might rest,
 Though the sun was on every hand ;
 Where life's hot fever could touch me not,
 But happy, and safe, and calm,
 Through the smiting heat I could sit and sing
 The words of a thankful psalm.

The sea was angry and rough one day,
 And its waves like mountains rose ;
 And the restless waters heaved and rush'd,
 Nor an instant had repose.

I saw the wreck of a ship that sank,
 Beaten in stormy strife,
 But I was safe on the mighty Rock,
 Living a tranquil life.

So the Rock of Ages has been to me
 A refuge and safe retreat,
 A hiding-place from the storms of life,
 As well as from life's fierce heat ;
 Waves have beaten and tempests howl'd,
 But happy and safe are they
 Who are hidden away in the great Rock's cleft
 In the dangerous stormy day.

The winds were armies of conquering foes
 Smiting the trembling trees,
 And over the hills in their might they came
 Lashing the foaming seas.
 But I clung to the Rock till the wild hour pass'd,
 For nothing could harm me there ;
 The rocks are firm in the tempest times,
 As well as in balmy air.

And I said, I will cling to my Rock of strength,
 Whatever the day may be.
 I am safe, and happy, and calm, and free,
 For no danger can reach to me.
 And oh, that the joy may be one day,
 From the might of the creeping waves,
 To lift some helpless and drowning ones
 To the height of the Rock that saves.

Marianne Farningham.

3013. RUMOUR.

RUMOUR is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.—*Shakespeare.*

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd ;
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,

And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too ;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

Pope.

3014. SABBATH. Figures of the

TYPES of eternal rest, fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week ;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this ;
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can
speak !

Eternity on time, the steps by which
We climb to future ages, lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for a week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayers in man, his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers ;
Periods appointed to renew our trust ;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers !

A milky-way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine ;
A clew, which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briars and thorns around his pathway
twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth ; pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story ;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !

Barton.

3015. SABBATH. Import of the

HAIL to the day, which He, who made the heaven,
Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest !
Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
Arose ! That day His Church doth still confess,
At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
Sign of a world call'd forth, a world forgiven.
Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
The Lord's own day ! to man's Creator owed,
And man's Redeemer ; for the soul's increase
In sanctity, and sweet repose bestow'd ;
Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
The rest remaining for the loved of God !—*Mant.*

3016. SABBATH : its preciousness to the poor.

HAIL, Holy Day ! the blessing from above
Brightens thy presence like a smile of love,

Smoothing, like oil upon a stormy sea,
The roughest waves of human destiny—
Cheering the good, and to the poor oppress'd
Bearing the promise of their heavenly rest.

Mrs Haiz.

But, chiefly, man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board—screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree :
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
As wandering slowly up the river's bank,
He meditates on Him whose powers he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots : and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope,)
That heaven may be one sabbath without end.

Graham.

3017. SABBATH : its preciousness to the poor.

THE merry birds are singing,
And from the fragrant sod
The spirits of a thousand flowers
Go sweetly up to God :
While in His holy temple
We meet to praise and pray
With cheerful voice and grateful heart,
This summer Sabbath-day !

We thank Thee, Lord, for one day
To look Heaven in the face ;
The poor have only Sunday ;
The sweeter is the grace.
'Tis then they make the music
That sings their week away.
Oh, there's a sweetness infinite
In the poor man's Sabbath-day !

'Tis as a burst of sunshine,
A tender fall of rain,
That sets the barest life a-bloom ;
Makes old hearts young again.
The dry and dusty roadside
With smiling flowers is gay ;
'Tis open heaven one day in seven,
The poor man's Sabbath-day !

'Tis here the weary pilgrim
Doth reach his house of ease ;
That blessed house, called 'Beautiful,'
And that soft chamber, 'Peace.'
The river of life runs through his dream,
And the leaves of heaven are at play ;
He sees the golden city gleam,
This shining Sabbath-day !

Take heart, ye faint and fearful,
Your cross with courage bear ;
So many a face now tearful
Shall shine in glory there ;
Where all the sorrow is banish'd,
The tears are wiped away ;
And all eternity shall be
An endless Sabbath-day !

Ah ! there are empty places,
Since last we mingled here !
There will be missing faces
When we meet another year !
But, heart to heart, before we part,
Now all together pray
That we may meet in heaven, to spend
The eternal Sabbath-day !

3018. SABBATH. Observance of the

Now let us repose from our care and our sorrow,
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away ;
The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow,
And let us be tranquil and happy to-day.

Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain—
There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up
yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again.

To-day on that mount we would seek for Thy blessing ;
O Spirit of Holiness, meet with us there ;
Our hearts then will feel, thine influence possessing,
The sweetness of praise and the fervour of prayer.

Edmeston.

3019. SABBATH : on the sea.

OH ! welcome to the wearied Earth
The Sabbath resting comes,
Gathering the sons of toil-and care
Back to their peaceful homes ;
And, like a portal to the skies,
Opens the House of God,
Where all who seek may come and learn
The way the Saviour trod.
But holier to the wanderer seems
The Sabbath on the deep,

When on and on, in ceaseless course,
The toiling bark must keep,
And not a trace of man appears
Amid the wilderness
Of waters—then it comes like dove
Direct from heaven to bless.—*Mrs Hale.*

3020. SABBATH. Rest of the

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill !
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still !
Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be ;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free !

Ah, tender was the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest !
But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift thine eyes ?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toil is given ;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.
Six days may Rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall ;
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all !—*Bulwer Lytton.*

3021. SABBATH. Stillness of the

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still ;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws ;
The gales that lately sigh'd along the grove
Have hush'd their drowsy wings in dead repose.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze :
The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.

Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving hill.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
 With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods :
 The dizzing mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Has ceased :—all, all around is quietness.

Grahame.

3022. SABBATHS. Threefold

SABBATHS are threefold, as St Austin says :
 The first of time, or sabbath here of days ;
 The second is a conscience trespass-free ;
 The last the sabbath of eternity.—*Herrick.*

3023. SABBATH-BELLS.

THE cheerful Sabbath-bells, wherever heard,
 Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
 Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims
 Tidings of good to Zion.—*Charles Lamb.*

The Sabbath-bell,
 That over wood, and wild, and mountain-dell
 Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
 With sounds most musical, most melancholy.

Rogers.

3024. SACRIFICE. Glory of

THE highest glory is not where,
 'Mid crimson clouds, the fight is won ;
 'Tis to reclaim the erring son,
 Long used the sinful yoke to bear.

Better to clothe with corn the wild
 Than track the fire-path of a star ;
 Less the proud sons of science are
 Than clown who saves a drowning child.

Through death the world is raised above
 Its alien curse and kindred dust ;
 We on the cross read, 'God is just,'
 But in the offering, 'God is love.'

The wheaten corn which falls and dies,
 In autumn's plenty richly waves ;
 So, from the loathsome place of graves,
 With Christ, our elder, we may rise.

From death comes life. The hand of God
 This direst curse to good transforms ;
 So purest air is born of storms ;
 So bursts the harvest from the clod.

The highest benedictions hide
 Where sacrifice is pure and true ;
 And our poor self-denials, too,
 If done for Christ, in Him abide.—*Punshan.*

3025. SAFETY.

PLACE me on some desert shore
 Foot of man ne'er wander'd o'er ;
 Lock me in a lonely cell
 Beneath some prison citadel ;
 Still, here or there, within I find
 My quiet kingdom of the mind ;
 Nay, 'mid the tempest fierce and dark,
 Float me in peril's frailest barque.
 My quenchless soul could sit and think,
 And smile at danger's dizziest brink ;
 And wherefore? God, my God, is still
 King of kings in good and ill ;
 And where he dwelleth—everywhere—
 Safety supreme and peace are there ;
 And where He reigneth—all around—
 Wisdom, and love, and power are found ;
 And, reconciled to Him and bliss,
 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'—*Tupper.*

3026. SAILOR. The Christian

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heavens speed
 thee!

Let loose the rudderbands! good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily, tempests will come :
 Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!
 Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee!
 Reef in the fore-sail there! hold the helm fast!
 So let the vessel wear and 'scape the blast.

What of the night, watchman? what of the night?
 'Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right.'

Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be
 At an hour when all seems securest to thee.

How—gains the leak so fast? clear out the hold!
 Hoist up the merchandise—heave out the gold!
 There—let the ingots go! now the ship rights;
 Hurrah! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,
 Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high-
 land;

Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam,
 Christian! cast anchor now: Heaven is thy home!—

C. Southey.

3027. SAINT: a name of honour.

A Saint! Oh, would that I could claim
 The privileged, the honour'd name,

And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest, in the saintly band.

Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide !
Like kingly salutation given
In mockery to the King of Heaven.

A *saint* ! and what imports the name
Thus banded in derision's game ?
'Holy and separate from sin ;
To good, nay, even to God akin.'

How shall the name of *saint* be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
And sinners to their doom be hurl'd,
When scorn'd *saints* shall 'judge the world.'
Marriott.

3028. SAINTS. Communion of

FROM saint to saint the world around
Celestial odours are diffused ;
Sweet thoughts are born on hallow'd ground,
Where holy men have mused.

And none can tell how many springs
Flow to sustain one soul serene ;
But every hour some tribute brings
From sources quiet and unseen.

The loneliest pilgrim in the ways
Is never in his prayers alone ;
But every one for thousands prays,
And thousands pray for every one.

We dwell with shadows round us here,
And nought is bright but heaven above :
When all our secret friends appear,
How many shall we know and love !

Yet, as we learn the mystery,
Around One holy fount we fall,
And, in the light eternal, see
That God is all in all.—*Gostick.*

3029. SAINTS. Our

'Tis not alone from legend and old story,
'Tis not alone from canvas, dark with time,
That holy saints, crown'd with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us, from their height sublime.

Not only from church windows, colour'd brightly,
Do their bless'd shadows fall across our way ;
Ah, not alone in niches gleaming whitely,
With folded hands, do they stand night and day.

Who is there in this world who has not, hidden
Deep in his heart, a picture, clear or faint,
Veil'd, sacred, to the outer world forbidden,
'O'er which he bends and murmurs low, 'My saint.'

A face, perhaps, all written o'er with sorrow,
Whose faded eyes are dim with unshed tears ;
And yet, they hopefully look toward the morrow,
And far beyond it, into brighter spheres.

A face whence all the sunshine of the morning
And brightness of the noon have pass'd away ;
And yet, where clearly, surely, there is dawning
The wondrous radiance of that perfect day.

That perfect day — when, crown'd with heaven's
brightness,
Without a pain, or care, or mortal need,
With conqueror's palm, in robe of snowy whiteness,
Our bless'd shall stand, as very saints indeed.

Yes, God be thank'd ! though the pure saints of
story,
And holy martyrs that the artist paints,
Are veil'd in radiance and crown'd with glory,
There still are halos for these unknown saints.
A. R. M.

3030. SAINTS. Our

I SEE them with their heavenward eyes,
Men who in Christ abide ;
The long train ceases not to rise
Though time's unceasing tide,
And a grave across each pathway lies,
But the path swerves not aside.

Like a chorus which no discords mar,
Sober and clear and grand,
Like a scroll upreaching to a star,
Caught by an angel's hand,
Like a wind beginning from afar,
And covering all the land,

They sound, they pass ; each man beholds
The Master's risen face,
Each arm some near beloved enfolds,
Yet keeps its forward place ;
The weak one leans, the strong upholds,
But all are in the race.

Up, through the darkness and the pain,
Up, through the joy and light,
Earth's myriad hands are raised in vain
To baffle or invite,
Life shows them nothing to detain,
Death, nothing to affright.

By all things fair their course is graced,
By all things bitter, heal'd ;
Gathering like servants sent in haste
Who, being challenged, yield,
And through the garden or the waste,
'Guide to God's happy field.

To them each human loss is gain,
Withdrawn or sacrificed ;
Nothing but sin was all in vain,
And that, which long enticed,
Falls from each soul and leaves no stain
At the first smile of Christ.

The flock of God goes up and on,
And if, as sin departs,
Some faces from the throng are gone,
Leaving some broken hearts,
God, full of pity for His own,
Dries every tear that starts.

The flock of God is strong and swift,
And it devours the way,
Longing to see the curtain lift
From the everlasting day ;
How slight the toil, how vast the gift,
How weary the delay !

Lord, gather us beneath their feet,
As Thy good will shall be !
The service of Thy saints is sweet
When they are serving Thee ;
Souls for inheritance unmeet
May serve eternally.—*M. B. Smalley.*

3031. SAINTSHIP. Reward of

To heaven approach'd a Sufi Saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.
Said God, 'Who seeks to enter here?'
'Tis I, dear Friend,' the Saint replied,
And trembling much with hope and fear.
'If it be *thou*, without abide.'

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turn'd,
To bear the scourging of life's rods ;
But aye his heart within him yearn'd
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roam'd alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorn'd and mock'd,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears
Again he rose, and modest knock'd.

Ask'd God, 'Who now is at the door?'
'It is Thyself, beloved Lord,'
Answer'd the Saint, in doubt no more,
But clasp'd and rapt in his reward.

Persian, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3032. SALVATION: from sin and self.

LORD, save me from my sin,
Thine is the work alone ;

Come to this erring soul of mine
And make that power known.

Lord, save me from myself—
This evil heart within ;
Lord, save me from myself, for thus
I shall be saved from sin.

It is the foes within
That make the fortress weak ;
Myself my greatest enemy,
For self-control I seek.

Oh let Thy precious blood,
The healing, cleansing stream,
Not from the doom of sin, alone,
But from its power, redeem.

I would be Thine alone,
I yearn to live to Thee ;
Then grant me, in Thy grace, dear Lord,
The long'd-for liberty.—*Offord.*

3033. SALVATION. The Only

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierc'd hand,
Can save the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

3034. SATAN. Snares of

SATAN is busy in planting
Snares in thy substance ; snares attend thy want ;
Snares in thy discredit ; snares in thy disgrace ;
Snares in thy high estate ; snares in thy base ;
Snares in thy quiet ; snares in thy communion ;
Snares in thy diet ; snares in thy devotion ;

Snares above thy head, and snares beneath ;
Snares in thy sickness ; snares in thy death.

Quarles.

3035. SATIETY. Byron's

GREAT man! the nations gazed, and wonder'd
much,

And praised : and many call'd his evil good.

Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness ;

And kings to do him honour took delight.

Thus full of titles, flattery, honour, fame ;

Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,

He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness.

Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump

Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank ; drank
draughts

That common millions might have quench'd, then
died

Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

His goddess, Nature, woo'd, embraced, enjoy'd,

Fell from his arms, abhor'd ; his passions died ;

Died all but dreary solitary pride ;

And all his sympathies in being died.

As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,

Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,

And then retiring, left it there to rot

And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven :

So he, cut from the sympathies of life,

And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge—

A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing ;

Scorch'd, and desolate, and blasted soul ;

A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—

Repined, and groan'd, and wither'd from the earth.

Pollak.

3036. SATIETY. Emblem of

THERE is a bird who, by his coat,

And by the hoarseness of his note,

Might be supposed a crow ;

A great frequenter of the church,

Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,

And dormitory too.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses

On future broken bones and bruises,

If he should chance to fall.

No : not a single thought like that

Employs his philosophic pate,

Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,

The world, with all its motley rout,

Church, army, physic, law,

Its customs and its businesses,

Is no concern at all of his,

And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice-happy bird ! I too have seen

Much of the vanities of men ;

And sick of having seen 'em,

Would cheerfully these limbs resign

For such a pair of wings as thine,

And such a head between 'em.

Vincent Bourne, tr. by Cowper.

3037. SATIETY : the penalty of surfeiting.

THEY surfeited with honey ; and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof little

More than a little is by much too much.

Shakespeare.

The best conserve of roses, when one is fully fed,

Is tasteless, tame, and worthless—no better than dry
bread ;

But after days of fasting, kept up as faith imposes,

The dryest bread becomes sweet as conserve of roses.

From the Persian of Saadi.

3038. SATIRE.

POETS alone found the delightful way

Mysterious morals gently to convey

In charming numbers ; so that as men grew

Pleased with their poems, they grew wiser too.

Satire has always shone among the rest,

And is the boldest way, if not the best,

To tell men freely of their foulest faults,

To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.

Dryden.

Frontless and satire-proof he scouts the streets,

And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.

Dryden.

The labouring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,

Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone ;

Such is a satire when you take away

The rage in which his noble vigour lay.—*Dryden.*

When Satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,

Short is her life, and impotent her sting :

But when to truth allied, the wound she gives

Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

Churchill.

The man whose hardy spirit shall engage

To lash the vices of a guilty age,

At his first setting forward ought to know

That every rogue he meets must be his foe ;

That the rude breath of satire will provoke

Many who feel and more who fear the stroke.

Churchill.

Though Folly, robed in purple, shines,

Though Vice exhausts Peruvian mines,

Yet shall they tremble and turn pale

When Satire wields her mighty flail.—*Churchill.*

You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words ;
The better sort abhor scurrility.—*Roscommon.*

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charged too high ;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Young.

When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame—unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Byron.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

Lady Montague.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame !
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare ;
Affects indeed a most humane concern,
That man, if gently tutor'd, will not learn ;
That mulish folly, not to be reclaim'd
By softer methods, must be made ashamed ;
But (I might instance in St Patrick's dean)
Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
Most sat'rists are indeed a public scourge ;
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge ;
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse,
The wild assassins start into the street,
Prepared to poniard whomsoever they meet.
No skill in swordmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust ;
And even virtue, so unfairly match'd,
Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.

Cowper.

3039. SATISFACTION : not to be attained on earth.

NOT here ! Not here ! not where the sparkling
waters

Fade into mocking sounds as we draw near ;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
I shall be satisfied—but oh, not here !

Not here, where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal :

Where haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-toss'd currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us,
Than these few words : ' I shall be satisfied.'

Satisfied ! Satisfied ! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied ? The soul's vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills ?
Oh what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills !

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending ;
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide !
Guide me towards home, where, all my wanderings
ending,
I then shall see Thee, and 'be satisfied.'

3040. SCANDAL.

AND there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame :
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Jurnal.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized and not defends ;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man ;
Tells tales and brings his friends in disesteem ;
That man's a knave ; be sure beware of him.

Crack.

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the high mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with
smiles,

A thread of candour with a web of wiles.—*Byron.*

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life ;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.—*Cowper.*

3041. SCORN.

I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl ;

The slave who dares not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor, who hath made
The widow'd mother mourn,
Though, worthless, he before me stand—
I cannot, dare not scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share ;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—
I pity, and I mourn ;
But the Supreme hath fashion'd all,
And, oh ! I dare not scorn.—*Nicol.*

3042. SCOTLAND.

O SCOTIA ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

Burns.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet muse for a poetic child ;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?—*Scott.*

3043. SCRIPTURE. Quoting

THE devil can cite Scripture for his purpose :
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek.

Shakespeare.

3044. SCRIPTURES. Effects of the

HERE is the spring where waters flowe
To quench our heate of sinne ;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein ;
Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices faile ;
Here is the bread that feeds the life
That death cannot assaile ;
The tidings of salvation deare
Come to our eares from hence ;
The fortress of our faith is here,
And shilde of our defence.

Then be not like the hogge that hath
A pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure in the trowth,
And wallowing in the mire ;
Reade not this book in any case
But with a single eye ;
Read not but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby ;
Pray still in faith with this respect,
To fructifie therein,
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortify thy sinne.
Then happie thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befallles ;
Yea, double happie shalt thou be
When God by death thee calles.

Barker's Bible, 1594.

3045. SCRIPTURES : inspired.

THUS man by his own strength to heaven would soar,
And would not be obliged to God for more :
Vain, wretched creature ! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred !
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind :
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.

Dryden.

Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written Book,
Whence but from Heaven could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price !

Dryden.

3046. SEASONS. Hymn of the

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roil'd,

Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art, !
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, Whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise—Whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,

Ye valleys, raise ; for the great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye Chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

Thomson.

3047. SECRESY : our safety.

LEARN to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to punish !
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly :
Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways ;
But trust the secret of thy soul to none !
This is the way,
This only, to be safe in such a world as this is.

Rome.

3048. SECRETS.

ALL friendly trust is folly ; every man
Hath one, to whom he will commit as much
As is to him committed : our designs,
When once they creep from our own private breasts,
Do in a moment through the city fly ;
Who tells his secret, sells his liberty.—*Freeman.*

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage ;
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.
Jonson.

When two know it, how can it be a secret ?
And indeed with what justice can you
Expect secrecy in me, that cannot
Be private to yourself ?—*Marston.*

He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy counsellor to himself.
Forde.

Do thou thy precious secrets to no other lend :
Thy friend another has : beware of thy friend's
friend.—*Oriental.*

3049. SECTS. Unity of the

YES ; we do differ when we most agree ;
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds.
And differing we agree in one
Inseparable communion,
If the true life be in our hearts—the faith
Which not to want is death ;
To want is penance ; to desire
Is purgatorial fire ;
To hope is paradise ; and to believe
Is all of heaven that earth can e'er receive.

H. Coleridge.

3050. SEDUCTION.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart—
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild ?—*Burns.*

Nought so ill
As the betrayer's sin ! salvationless
Almost.—*Bailey.*

3051. SEEING JESUS.

'WE would see Jesus,'—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life ;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness—the final strife.

We would see Jesus,—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee !

We would see Jesus,—yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects we have loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclothe its fingers,—
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus,—sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away ;
We would see Thee, to gain a sweet reminding
That Thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus,—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight ;
We would see Jesus,—dying, risen, pleading ;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

3052. SEEKING CHRIST.

CHRIST, whose first appearance lighted
Gloomy Death's obscure domain,
Long in Herod's courts benighted
Sought I Thee, but sought in vain :
All was glitter, pomp and pleasure,
Sensuality and pride ;
But my heart found not its treasure,
And remain'd unsatisfied.

Then to learned scribes and sages
Seeking Christ I wander'd on ;
But upon their barren pages
Jacob's Star had never shone :
True, indeed, like men in prison
Groping for the light of day,
Spake they of the Light new-risen,
But themselves saw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided
By the altar-fire and lights ;
But, though all else was provided,
Christ was absent from the rites.
Then, more precious time I wasted
In thy streets, Jerusalem ;
But I sought in vain, and hasted
On my way to Bethlehem.

In the streets I wander'd slowly,
Looking for some trusty guide ;

All was dark and melancholy,
 None I met with, far and wide.
 On a sudden I perceivèd
 O'er my head a star to shine ;
 Lo, because I had believèd,
 And had sought Him, Christ was mine !

Only seek and you will find Him :
 Never cease to seek the Lord ;
 And should He delay, remind Him
 Boldly of His plighted word.
 Follow Him, and He will lead you ;
 Trust Him in the darkest night ;
 Jacob's Star will still precede you,
 Jacob's Star will give you light.
Spitta, tr. by Massie.

3053. SELF. King of

AH, silly man, who dream'st thy honour stands
 In ruling others, not thyself ! Thy slaves
 Serve thee, and thou thy slave ; in iron bands
 Thy servile spirit, press'd with wild passions, raves.
 Wouldst thou live honour'd ?—clip ambition's wing ;
 To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring :
 Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king !
Fletcher.

3054. SELF-ABNEGATION : 'Though I be nothing.'

OH, to be nothing, nothing !
 An arrow hid in His hand,
 Or a messenger at His gateway—
 Waiting for His command ;
 Only an instrument ready
 For Him to use at His will,
 And, should He not require me,
 Willing to wait there still.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing !
 Though painful the humbling be,
 Though it lay me low in the sight of those
 Who are now, perhaps, praising me.
 I would rather be nothing, nothing,
 That to Him be their voices raised
 Who alone is the fountain of blessing,
 Who alone is meet to be praised.

3055. SELF-CONQUEST.

WHO would the title of true worth were his,
 Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive :
 The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd
 Is that which o'er himself himself hath gain'd.
Earl of Stirling.

3056. SELF-DEFENCE : justifiable.

If I'm assaulted by another man,
 I'm justified in slaying, if I can,
 The would-be murderer. Who assails my life,
 Earns, if he gets, his death-stroke in the strife.
 For life and liberty a man may fight,
 For kith and kindred sacred in his sight,
 And honour dearer than the golden light.

Bailey.

3057. SELF-DELUSION—its frequency.

It happen'd when a plague broke out,
 (Which therefore made them more devout.)
 The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command,
 That every subject in the land
 Should to the priest confess their sins.
 And thus the pious Wolf begins :
 ' Good father, I must own with shame,
 That often I have been to blame.
 I must confess, on Friday last,
 Wretch that I was ! I broke my fast :
 But I defy the basest tongue
 To prove I did my neighbour wrong ;
 Or ever went to seek my food,
 By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.'

The ass approaching next, confess'd,
 That in his heart he loved a jest :
 A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone :
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe :
 But yet the worst that could be said,
 He was a wit both born and bred ;
 And, if it be a sin and shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame.
 One fault he has, is sorry for't,
 His ears are half a foot too short ;
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He'd show his face before the king :
 Then for his voice, there's none disputes
 That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The swine with contrite heart allow'd
 His shape and beauty made him proud :
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice :
 In every turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent :
 Inquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found ;
 His vigilance might some displease ;
 'Tis true he hated sloth like peace.
 Apply the tale, and you shall find
 How just it suits with humankind—*Swiss.*

3058. SELF-DENIAL. Gain of

WOULD'ST thou inherit life with Christ on high?
 Then count the cost, and know
 That here on earth below
 Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord, and die.
 We reach that gain, to which all else is loss,
 But through the cross!
 Not e'en the sharpest sorrows we can feel,
 Nor keenest pangs, we dare
 With that great bliss compare,
 When God His glory shall in us reveal,
 That shall endure when our brief woes are o'er,
 For evermore!—*Simon Dach.*

3059. SELF-ESTEEM. Danger of

BEWARE of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence.
 The man who deems himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight,
 That all around in all that's done
 Must move and act for him alone,
 Will learn, in school of tribulation,
 The folly of his expectation.—*Cowper.*

3060. SELF-EXAMINATION.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
 Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
 Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.
 Sum up by night what thou hast done by day,
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do:
 Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
 And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

Herbert.

3061. SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

WE, that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
 And pass the tropics, and behold each pole,
 When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
 And unacquainted still with our own soul.

Davies.

Γνώθι σεαυτόν! And is this the prime
 And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time?
 Say, canst thou make thyself? Learn first that trade:
 Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made.
 What hast thou, man, that thou dost call thine own?
 What is there in thee, man, that can be known?
 Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
 A phantom dim, of past and future wrought,

Vain sister of the worm, life, death, soil, clod.
 Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

Coleridge.

3062. SELF-LOVE.

SELF-LOVE, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.—*Shakespeare.*

Oftimes nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right.
Milton.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.

Pope.

Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire.

Pope.

True self-love and social are the same.—*Pope.*

By the blast of self-opinion moved,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be beloved.
Prior.

3063. SELF-LOVE.

OH! I could go through all life's troubles singing,
 Turning earth's night to day,
 If self were not so fast around me clinging,
 To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
 Mean castles in the air;
 I use my love for others for a gilding
 To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engross'd with judging
 My merit or my blame;
 Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
 Of praise which I might claim.

In youth or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
 Self is forgotten never;
 Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,—
 Its waters flow for ever.

Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
 Out of self's hateful sight;
 And it keeps step when'er we travel slowly,
 And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel sawing,
 Self and the soul can sever;
 The surface, that in joy sometimes seems thawing,
 Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus are we never men, self's wretched swathing
 Not letting virtue swell;
 Thus is our whole life numb'd, for ever bathing
 Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
The goal in every race !

Inevitable self ! vile imitation
Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right !

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,
Deep in my nature lying ;
For I may hardly hope, alas ! to kill thee,
Save by the act of dying.

O Lord, that I could waste my life for others,
With no ends of my own !
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone !

Such was the life Thou lived'st ; self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing.—*Faber.*

3064. SELFISHNESS : deplored.

ALAS ! I have walk'd through life,
Too heedless where I trod ;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod ;
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God.

I drank the richest draughts ;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood ;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food !

I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold ;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

The wounds I might have heal'd !
The human sorrow and smart !
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part :
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart !—*Hood.*

3065. SELFISHNESS : insincerely condemned.

AND though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense.—*Butler.*

3066. SELFISHNESS : its perverting influence.

SELF is the medium least refined of all,
Through which Opinion's searching beam can fall ;
And passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.—*Morr.*

3067. SELFISHNESS. Pains of

THE selfish heart deserves the pain it feels ;
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.—*Yates.*

3068. SELFISHNESS. Parsimonious

LOOK at the selfish man ! see how he locks
Tight in his arms his mortgages and stocks !
While deeds and titles in his hand he grasps,
And gold and silver close around him clasps.
But not content with this, behind he drags
A cart well-laden with the ponderous bags ;
The orphan's wailings and the widow's woe
From mercy's fountain cause no tears to flow :
He pours no cordial in the wounds of pain ;
Unlocks no prison, and unclasps no chain ;
His heart is like the rock where sun nor dew
Can rear one plant or flower of heavenly hue.
No thought of mercy there may have its birth,
For helpless misery or suffering worth ;
The end of all his life is paltry pelf,
And all his thoughts are centred on—himself :
The wretch of both worlds ; for so mean a sum,
' First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

W. Holmes.

3069. SELFISHNESS. Reproof of

O MAN, forget not thou, earth's honoured priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part !
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard ; spurn thy native clod,
And self disown ;
Live to thy neighbour ; live unto thy God ;
Not to thyself alone !

3070. SENSIBILITY.

OH why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine ?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.—*Crowper.*

Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art ?
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart ?
Ah, no ! where bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains ;

Where glow exalted sense and taste refined,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind.

Hannah More.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow !
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.—*Burns.*

3071. SENSIBILITY. Description of

SWEET Sensibility ! thou keen delight !
Unprompted moral ! sudden sense of right !
Perception exquisite ! fair Virtue's seed !
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed !
Thou hasty conscience ! reason's blushing morn !
Instinctive kindness ere Reflection's born !
Prompt sense of equity ! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs ;
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side ;
To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.
She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name ;
Nor she who vents her disproportion'd sighs
With pining Lesbia, when her sparrow dies ;
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,
While present misery unrelieved retires ;
Who thinks feign'd sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er Werter, while her children starve.
As words are but the external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define ;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears,
These are her garb, not her : they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress ;
And these fair marks, reluctant I admit—
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
One, scorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on friendship while he cheats his friend ;
Of jails and punishments he grieves to hear,
And pensions prison'd Virtue with a tear :
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruin'd Innocence his crime laments.
O Lord, Divine, sole Source of charity !
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for Thee,
Than all the periods Feeling ere could turn—
Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne.

Hannah More.

3072. SEPARATION. The Final

THUS stood they mix'd ! all generations stood
Of all mankind ! innumerable throng !

Great harvest of the grave ! waiting the will
Of Heaven ! attentively and silent all,
As forests spreading out beneath the calm
Of evening skies, when even the single leaf
Is heard distinctly rustle down and fall ;
So silent they, when from above the sound
Of rapid wheels approach'd, and suddenly
In heaven appear'd a host of angels strong,
With chariots and with steeds of burning fire :
Cherub, and Seraph, Thrones, Dominions, Powers,
Bright in celestial armour, dazzling, rode :
And leading in the front, illustrious shone
Michael and Gabriel, servants long approved
In high commission—girt that day with power,
Which nought created, man or devil, might
Resist : nor waited gazing long ; but quick
Descending, silently and without song,
As servants bent to do their Master's work,
To middle air they raised the human race,
Above the path long travell'd by the sun ;
And as a shepherd from the sheep divides
The goats ; or husbandman, with reaping bands,
In harvest separates the precious wheat,
Selected from the tares : so did they part
Mankind—the good and bad, to right and left—
To meet no more ; these ne'er again to smile ;
Nor those to weep ; these never more to share
Society of mercy with the saints ;
Nor, henceforth, those to suffer with the vile.
Strange parting ; not for hours, nor days, nor months,
Nor for ten thousand times ten thousand years ;
But for a whole eternity ; though fit,
And pleasant to the righteous, yet to all
Strange and most strangely felt ! The sire, to right
Retiring, saw the son, sprung from his loins,
Beloved how dearly once—but who forgot,
Too soon, in sin's intoxicating cup,
The father's warnings and the mother's tears—
Fall to the left among the reprobate.
And sons redeem'd, beheld the fathers, whom
They loved and honour'd once, gather'd among
The wicked : brothers, sisters, kinsmen, friends,
Husband and wife, who ate at the same board,
And under the same roof, united, dwelt,
From youth to hoary age, bearing the chance
And change of time together—parted then
For evermore. But none whose friendship grew
From virtue's pure and everlasting root
Took different roads ; these, knit in stricter bonds
Of amity, embracing, saw no more
Death with his scythe stand by, nor heard the
word,

The bitter word, which closed all earthly friendships
And finish'd every feast of love—Farewell.
To all, strange parting ! to the wicked, sad
And terrible ! new horror seized them while

They saw the saints withdrawing, and with them
All hope of safety, all delay of wrath.—*Pollok.*

3073. SERVANTS.

EXPECT not more from servants than is just ;
Reward them well, if they observe their trust,
Nor with them cruelty or pride invade ;
Since God and nature them our brothers made.

Denham.

I am not of that harsh and morose temper
As some great men are tax'd with ; who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd : I can make
A fitting difference between my foot-boy,
And a gentleman, by want compell'd to serve me.

Massinger.

3074. SERVICE.

'Tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation ; where each second
Stood heir to the first.—*Shakespeare.*

3075. SERVICE. CHRISTIAN: possible to all.

HARK the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away ?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free :
Who will answer, gladly saying,
'Here am I, send me, send me !'

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked,
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'

While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you, gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly, when He calleth,
'Here am I, send me, send me !'

Dr Marsh.

3076. SERVICE. CHRISTIAN: the desire of the Christ-like soul.

HEAVENLY Helper, Friend Divine,
Friend of all men, therefore mine,
Let my heart as Thy heart be,
Breathe Thy living breath through me !

Only at Thy love's pure tide
Human thirst is satisfied ;
He who fills his chalice there,
Fills, with thirstier souls to share.

Undeiled One, who dost win
All Thine own from paths of sin,
Never let me dread to go
Where is guilt or want or woe !

If another lose the way,
My feet also go astray.
Sleepless watcher, lead us back
Safe into the homeward track.

As a bird unto its nest,
Flies the tired soul to Thy breast.
Let not one an alien be !
Lord, we have no home but Thee !

Lucy Larcom.

3077. SEXTON.

SEE yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle !
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand,
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors ! scarce a skull's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years ;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale ; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ; he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

Blair.

3078. SHADOWS.

BETWEEN two breaths, what crowded mystens lie,—
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh !

Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness, whence we came.

O. W. Holmes.

3079. SHEPHERD'S VOICE. The

'COME unto me,' with loving voice at morn
I heard the Shepherd call,
But narrow seem'd the fold, and fair the fields'
Beyond the frowning wall.

Again, at midday, came the gentle voice,
But far my feet had stray'd,
And, weary with the heat, I only long'd
To find the forest shade.

Once more it came, but cool the shadows lay
Across the glassy wold,
And resting there, content with present ease,
I scorn'd the sheltering fold.

Soon fell the night, with neither silver star
Nor song of happy bird,
And through the gloom no more, with pleadings
sweet,
The Shepherd's voice I heard.

Affrighted then, I turn'd, and blindly sought
To cross the pathless lea,
Till faint with fear, in sorest need, I cried,
'O Shepherd, come to me!'

No answering voice the sullen silence cleft,
But, lo, beside me stood
One who with sorrowing brow had follow'd close
Unseen through wold and wood.

Then all the night grew light, and soft and sweet
The stars shone overhead,
While homeward by the Shepherd's tender hand
The wandering sheep was led.—*Mary B. Sleight.*

3080. SHIPS.

SPEED on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair,
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,

The cluster'd fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea.—*Whittier.*

3081. SHIPWRECK. A lesson from

HE's a foolish seaman,
That, when his ship is sinking, will not
Unlade his hopes into another bottom.
Denham.

3082. SICKNESS. Vows in

AND wilt thou now that God hath raised thee up,
The vows, the promises, thy conscience made,
What time beneath God's chastening rod afraid
Thou drank'st submissive of affliction's cup,
Wilt thou in health perform? Or wilt thou stoop
Again to sin, as if thou wouldst upbraid
God for His kindness, all thy debt unpaid
Of gratitude, foregone thy Christian hope,
Thy tears, and prayers for pardon? If misused
God's grace, bethink thee lest thy end be worse
Than thy beginning! Mercy's boon refused
Shall fall in judgment on the soul perverse
That slights the gift; and goodness long abused
Convert the intended blessing to a curse.—*Mant.*

3083. SIGHT: the story of Bartimæus.

MY Saviour, what Thou didst of old,
When Thou wast dwelling here,
Thou doest yet for them who, bold
In faith, to Thee draw near.

Mourning I sat beside the way,
In sightless gloom apart,
And sadness heavy on me lay,
And longing gnaw'd my heart:

I heard the music of the psalms
Thy people sung to Thee;
I felt the waving of their palms;
And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,
Too keen my grief became;
Then I took heart in my despair
To call upon Thy name:

'O Son of David! save and heal,
As Thou so oft hast done:
O heavenly Saviour, let me feel
My load of darkness gone.'

And ever weeping, as I spoke,
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.

A sudden answer still'd my fear ;
For it was said to me,
' O poor blind man ! be of good cheer ;
Arise, He calleth thee.'

I felt, Lord, that Thou stoodest still ;
Groping, Thy feet I sought ;
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.

Thou saidst, ' What is it thou wouldst have ?
' Lord, that I might have sight ;
To see Thy countenance I crave.'
' So be it : have thou light.'

And words of Thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er ;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.

De La Motte Fouqué, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

3084. SILENCE. Divine

NEVER with blast of trumpets
And the chariot-wheels of fame
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim ;
But when grandest truths are utter'd,
And when holiest depths are stirr'd,
When our God Himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.
He has seal'd His own with silence :
His years that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe—
Have you heard one note of triumph
Proclaim their course begun ?
One voice or bell give tidings
When their ministry was done ?

3085. SILENCE. Joyful

SILENCE is the perfectest herald of joy ;
I were but little happy if I could say how much.

Shakespeare.

Indeed, true gladness doth not always speak :
Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

Ben Jonson.

3086. SILENCE : our wisdom in times of suffering.

SILENCE in times of suffering is the best :
'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest.

Dryden.

' When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that may be a psalm'll come by-and-by.'—*Edward Garrett.*

When the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end—
That first sweet song of the heart
That no after days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours ;
' You can start no other song.'
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air ;
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings ;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the seraph sings ;
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble, and rise, and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearnings still.

3087. SILENCE. Power of

THE silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Shakespeare.

3088. SILENCE. True

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound ;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground :
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
And owls that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Haad.

3089. SILENCE. Wise

IN silence wise men oft great things have to perfection brought ;
And fools as oft have made a most tremendous noise
for nought.

The mighty sky-wheel rolls about its axis without sound :

The weaver's rickety spool rattles its clattering course around.

This wooden bobbin only a small piece of linen yields :

That azure one with starry veil o'erspreads heaven's boundless fields.—*Oriental*.

3090. SIMILES.

SIMILES are like songs in love :

They much describe, they nothing prove.
Prior.

3091. SIN : accounted a light thing.

My God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin ; and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's blood had never flow'd
To hinder sin or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be alway thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And, by Thy death, Thy bloody sweat,
Oh wash my guilty conscience clear !
Faber.

3092. SIN. Beginning of

'Tis fearful building upon any sin :
One mischief enter'd brings another in ;
The second pulls a third, the third draws more,
And they for all the rest set ope the door :
Till custom takes away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offence.
William Smith.

3093. SIN : destroys peace of conscience.

He that commits a sin shall find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind,
Though bribes or favours shall assert his cause.
Craek.

3094. SIN. Evil of

SIN is the living worm, the lasting fire ;
Hell soon would lose its heat, could sin expire.
Better sinless in hell, than to be where
Heaven is, and to be found a sinner there.
One sinless with infernals might do well,
But sin would make of heaven a very hell
Look to thyself then, keep it out of door,
Lest it get in and never leave thee more.

Fools make a mock of sin, will not believe
It carries such a dagger in its sleeve ;
'How can it be,' say they, 'that such a thing,
So full of sweetness, e'er should wear a sting ?'
They know not that it is the very spell
Of sin, to make men laugh themselves to hell.
Look to thyself then, deal with sin no more.
Lest He that saves against thee shuts the door.
Bunyan.

3095. SIN : its germs hid in the heart.

KNOW'ST thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time ?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.—*Whittier.*

3096. SIN : its pleasures transient.

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains ;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.
Herbert.

3097. SIN. Progress in

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice :
Though conscience checks him, yet, those rubs gone
o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
Dryden.

As the fond sheep that idly strays,
With wanton play, through devious ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he strove to shun :
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Ran blind and headlong on in ill.

'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too ;
But mercy dropp'd the likeness here,
And show'd and saved me from my fear,
While o'er the darkness of my mind
The sacred Spirit purely shined,

And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlasting day ;
And broke the thickening clouds of sin,
And fix'd the light of love within.—*Parnell.*

When at first from virtue's path we stray,
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay !
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and sated, the dreary wilds we tread ;
Behold the gaping gulf of sin with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.

James Scott.

3098. SIN : renders the death-bed terrible.

OUR sins, like to our shadows,
When our day is in its glory, scarce appear'd :
Towards our evening how great and monstrous
They are !—*Suckling.*

3099. SIN. Shamefulness of

IT is a shame, that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him springing unto glory,
Should make his soul degenerate with sin,
And slave to luxury ; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth ; to yield up the weak day
To wine, to lust, and banquets.—*Shackerly.*

3100. SIN : the act of the will.

THE body sins not ; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

Herrick.

He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still
Than he who for sin's penalty forbears ;
His heart sins, though he fears.—*Jonson.*

3101. SINCERITY.

HIS words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Shakespeare.

I cannot hide what I am : I must be
Sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's
Jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for
No man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy,
And tend on no man's business ; laugh when I
Am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Shakespeare.

3102. SINGERS.

GOD sent His Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,

That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

Longfellow.

3103. SINNERS : invited to Christ.

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears ;
See the love that fills His heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs His throne surround ;
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief,
While He says, ' There yet is room,'
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, *come.*

3104. SINNERS : invited to Christ.

JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come !

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree ;
The stripes thy due were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come !

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest ?
Trust not the world ; it gives no rest :
I bring relief to hearts oppress,—
O weary sinner, come !

Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;
Count all thy gains but empty dross ;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O needy sinner, come !

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears :
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
O trembling sinner, come !

'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;'
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come ;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come ;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

R. S. Cook.

3105. SINS : deplored.

THERE they lie !
The crimson things are lying at Thy feet,

Waiting for Thee to make them 'white as snow';
I cannot look upon them for the shame
That surgeth up within my grieving heart,
Dyeing my cheek as crimson as my sins.

O patient, pitying Christ!

Let Thy humanity cry out for me
Unto the Father whom Thou lovest so,
That I may be forgiven.
Dear Lord, this bondage has been *very* hard—
Evil has worn such radiant, spotless robes,
And in my heart's guest-chamber hath lain down
Wrapp'd in so fair a guise that I have thought
I entertain'd an angel guest from Thee.

And yet,

Not always was it thus.—Again I feel
The crimson flush of shame upon my cheek—
For many times have I said, 'Enter thou,'
When she hath come clad in her own dark robes,
And I have laid my hand in hers, and smiled.
Remembering not that Thou didst *die* for me,
I have made *merry* when I should have *wept*.
O Lamb of God! who takest guilt away,
Behold, I am *so* weary of my sins;
I bring the crimson things and lay them down
At Thy dear feet. Speak gently unto me
From out the multitude of Thy most sweet
And tender mercies; let me hear Thee say,
'O thou afflicted, and not comforted,
Thou restless, tossing one, behold I lay
Thy stones with fairest colours, and I make
Of sapphires thy foundations; from henceforth
The beauty of the Lord thy God be thine!'

So shall the mystery

Of Thy glad peace reveal itself to me,
And 'white as snow' my heart's guest-chamber be
For Christ, its Kingly Guest!—*Neil Macgregor.*

3106. SKULL. The

REMOVE yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps;
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!
Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's port, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Byron.

3107. SLANDER: deadly.

'Tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile.—*Shakespeare.*

Oh many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant,
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound the heart that's broken.

Scott.

A whisper woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe,—
Now, might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.
Ah me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wander'd round
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,
And *that—it broke.*—*Mrs Osgood.*

3108. SLANDER: despised.

SLANDER meets no regard from noble minds;
Only the base believe, what the base only utter.

Beller.

3109. SLANDER. Methods of

THE hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike,
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet, told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.

Hannah More.

3110. SLANDER: our common danger.

WHOSE breath

Rides on the posting wind, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
The viperous slander enters.—*Shakespeare.*

Nor might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Shakespeare.

It is a busy talking world,
In which licentious breath blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.—*Rowe.*

3111. SLANDER. Passion for

THE world with calumny abounds,
The whitest virtue slander wounds;

There are whose joy is night and day
To talk a character away :
Eager from rout to rout they haste,
To blast the generous and the chaste,
And hunting reputation down,
Proclaim their triumphs through the town.

Pope.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame ;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly ;
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Harvey.

3112. SLANDER. Shamefulness of

O THOU, from whose rank breath nor sex can save,
Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave,
Felon unwhipp'd ! than whom in yonder cells
Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells,—
Blush, if of honest blood a drop remains,
To steal its lonely way along thy veins ;
Blush, if the bronze long harden'd on thy cheek
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak ;
Blush to be branded with the Slanderer's name,
And, though thou dread'st not sin, at least dread
shame.—*Sprague.*

3113. SLANDER. Sinfulness of

THOSE who murder fame
Kill more than life destroyers.—*Savage.*

3114. SLANDER. Treatment of

If I'm traduced by tongues which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.—*Shakespeare.*

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say ?
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache,
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place.—*Swift.*

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer :
Yea, rather give him license for a while ; it shall be
thine honour afterward :
Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men
speedily discerned it,
And innocence hath burst from its injustice as the
green world rolling out of chaos.
What though still the wicked scoff, this also turneth
to his praise ;
Did ye never hear that censure of the bad is buttress
to a good man's glory ?

What if the ignorant still hold out, obstinate in un-
kind judgment—

Ignorance and calumny are paired ; we affirm by two
negations ;

Let them stand round about, pushing at the columns
in a circle,

For all their toil and wasted strength, the foolish do
but prop it.

And note thou this ; in the secret of their hearts,
they feel the taunt is false,

And cannot help but reverence the courage that
walketh amid calumnies unanswering :

He standeth as a gallant chief, unheeding shot or
shell ;

He trusteth in God, his Judge ; neither arrows nor
the pestilence shall harm him.—*Thupper.*

3115. SLANDERERS.

THEY are the moths and scarabs of the state,
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts,
Who, to endear themselves to an employment,
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life they en-
danger ;

And, under a disguised and cobweb mask
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice ; a pretending
To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false, lapwing cries.

Ben Jonson.

Soft buzzing slander ; silky moths, that eat
An honest name.—*Thomson.*

3116. SLAVERY. British

'SLAVES cannot breathe in England'—a proud boast!
And yet a mockery ! if from coast to coast,
Though fetter'd slave be none, her floors and soil
Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,
For the poor many, measured out by rules
Fetch'd with cupidity from heartless schools,
That to an Idol, falsely called 'the wealth
Of Nations,' sacrifice a People's health,
Body, and mind, and soul, a thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
The power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

Wordsworth.

3117. SLAVERY. Complicity in

HARK ! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky ?
E'en now, e'en now on yonder western shores,
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars ;

E'en now, in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
 Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell ;
 From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
 And sable nations tremble at the sound !
 Ye bands of senators ! whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys ;
 Who right the injured, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save !
 Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
 Inexorable Conscience holds his court ;
 With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
 Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms ;
 But wrapt in night, with terrors all his own,
 He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
 Hear him, ye senates ! hear this truth sublime,
 He who permits oppression, shares the crime !

Darwin.

3118. SLAVERY : debases.

THE conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,
 Shall, with their freedom lost, their virtue lose.

Milton.

Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of peace ;
 Whate'er the humanizing muses teach ;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast,
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world ; the light that leads to heaven ;
 Kind, equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting freedom, which alone
 Sustain the name and dignity of man :
 These are not theirs. — *Thomson.*

3119. SLAVERY. Excuses for

CANST thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ?
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
 To quit the forest and invade the fold ;
 So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side ;
 Not he, but his emergence forced the door ;
 He found it inconvenient to be poor. — *Cropper.*

3120. SLAVERY. Inhumanity of

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty, of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own ; and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this, |
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earn'd.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I would much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

Cowper.

3121. SLAVERY. Misery of

WE and our fathers, from our childhood bred
 To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
 The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
 (Outcast of mortal race !) can we conceive
 Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay ?
 Alas ! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
 The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know
 Is but some interval from active woe,
 In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
 Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.

Prior.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
 Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart
 Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
 God's image disinherited of day,
 Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made :
 There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.

Young.

3122. SLAVES.

THEY are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

3123. SLEEP. Benefits of

SLEEP that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. —*Shakespeare.*

O sacred rest !

O peace of mind ! repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day.
Dryden.

Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,
That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn :
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
Young.

3124. SLEEP : cannot be commanded.

SLEEP is no servant of the will ;
It has caprices of its own :
When courted most, it lingers still ;
When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone.
Bowring.

3125. SLEEP. Conditions of

King Henry. O SLEEP ! O gentle Sleep !
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,
With deafening clamours, in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down,
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakespeare.

3126. SLEEP. Gift of

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Among the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved sleep' ?

What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved ;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep ;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse ;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows ?
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

What do we give to our beloved ?
A little faith, all undisproved ;
A little dust, to overweep ;
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake :
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

'Sleep soft, beloved !' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delvèd gold the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And 'giveth His beloved sleep.'

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap ;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummings leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose
Who 'giveth His beloved sleep.'

Yea! men may wonder while they scan—
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep!
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

Mrs Browning.

3127. SLEEP. Healthful

His sleep
Was airy, light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and running rills (Aurora's fan),
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough.—*Milton.*

3128. SLEEP : impartial.

MAN o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life :
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile ;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline.—*Byron.*

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe ;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

Sir P. Sidney.

3129. SLEEP. Meditation before

THE night is come : like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sin, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon : to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close :
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance :
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake unto some holy thought,
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death : oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die !

And as gently lay mine head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee ;
And, thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

Sir Thomas Browne.

3130. SLEEP. Quiet essential to

THE Halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind :
Darkness but half his work will do :
'Tis not enough : he must find quiet too.

Horace, tr. by Cowley.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Young.

3131. SLEEP. Recuperation of

WITH grief and blows when worn and torn,
If sleep we may, we wake at morn
Refresh'd in every nerve and thought,
Because this marvel hath been wrought ;
The instant that asleep we fall,
The soul escapes its fleshly pall,
And is absorb'd in heaven from this,
To lave with love, and bathe in bliss
Its stiffen'd limbs and flagging powers
Through all the nightly slumberous hours ;
And when returning morn arrives,
It fresh from God's embrace revives.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3132. SLEEP : releases from care and sorrow.

SLEEP is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.—*Donne.*

Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy fingers : dwell upon their eyes ;
Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries.

Crashaw.

How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep !
No cares perplex them for their future state,
And fear of death thus dies in senseless sleep ;
Unruly love is this way lull'd to rest ;
And injured honour, when redress is lost,
Is no way solved but this.—*Baumont.*

All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.—*Pope.*

In thee, oppressors soothe their angry brow ;
In thee, th' oppress'd forget tyrannic power ;
In thee,
The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge,
And the sad lover to his cruel fair ;
Nay, all the shining glories men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty noise.

Steele.

Kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,—
A momentary respite from despair.—*Murphy.*

Rest for the weary—freshness, strength, and rest :
O Sleep ! thy balm is to the troubled breast
As time to sorrow. Gently dost thou take
The arrows from the heart about to break,
And with thy stealthy step and quiet eye,
Around thee couch in grateful ministry,
Thy form, as noiseless as the foot of love,
Doth like the spirit of an angel move.—*Morris.*

Oh ! thou best comforter of that sad heart,
Whom fortune's spite assails ; come, gentle Sleep,
The weary mourner soothe ! For well the art
Thou know'st in soft forgetfulness to steep
The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep ;
Let blissful visions now her spirit cheer,
Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep,
Till from fatigue refresh'd and anxious fear,
Hope, like the morning star, once more shall re-
appear.—*Mrs Tighe.*

3133. SLEEP : should not be unduly prolonged.

THERE should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—*Shakespeare.*

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Fatal extinction of th' enlighten'd soul !
Or else to fevering vanity alive,
Wilden'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams ?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk ?

Thomson.

3134. SLEEP : the image of death.

How wonderful is Death !
Death and his brother Sleep.—*Shelley.*

3135. SLEEP : the reward of labour.

WEARINESS

Can snore upon the flint, when restive Sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—*Shakespeare.*

So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,
Safe as a drowsy Triton rock'd with storms,
While tossing princes wake in beds of down.

La.

3136. SLEEP. Troubled

HE sleeps, if it be sleep, this starting trance,
Whose feverish tossings and deep-mutter'd groans
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest.

Maturin.

Not sleep itself

Is ever balmy ; for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe.—*Smollett.*

My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not.—*Byron.*

Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep ! the friend of woe ;
But 'tis the happy that have call'd thee so.

Southey.

3137. SLOTH.

HE that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have pass'd the date of grey Methusalem's years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he only was, he did not live.—*Randolph.*

Two principles from the beginning strove
In human nature, still dividing man,—
Sloth and activity ; the lust of praise,
And indolence that rather wish'd to sleep.

Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,
And having roll'd him out with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,
He saunter'd out, accoutred carelessly,—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weigh'd the object down
On which its burden hung,—an hour or two,
Then with a groan retired to rest again.
The one, whatever deed had been achieved,
Thought it too little, and too small the praise ;
The other tried to think, for thinking so
Answer'd his purpose best, that what of great
Mankind could do had been already done ;
And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.

Follok.

3138. SMILES.

FULL many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn ;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

Byron.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

Moriz.

3139. SOCIAL PRAYER.

WITHIN an upper chamber,
At evening of the day,
We gather'd for an hour,
And one said, ' Let us pray.'

We came, with stains of conflict,
With dust of earthly care,
Our hearts were spent and weary,
Till Jesus met us there.

We heard no blare of trumpets,
We saw no blaze of light,
As silently the Master
Came through the summer night.

Yet was that upper chamber
With love Divinely fill'd ;
Our hearts grew strong with gladness,
In that dear presence thrill'd.

The air was soft with blessing,
And as we sang the hymn,
Its notes were lifted higher
By listening seraphim.

We told our want and yearning,
We told our lonely pain,
Ere from that upper chamber
We sought the world again.

But sweet and close and tender,
In every tranquil breast,
We bore a thought of Jesus,
Our own, our peace, our rest.

We might have wish'd to linger
A little longer there ;
But life is full of duty,
And work is wrought by prayer.

To-day, through strife and passion,
Our eyes shall look above,
Where, in an upper chamber,
Abides the Lord we love.

Margaret E. Sangster.

3140. SOCIETY. Benefit of

WITHOUT good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.—*Massinger.*

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives :
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axes as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole :
Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.—*Pope.*

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed : 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out—there only reach their proper use.

Cowper.

3141. SOCIETY. Choosing

BETTER where awful mountains rise
With raging tigers dwell,
Than share the halls of Paradise
With men who merit hell.—*Oriental.*

3142. SOCIETY. Effect of worldly

SOCIETY itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got :
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics,—men without a heart.

Byron.

3143. SODOM. Destruction of

GET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day !
Ungirded, unsandall'd, arise, and away !
'Tis the vintage of blood, 'tis the fulness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime !

The warning was spoken ; the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone ;
All gay was the banquet ; the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty ; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom ;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love, or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance ;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell
free

As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye ;

Midst rites of obsceneness, strange, loathsome, abhor'd,
The blasphemer scoff'd at the name of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth!

Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!
The black sky was open'd—there's flame in the air—
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song

And the low tone of love had been whisper'd along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down—down on the fallen the red ruin rain'd,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrain'd;
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;
The last eye glared forth in its madness on heaven!
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,
And death brooded over the pride of the plain!

Whittier.

3144. SOLDIERS.

OF human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.

Milton.

I hate the camp,
I hate its noise and stiff parade, its blank
And empty forms, and stately courtesies,
Where between bows and blows, a smile and stab,
There's scarce a moment. Soldiers always live
In idleness or peril: both are bad.—*Proctor.*

There shall they rot—ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.

Byron.

3145. SOLITARY. Christ's sympathy with the

O THOU who diedst to give us life,
Full well to Thee is known
The cross and all the inner strife
Of those who weep alone,
And 'neath their burden well-nigh faint;
The aching heart's unspoken plaint
Finds echo in Thine own.—*Gerhardt.*

3146. SOLITUDE. Benefits of

SOLITUDE is sometimes best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

Milton.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled.—*Milton.*

3147. SOLITUDE: delightful only to the good.

AH! wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.—*Cowley.*

3148. SOLITUDE. Longing for

I WANT to be alone, to find some shade,
Some solitary gloom; there to shake off
These harsh tumultuous cares that vex my life,—
This sick ambition on itself recoiling;
And there to listen to the gentle voice,
The sigh of peace—something, I know not what,
That whispers transport to my heart.—*Thomson.*

3149. SOLITUDE: no real relief in sorrow.

IF solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pain that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share;—
E'en bliss 'twere woe alone to bear:
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last, for ease, to hate.—*Byron.*

3150. SOLITUDE. Painfulness of

IN solitude

What happiness? Who can enjoy alone?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

Milton.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.—*Thomson.*

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.
I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech:
I start at the sound of my own.—*Cowper.*

For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave ;
A sepulchre in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman ; his remark was shrewd :
'How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude !
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, "Solitude is sweet !"'

Cowper.

The thought,
The deadly feel of solitude.—*Keats.*

3151. SOLITUDE. Pleasures of

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
There I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

Shakespeare.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own ;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve !
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers un-
fold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights ;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

Drummond.

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouch'd
By hand of art ; where Nature sow'd herself,
And reap'd her crops ; whose garments were the
clouds ;
Whose minstrels, brooks ; whose lamps, the moon
and stars ;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters ;
Whose bouquets, morning dews ; whose heroes,
storms ;
Whose warriors, mighty winds ; whose lovers,
flowers ;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God ;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills ;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue ;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round ;

Lost now between the welkin and the main—
Now wall'd with hills that slept above the storm.

Pollak.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Byron.

3152. SOLITUDE : the nurse of woe.

THE silent heart which grief assails
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.—*Parnell.*

There oft is found an avarice in grief ;
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes
In pining solitude.—*Mason.*

3153. SOLITUDE. True

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores
unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !—*Byron.*

No : 'tis not here that solitude is known ;
Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another.—*Rogers.*

3154. SOLITUDE. Uses of

THERE have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave

Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seem'd
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them ; and there have been holy men
 Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble, and are still. O God ! when Thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages ; when, at Thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchain'd elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of Thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

Bryant.

3155. SON. Training a

WHEN his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy
 friend ;
 For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in
 gold.
 As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let
 him see thy reasons ;
 Confide in him, but with discretion ; and bend a
 willing ear to his questions.
 More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good
 counsel and good guidance !
 Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to
 thee than to all beside.
 Watch his native capacities ; nourish that which
 suiteth him the readiest ;
 And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein
 thou fearest he is most lacking ;
 Is he phlegmatic and desponding ? let small successes
 comfort his hope ;
 Is he obstinate and sanguine ? let petty crosses ac-
 custom him to life :
 Showeth he a sordid spirit ? be quick, and teach him
 generosity :
 Inclined he to liberal excess ? prove to him how
 hard it is to earn.
 Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of
 honour and attention,

For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of
 his heart ;
 It is well to take hold on occasions, and render ind-
 rect instruction ;
 It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the
 wisdom of books :
 The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines ; of
 persons, minute details :
 Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions
 cleanse it.
 Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to
 his fortune with judgment :
 The rich may profit in much which would bring
 small advantage to the poor.
 But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy striv-
 ings for his welfare,
 Expect disappointment, and look for pain ; for he is
 of an evil stock, and will grieve thee.—*Tupper.*

3156. SONG OF THE CRUSADERS.

FAIREST Lord Jesus,
 Ruler of nature !
 Jesus, of God and of Mary the Son !
 Thee will I cherish,
 Thee will I honour ;
 Thee, my delight, and my glory, and crown !

Fair are the meadows,
 Fairer the woodlands,
 Robed in the flowery vesture of spring :
 Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer,
 Making my sorrowful spirit to sing !

Fair is the moonshine,
 Fairer the sunlight,
 Than all the starry, celestial host :
 Jesus shines brighter,
 Jesus shines purer,
 Than all the angels that heaven can boast !

3157. SONGS. Quieting

COME, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.—*Longfellow.*

ured,
ndured.
Shakespeare.
ease some deal,
ath.—*Shakespeare.*

his world
cares enough to plague
to soothe those cares ;
on others' woes
on lose his own.—*Cumberland.*

3159. Benefits of

As we shed are not in vain ;
A worthless is the heavy strife ;
Like the buried seed of grain,
They rise to renovated life.
It is through tears our spirits grow ;
'Tis in the tempest souls expand,
If it but teaches us to go
To Him who holds it in His hand.
Oh, welcome, then, the stormy blast !
Oh, welcome, then, the ocean's roar !
Ye only drive more sure and fast
Our trembling bark to heaven's bright shore.
Upham.

The storm that sways the forest trees,
Still roots them deeper in the soil ;
So sorrow, conflict, care, and toil
Nurture our strength by slow degrees.
Dewart.

The good are better made by ill :
As odours crush'd are sweeter still.
Rogers.

3160. SORROW: Christ's school.

I SAT in the school of sorrow ;
The Master was teaching there ;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppress'd with care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face Divine,
So full of tender compassion
For weary hearts like mine,—

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
The clouds that hung thick above me,
Dark'ning the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, 'Thy will be done ;'

And the Master came not near me,
As the leaden hours went on.

At last, in despair, I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me He pointed,
And I thought I heard Him say,
'My child, thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

'Not now may I tell the reason ;
'Tis enough for thee to know,
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appoint thee all thy woe.'

Then, kneeling, the cross I lifted,
For one glimpse of that face Divine
Had given me strength to bear it,
And say, 'Thy will, not mine !'

And so I learn'd my lesson,
And through the weary years.
His helping hand sustain'd me,
And wiped away my tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight
From the heavenly home stream'd down,
Where the school-tasks are all ended,
And the cross is exchanged for the crown.

3161. SORROW. Comfort in

Do not cheat thy Heart, and tell her,
'Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.'
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain ;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
Adelaide A. Procter.

3162. SORROW: drives men to prayer.

'THERE is no God,' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sorrow ;'
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow :
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say, 'God be pitiful !'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised !'
Be pitiful, O God !—*Mrs Browning.*

3163. SORROW. Effects of

SORROW treads heavily, and leaves behind
 A deep impression, e'en when she departs :
 While Joy trips by with steps light as the wind,
 And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts
 Of her faint foot-falls : only this is sure,
 In this world nought, save misery, can endure.

Mrs Embury.

3164. SORROW. God the only Comforter in

IN the dark days of grief,
 When the dull hours drag wearily and slow,
 When from the brimming eyes hot tears do flow,
 Where, to find relief,
 Shall the bruised spirit go ?

I see the world rush on ;
 Each passion-stirr'd, intent to reach his end ;
 All, nerved for life's high prizes to contend,
 Glide by me and are gone ;
 No healing can they lend.

I look on Nature's face,
 The groves, and summer fields, and lawns, and
 streams,
 All beautiful as visions seen in dreams ;
 But Nature's smile and grace
 To mock my anguish seems.

The silent woods I tread,
 Where aisles invite with oak and beech o'erhung,
 And sweet wild notes by many a bird are sung ;
 The still cool paths I thread,
 But yet my heart is wrung.

To friendship's breast I fly ;
 Of its deep tenderness I own the power,
 More gently throbs my brow for one short hour,
 But ere my tears are dry
 Falls a returning shower.

O Jesus, Thou hast wept ;
 When faithful hearts mourn'd o'er a brother dead,
 For mortal griefs Thine own pure tears were shed ;
 And ever Thou hast kept
 Kind watch o'er hearts that bled.

Since Thou art Love Divine,
 And deep compassions in Thy bosom glow,
 This heart, whose anguish Thou alone canst know,
 Would all to Thee resign,
 And trust Thee, though laid low.

My spirit Thou canst heal ;
 Canst give me patience while I wait for light,
 Bid cheerful day smile on my starless night,
 And peace can make me feel
 While yet tears dim my sight.

On Thee, oh let me lean ;
 As if on Thine own bosom let me weep,
 Till restless sorrow there is lull'd to sleep—
 Sleep gentle and serene
 If Thou my slumber keep.

To joy then shall I wake,
 And, taught new trust, with constant, loving heart,
 To Thee shall cling, nor bear again to part,
 Till heaven's bright dawn shall break,
 And bring me where Thou art.—*Ray Palmer.*

3165. SORROW. God the only Comforter in

IN the dark winter of affliction's hour,
 When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
 And the wreck'd heart perceives how frail each
 power
 It made a refuge, and believed a stay,
 When man all wild and weak is seen to be,—
 There's none like Thee, O Lord ! there's none like
 Thee !

When the world's sorrow—working only death,
 And the world's comfort—caustic to the wound,
 Make the wrung spirit loathe life's daily breath,
 As jarring music from a harp untuned ;
 While yet it dare not from the discord flee,—
 There's none like Thee, O Lord ! there's none like
 Thee !

When the toss'd mind surveys its hidden world,
 And feels in every faculty a foe,
 United but in strife, waves urged and hurl'd
 By passion and by conscience, winds of woe,
 Till the whole being is a storm-swept sea,—
 There's none like thee, O Lord ! there's none like
 Thee !

Thou in adversity canst be a sun ;
 Thou art a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
 The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One
 Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower :
 Gifts of a king ; gifts frequent and yet free :
 There's none like Thee, O Lord ! none, none like
 Thee !—*Maria Jane Jewsbury.*

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish :
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Moore.

Rising griefs distress my soul,
 And tears on tears successive roll :
 For many an evil voice is near,
 To chide my woe and mock my fear ;
 And silent memory weeps alone
 O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arch along
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?
Turn, turn to Him in every pain
Whom never suppliant sought in vain,—
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.—*Bowdler.*

Young mother ! what can feeble friendship say
To soothe the anguish of this mournful day ?
They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,
Know how the living sorrow for the dead :
Each tutor'd voice that seeks such grief to cheer
Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear ;
I've felt it all—alas ! too well I know
How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe !
Sprague.

3166. SORROW : how it is to be borne.

THERE'S no way to make sorrow light
But in the noble bearing ; be content ;
Blows given from Heaven are our due punishment ;
All shipwrecks are not drownings ; you see buildings
Made fairer from their ruins.—*Rowley.*

Oh, be of comfort !
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used :
Man, like a cassia, is proved best being bruised.
Webster.

3167. SORROW. Imaginary

SINK not beneath imaginary sorrows ;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom ;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;
Think on the various accidents of war ;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;
Think on the Providence that guards the good.
Johnson.

3168. SORROW. Inconsolable

NEITHER my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general
care
Take hold on me : for my particular grief
Engulfs and swallows other sorrows.—*Shakespeare.*

3169. SORROW. Indulging

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane

To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view.
And thus, alas ! since God, the Maker, drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we're call'd unto
By grief we're fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother ! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong.
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

Mrs Browning.

3170. SORROW. Joy in

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring ;
A whisper'd promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of Ages,
When desert wells were dry ;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim high :

An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade !
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade !
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light ;
A glory and fruition,
So near !—yet out of sight.

My Saviour ! Thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm ;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

Jane Crewdson.

3171. SORROW. Ministry of hope in

FROM every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away ;

On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.—*Cottle.*

3172. SORROW: multiplied.

EACH substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.

Shakespeare.

3173. SORROW: never sent in vain.

WHAT bliss is born of sorrow!
'Tis never sent in vain—
The heavenly Surgeon maims to save,
He gives no useless pain.—*Ward.*

3174. SORROW: not to be anticipated.

KNOW, he that
Foretells his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny.—*Davenant.*

Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'tis like those
That die for fear of death.—*Denham.*

3175. SORROW: prepares us for death.

DEAR Lord, in all our loneliest pains,
Thou hast the largest share,
And that which is unbearable,
'Tis Thine, not ours, to bear.
How merciful Thine anger is!
How tender it can be!
How wonderful all sorrows are
Which come direct from Thee!

Years fly, O Lord, and every year
More desolate I grow;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,
Old places left unfill'd,
And young lives quench'd before the old,
And the love of old hearts chill'd.

Dear voices and dear faces miss'd,
Sweet households overthrown;
And what is left, more sad to see
Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,
This rupture with the past;
For thus we die before our deaths,
And so die well at last!—*Faber.*

3176. SORROW. Relief from

THERE are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy,
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties, paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.

Talfourd.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief;
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold!
'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient
air.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.

Wilcox.

3177. SORROW. Relief from

WHEN sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe,
Familiar by our pathway grow;
Our common air is balm.

Around each pure domestic shrine,
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearths are altars all;
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal.

Alms all around, and hymns without,—
What evil eye can entrance win,
Where guards like these abound?
If chance some heedless heart should roam,
Sure, thought of these will lure it home,
Ere lost in Folly's round.

Oh joys, that, sweetest in decay,
Fall not, like wither'd leaves, away;
But, with the silent breath
Of violets drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death!—*Kobb.*

3178. SORROW. Resignation in

MEEK Lamb of God, on Thee
In sorrow I repose;

But for Thy tenderness and grace,
How hopeless were our woes !

Though bitter is my cup,
Yet how can I repine?
It stills my every restless thought
To think that cup was Thine.

Since Thou hast hallow'd woe,
I would not shun the rod,
But bless the chast'ning hand that seeks
To bring me to my God.

Distress and pain I hail,
If these conform to Thee ;
Be but Thy peace, Thy patience mine,
And 'tis enough for me.—*Stowell.*

3179. SORROW: teaches wisdom.

TILL now thy soul has been
All glad and gay :
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day !

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun ;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run :

But now the stream has reach'd
A dark, deep sea,
And Sorrow, dim and crown'd,
Is waiting thee.—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new ;
One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.
Adelaide A. Procter.

3180. SORROW: the lot of all.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.—*Gray.*

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow long conceal'd,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What may not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be ;
To wake when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot for thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,

And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

Yet Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come ;
And Time leads with unerring feet
The weary wanderer home. — *Anne Hunter.*

3181. SORROW: the path to heaven.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
Cooper.

3182. SORROW. Views of

SELF-LOVE no grace in Sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
'Tis all the bliss she knows ;
But nobler aims true Love employ,
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side ;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands ;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

Madame Guyon, tr. by Cooper.

3183. SORROW ; wearisome.

WHOLE years of joy glide unperceived away,
While Sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.
Harvard.

3184. SORROWS : Divinely sent.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drops my comfort from the lower skies ;
Let all the baleful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' eternal King
Look through the clouds and bless me with His eyes !
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but His slaves, and must obey ;
They wait His orders from above,
And execute His word, the vengeance or the love.
Watts.

3185. SORROWS. Great

GREAT sorrows have no leisure to complain :
Least ill vent forth, great griefs within remain.

Goffe

Amazed he stands, nor voice nor body stirs ;
Words had no passage, tears no issue found ;

For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears ;
 Confused effects each other do confound :
 Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.
 Striving to tell his woes, words would not come ;
 For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

David.

I drink
 So deep of grief, that he must only think,
 Not dare to speak, that would express my woe :
 Small rivers murmur, deep gulfs silent flow.

Marston.

3186. SORROWS : how they are to be treated.

PAST sorrows, let us moderately lament them ;
 For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

Webster.

3187. SORROWS : never come singly.

WHEN sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions !—*Shakespeare.*

Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
 Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
 Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

Young.

3188. SOUL. Cost of a

If for a world a soul be lost,
 Who can the loss supply ?
 More than a thousand worlds it cost
 One single soul to buy.—*C. Wesley.*

3189. SOUL. Dissatisfaction of the

THE soul on earth is an immortal guest
 Condemn'd to starve at an unreal feast ;
 A spark, which upwards tends by nature's force ;
 A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
 A drop, dis sever'd from the boundless sea ;
 A moment, parted from eternity ;
 A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come ;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

Hannah More.

3190. SOUL. Efforts for the

KNOW'ST thou the importance of a soul immortal ?
 Behold this midnight glory—worlds on worlds !
 Amazing pomp ! Redouble this amazement ;
 Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more ;
 Then, weigh the whole ! One soul outweighs them
 all,

And calls th' astonishing magnificence
 Of unintelligent creation poor.

For this, believe not me ; no man believe.
 Trust not in words, but deeds ; and deeds no less
 Than those of the Supreme.—*Young.*

3191. SOUL. Freedom of the

NOR stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

Shakespeare.

3192. SOUL. Ideas about the

MUSICIANS think our souls are harmonies ;
 Physicians hold that they complexions be ;
 Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
 Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

One thinks the soul is air ; another fire,
 Another blood, diffused about the heart ;
 Another saith the elements conspire,
 And to her essence each doth yield a part.

Some think one general soul fills every brain,
 As the bright sun sheds lights in every star ;
 And others think the name of soul is vain,
 And that we only well-mix'd bodies are.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
 While with their doctrines they at hazard play ;
 Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
 To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they ;

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
 Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought,
 But some among these masters have been found,
 Which, in their schools, the self-same thing have
 taught.—*Davies.*

3193. SOUL. Mistakes of the

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more ;
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men ;
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Shakespeare.

3194. SOUL. Mystery of the

SOUL, dwelling oft in God's infinitude,
 And sometimes seeming no more part of me—
 This me, worms' heritage—than that sun can be
 Part of the earth he has with warmth imbued,—

Whence camest thou? Whither goest thou? I,
subdued

With awe of mine own being, thus sit still,
Dumb, on the summit of this lonely hill,
Whose dry November-grasses dew-bestrew'd
Mirror a million suns. That sun, so bright,
Passes, as thou must pass, Soul, into night!
Art thou afraid, who solitary hast trod
A path I know not, from a source to a bourn
Both which I know not? fear'st thou to return
Alone, even as thou camest alone, to God?

D. M. Muloch.

3195. SOUL. Joys of the

WHEN in heaven she shall His essence see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss:
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be:
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

Davies.

The joys of sense to mental joys are mean;
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past and present forages for joy;
'Tis hers, by retrospect, through time to range,
And forward, time's great sequel to survey.

Young.

3196. SOUL. Struggles of the

WITH stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
The music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air.
But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud,—my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

Mrs Browning.

3197. SOUL. The: a Bird of Passage.

'MY soul is like some eager-born bird, that hath
A restless prescience—howsoever won—
Of a broad pathway leading to the sun,
With promptings of an oft-reprov'd faith

'In sunward yearnings. Stricken though her breast,
And faint her wing, with beating at the bars
Of sense, she looks beyond outlying stars,
And only in the Infinite sees rest.

Sad soul! if ever thy desire be bent
Or broken to thy doom, and made to share

The ruminant's beatitude—content,
Chewing the cud of knowledge, with no care
For germs of life within—*then* will I say:

'Thou art not caged, but fitly *stall'd* in clay!'

Emily Pfeiffer.

3198. SOUL. The: a prisoner.

IN the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's prison she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise
By gath'ring notes out of the world's great book.

Davies.

Even so the soul in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate:
At this hole hears, the sight may ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells; but when she's gone
from hence,

Like naked lamp, she is one shining sphere,
And round about hath perfect cognizance
Whatever in the horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense; all eye, all touch, all ear.

Henry More.

3199. SOUL. The: a stranger.

OUR souls but like unhappy strangers come
From heaven, their country, to this world's bad
coast;
They land, then straight are backward bound for
home,

And many are in storms of passion lost!
They long with danger sail through life's vex'd seas,
In bodies as in vessels full of leaks;
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,
Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.

Davenant.

3200. SOUL. The departed

HERE is the house,
Empty and lone;
Where is the home of that which is gone—
Out in the regions of boundless blank space,
Floating and floating, no shape, no place?
Or did it gather its wealth and remove
To the home up above?—
All's still in the house.

Gone from its home,
And none knoweth where;
Unseen it pass'd the invisible air.
Nothing to mark that the dweller is left
Out of our midst, but the house that is left.
God grant that the soul that wander'd away
Be not homeless to-day:
But here is the house.

Out of its house
How strange it must be!

Now to itself, the great mystery,
 The intangible thing, that's like nothing we know
 That we should shudder at, come to us so—
 Here with us yesterday, gone with a touch,
 How strange to be such
 And away from its house !
 Ah ! the desolate house—
 And a voice cometh low,
 Murmuring, ' Some day thou, too, must go.'
 Ah, me ! Thrust forth to the world outside,
 Shall I not find it dreary and wide ?
 This is grown to be home—from the near and known
 I must go forth alone—
 Out of this house.

Low as it is,
 From its windows I bound,
 All I can measure of what is beyond.
 Here has been written all of my past—
 It is dear by memories first and last ;
 ' Old as life to me ! What shall I do
 When I must go too
 Out of my house ?
 Can I miss the new house
 In the city impearl'd ?—
 Dreadful abysses past world from world,
 Valleys of nothingness 'twixt height and height,
 ' Terrible blanks in the great Infinite.
 Room for worlds to go down ; where a soul might
 be toss'd

 With its anchorage lost,
 So far from its home !
 Into Thy house,
 Lord, take us straight,
 Lest we be left in the darkness to wait ;
 Lest we be *lost* in realms without sun,
 And wander for ever where mansion is none,
 ' Crying without : Let us in ! Let us in,—
 When the feast shall begin,
 And the door shall be shut !

Carl Spencer.

3201. SOUL. The : immortal.

HEAVEN waxeth old, and all the spheres above
 Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay ;
 And time itself, in time, shall cease to move ;
 But the soul still survives, and lives for aye.

Davies.

If she the body's nature did partake,
 Her strength would with the body's strength decay ;
 But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
 Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

Davies.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
 Think not that death against her nature is ;

Think it a birth : and when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

Davies.

Time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain,
 The body, not the mind ; nor can control
 Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.

Dryden.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point ;
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

Addison.

It must be so ! Plato, thou reason'st well :
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.—*Addison.*

Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
 nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
 For human weal, Heaven husbands all events,
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Young.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are
 frail,

Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay ;
 Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil
 Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
 In truth's eternal sunbeams ; on the way
 To Heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll ;
 The temple of the Power whom all obey,
 That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
 Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

Percival.

The soul, of origin Divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die.

James Montgomery.

3202. SOUL. The : slumbering.

Who is sure he hath a soul, unless
 It see and judge and follow worthiness,

And by deeds praise it? He who doth not this
May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his.

Donne.

3203. SOUL. The: unknown.

As the sharpest eye discerneth nought
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine,
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light Divine.

Davies.

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title Thine;
Thou only know'st her nature and her powers,
Her subtle form Thou only canst define.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass the tropics and behold each pole;
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

Davies.

3204. SOUL. Value of the

WHAT is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ is found,—

The soul of man—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

God to reclaim it did not spare
His well-belovèd Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.

The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan,
And pledged the blood Divine
To ransom every soul of man;
That blood was shed for mine.

And is this treasure borne below
In earthly vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know
Till flesh and spirit fail?

Then let us gather round the cross,
This knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.—*Montgomery.*

3205. SOWER. The

'SUCH as I have I sow, it is not much,'
Said one who loved the Master of the field;
Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield

No quick response; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart so loving, yet so weak.

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen; yet oft they fell
On soil prepared, which she would never know,
Until the tender blade sprang up to tell
That not in vain her labour had been spent;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she
went.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

3206. SOWING. Fruits of

ARE we sowing seeds of goodness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honour?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.

3207. SPEECH. Eloquence of

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!
And, when you speak in earnest, do you need
To search for words? Oh! these fine holiday
phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments, are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles
In autumn 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.
If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive.
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly,
Toil on for ever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,

And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes—
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children !
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart !

Goethe.

3208. SPHERE OF DUTY.

NATURE to each allots his proper sphere,
But that forsaken, we like comets err.
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're
broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.—*Congreve.*

3209. SPIRITS. Traits of

THEY miss the truth who meditate that death,
Or that which follows after death, can change
The native idealities of men.
These in the saved and lost alike remain
Immutable for ever. There is nought
In the unloosing of the mortal tent
To alter or transform immortal minds.
The gentle still are gentle, and the strong
Are ever strong. Innumerable traits
Each from the rest distinguish. It is true
There lies a gulf impassable betwixt
Salvation and perdition, heaven and hell ;
But oh ! the almost infinite degrees
Betwixt the lost and lost.—*Bickerstah.*

3210. SPLENDOUR.

CAN wealth give happiness ? look around and see
What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
I envy none their pageantry and show,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.—*Young.*

The splendours of our rank and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.—*Young.*

3211. STARS. Invocation to the

SHINE, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain !
See old Time destroying
All our hoarded grain ;
All our sweetest flowers,
Every stately shrine,
All our hard-earn'd glory,
Every dream divine !
Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years !

See how Time, consoling, |
Dries the saddest tears ;
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain,
While uprise in glory
Flowers and dreams again !

Adelaide A. Procter.

3212. STARS. Mystery of the

YE stars ! which are the poetry of heaven ;
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-
selves a star.—*Byron.*

3213. STARS. Order of the

THERE they stand,
Shining in order, like a living hymn
Written in light.—*Willis.*

3214. STARS. Progress of the

THE sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires :
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and
go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they :
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way :
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

Bryant.

3215. STARS. Shining forth of the

THEY are all up—the innumerable stars
That hold their place in heaven. My eyes have been
Searching the pearly depths through which they
spring
Like beautiful creations.—*Willis.*

3216. STARS. Suggestiveness of the

OH what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart.—*Young.*

The sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?—*Byron.*

3217. STARS. The : doomed.

THE stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
Addison.

3218. STARS. The : inhabited.

AMPLITUDE almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation.—*Milton.*

Such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
Milton.

But the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though, like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance.—*Rogers.*

Each of these stars is a religious house ; I saw
Their altars smoke, their incense rise ;
And heard hosannas ring through every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er a consecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The great Proprietor's all bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise
Beneath His genial ray.—*Young.*

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them !—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze :
Each is a world by Him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.
Mrs Hemans.

3219. STARS. The : not the abode of God.

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see, from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining home of God.

'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
With all their worlds, approach His face :
One glory fills each wheeling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is no less His than yonder spheres ;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamp'd by His immediate hand.—*Sterling.*

3220. STARS. Uses of the

AND for the heavens' wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence.—*Milton.*

He made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven,
T' illuminate the earth and rule the night.
Milton.

These great orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
Enliven worlds denied to human sight.—*Prior.*

3221. STARS. Watching the

LOOK how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings ;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

Shakespeare.

Ye quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies !

Robert Montgomery.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams.—*Byron.*

3222. STATE. Constituents of a

WHAT constitutes a state ?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;

Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No : men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;
These constitute a state ;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapour sinks ;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Sir William Jones.

3223. STATE. Duty to the

OUR country is a whole, my Publius,
Of which we all are parts : nor should a citizen
Regard his interests as distinct from hers :
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul,
But what affect her honour or her shame.
E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,
'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's ;
He only pays her back a debt he owes.
To her he's bound for birth and education ;
Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.
She lends him honours, dignity, and rank,
His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays ;
And, like a tender and indulgent mother,
Loads him with comforts, and would make his state
As bless'd as nature and the gods design'd it.
Such gifts, my son, have their alloy of pain,
And let the unworthy wretch, who will not bear
His portion of the public burden, lose
The advantages it yields ; let him retire
From the dear blessings of a social life,
And from the sacred laws which guard those blessings,
Renounce the civilized abodes of man,
With kindred brutes one common shelter seek
In horrid wilds, and dens, and dreary caves,
And with their shaggy tenants share the spoil ;
Or, if the shaggy hunters miss their prey,
From scatter'd acorns pick a scanty meal :
Far from the sweet civilities of life,
There let him live and vaunt his wretched freedom,
While we, obedient to the laws that guard us,
Guard them, and live or die, as they decree.

Hannah More.

3224. STATES : easily destroyed.

A THOUSAND years scarce serve to form a state ;
An hour may lay it in the dust.—*Byron.*

3225. STATESMEN.

BELIEVE me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the easiness that they are raised.

Ben Jonson.

He ill aspires to rule
Cities of men or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within.—*Milton.*

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear !
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend :
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd by the muse he loved.

Pope.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Goldsmith.

Whose genius was such
We scarcely could praise him, or blame him too
much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Goldsmith.

3226. STATUES.

So stands the statue that enchants the world.

Thomson.

Thereon, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground ;
And searching onward, as he went,
He traced a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone ;
Yet ere he past, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out Sci-pi-o.
'Enough,' he cried ; 'I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull Stoics o'er.'—*Watts.*

3227. STEP BY STEP.

HEAVEN is not reach'd at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God,

Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet ;
By what we have master'd of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain ;
And the vanquish'd ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray ;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls,
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reach'd at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise ,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. Holland.

3228. STINGINESS.

A MERCHANT famed for stinginess
Gave nought to hunger or distress ;
If he had own'd the sun, instead
Of tables with all dainties spread,
He never would have loosed one ray
Of light until the judgment day.

From the Persian of Saadi.

3229. STORMS.

THE Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the seas ;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

Anne Bradstreet.

Every pilot
Can steer the ship in calms ; but he performs
The skilful part, can manage it in storms.

Denham.

O God ! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner ! in comfort here,
Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.

What were it now to toss upon the waves—

The madden'd waves, and know no succour near ;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves ;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light ;
And in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ?
O God ! have mercy on the mariner !—*Southey.*

A thunder-storm !—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown ?
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears !
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops pattering on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the lowering sky deform,—
All mark the coming of a thunder-storm.

R. Montgomery.

3230. STORMS OF LIFE.

AMID the darkness, when the storm,
Swept fierce and wild o'er Galilee,
Was seen of old, dear Lord, Thy form,
All calmly walking on the sea ;
And raging elements were still,
Obedient to Thy sovereign will.

So on life's restless, heaving wave,
When night and storm my sky o'ercast,
Oft hast Thou come to cheer and save,
Hast changed my fear to joy at last.
Thy voice hath bid the tumult cease,
And soothed my throbbing heart to peace.

But ah ! too soon my fears return,
And dark mistrust disturbs anew ;
What smother'd fires within yet burn !
My days of peace, alas, how few !
These heart-throes,—shall they ne'er be past ?
These strifes,—shall they for ever last ?

I heed not danger, toil, nor pain,
Care not how hard the storm may beat,
If in my heart Thy peace may reign,
And faith and patience keep their seat ;
If strength Divine may nerve my soul,
And love my every thought control.

Oh may that voice that quell'd the sea,
And laid the surging waves to rest,
Speak in my spirit, set me free
From passions that disturb my breast.

Jesus, I yield me to Thy will,
And wait to hear Thy 'Peace, be still !'

Ray Palmer.

3231. STRENGTH. Growth of

VIGOUR from toil, from trouble patience grows.

The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
But ah ! it withers in the chilling hour.

Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower
They toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength sup-
plies.—*Beattie.*

3232. STRENGTH. Promise of

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life its throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree
That—'as my day, my strength shall be.'

When, with sad footstep, memory roves,
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to Thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That—'as my day, my strength shall be.'

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang, the keenest and the last—
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer ! grant my soul to see
That—'as her day, her strength shall be.'

Mrs Sigourney.

3233. STUDY.

STUDY is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

Shakespeare.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Shakespeare.

Alas ! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament,
What can we know, or what can we discern ?

Davies.

In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.

Denham.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind ;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.

Young.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

Quoted in Latin by Sir E. Coke.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

Sir Wm. Jones.

I know what study is ; it is to toil
Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch
At tasks which seem a systematic curse,
And course of bootless penance.—*Bailey.*

All mankind are students. How to live
And how to die forms the great lesson still.

Bailey.

I am devote to study. Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes ;
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.

Bailey.

'Much study is a weariness.' The sage
Who gave his mind to seek and search until
He knew *all* Wisdom—found that on the page
Knowledge and grief were vow'd companions still !
And so the students of a later day
Sit down among the records of old time
To hold high commune with the thoughts sublime
Of minds long gone :—so they too pass away,
And leave us what ? *their* course, to toil—reflect—
To feel the thorn pierce through our gather'd flowers—
Still 'midst the leaves the earth-worm to detect :
And this is Knowledge.—*Mrs Eames.*

My midnight lamp is weary as my soul,
And, being unimmortal, has gone out.
And now alone yon moony lamp of heaven,
Which God lit, and not man, illuminates
These volumes others wrote in weariness
As I have read them ; and this cheek and brow,
Whose paleness, burn'd in with heats of thought,
Would make an angel smile to see how ill
Clay thrust from Paradise consorts with mind,—
If angels could, like men, smile bitterly.

Mrs Browning.

3234. STYLE.

THE fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.—*Shakespeare.*

Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords.

Denham.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar ;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow :
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main.—*Pope.*

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.—*Pope.*

Some to conceit alone their tastes confine,
And curious thoughts struck out at every line—
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.—*Pope.*

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress :
Their praise is still, 'The style is excellent ;'
The sense they humbly take upon content.—*Pope.*

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same ;
Unerring Nature, still Divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.

Pope.

Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime ;
'Tis like the ladder in the patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.

Prior.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art ;
No language but the language of the heart.

Pope.

He speaks reservedly, but he speaks with force ;
Nor can a word be changed but for a worse.

Pope.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

Pope.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.—*Pope.*

True expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon :
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.—*Pope.*

Pride often guides the author's pen ;
Books as affected are as men ;
But he who studies nature's laws
From certain truth his maxims draws ;
And those, without our schools, suffice,
To make men moral, good, and wise.—*Gay.*

As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right applied ;
When through the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.

Granville.

Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controll'd ;
Above the clouds, but yet within our sight,
They mount with truth, and make a towering flight.

Granville.

Our lines reform'd, and not composed in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.

Waller.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness ;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.

Roscommon.

3235. SUBMISSION. A psalm of

I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portion'd task might lie ;
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high ;
But God has fix'd another part,
And He has fix'd it well ;
I said so with my breaking heart
When first this trouble fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost,—
Can I but turn to Thee ;
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthen'd for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee.
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow :
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,
Oh let me serve Thee now.—*Anne Brontë.*

3236. SUBMISSION. Base

It grieves me to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control ;
How overpower'd and shackled minds are led
In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred.

'Crabbe.

3237. SUBMISSION. Blessedness of

ALMIGHTY Power, I love Thee ! blissful name,
My healer, God ! and may my inmost soul
Love and adore for ever ! Oh, 'tis good
To wait submissive at Thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at Thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
Thy hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries. — *Watts.*

3238. SUBMISSION. Declaration of

SINCE 'tis Thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign,
My heart itself, as its delight is Thine ;
My little all I give to Thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give ;
I hear Thy voice, Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise ; I bless and do submit ;
I will not murmur at Thy word,
Nor beg Thy angel to sheathe up his sword.

Norris.

3239. SUBMISSION. Entire

God's ways are not as our ways, His thoughts are
not as ours ;
He wounds us sore with cruel thorns, where we
have stoop'd for flowers ;
But oh ! 'tis from the oft-pierced heart those precious
drops distil,
That many a life, else all unblest, with healing balm
shall fill :
Then give, oh give the flower to those who pray it
so may be,
But I would choose to have the thorns, with Thee,
dear Lord, with Thee !

Man judgeth man in ignorance, he seeth but in part ;
Our trust is in our Maker, God, Who searcheth every
heart ;
And every wrong and every woe, when put beneath
our feet,
As stepping-stones may help us on to His high
mercy-seat.

Then teach us still to smile, O Lord ! though sharp
the stones may be,
Remembering that they bring us near to Thee, dear
Lord, to Thee !

3240. SUBMISSION. Example of

CHRIST had His sorrows—so must thou,
If thou wilt tread the path He trod—
Oh then, like Him, submissive bow,
And own the sovereignty of God.

3241. SUBMISSION. tested.

WHEN, blooming with the strength and pride of
youth,
Crown'd with Health's chaplet, mind and heart
aglow

With strong desire to serve my Lord, to sow
Broadcast about my path rich seeds of truth,
And crush the evils which, with pois'nous tooth,
Lurk'd, ready for the spring and fatal blow,
Beside the paths where men walk'd to and fro,
I said, 'I can be anything, in sooth,
For Christ.' And now the dear Lord testeth me
Shorn of my strength by dread disease, I find
I must be laid aside, while others bind
The sheaves and sow the seed, content to be
Nothing. Lord, I am in Thy hands. For Thee
Nothing or anything I'll be,—resign'd.—*Burr.*

3242. SUCCESS: cannot be commanded.

'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it.
Addison.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit ;
For, whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by fate.

Budler.

3243. SUCCESS: not essential to happiness.

WHAT most of all to real happiness
Doth tend, in this perplexing world of ours,
Is this—to think upon and recollect
What best we each have *striven* to perform,
Not that in which we have *succeeded* best.

Success is sweet, but sweeter still the thought
That we have lived through disappointment's pang,
And learn'd to feel that ill success is best ;
Still hoping on, with courage high, for bliss,
Far greater than this world can e'er bestow.
Yet hard the lesson, difficult the task—
Then great the triumph—passing great the joy

Of looking back upon the battle-field,—
Upon the mortal combat which we fought,
By help from One to whom we bow'd our will,
Content to have those very wishes cross'd
Which we had fondly deem'd our best, nor seek
To question, or to know the hidden cause
Of failure—no! nor murmur in our hearts
(Though oft thereto inclining sinfully)
At obstacles most useless in our eyes.

Lady Chatterton.

3244. SUCCESS: 'Nothing succeeds like success.'

VIRTUE without success
Is a fair picture shown by an ill light;
But lucky men are favourites of Heaven:
All own the chief when fortune owns the cause.

Dryden.

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events:
But when we manage by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right.

Higgins.

It is success that colours all in life:
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest,
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.

Thomson.

What though I am a villain, who so bold
To tell me so? let your poor petty traitors
Feel the vindictive lash and scourge for wrong;
But who shall tax successful villany,
Or call the rising traitor to account?—*Harvard.*

Applause

Waits on success; the fickle multitude,
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

Franklin.

3245. SUCCESS. Unsatisfactory

Now in frail bark, and on the storm-toss'd wave,
Doth this, my life, approach the common port,
Whither all haste to render up account
Of every act—the erring and the just.
Wherefore I now do see, that by the love
Which render'd Art mine idol and my Lord
I did much err. Vain are the loves of man,
And error lurks within his very thought.
Light hours of this my life, where are ye now,
When towards a twofold death my foot draws near?
The one well-known, the other threatening loud.
Not the erst-worshipp'd Art can now give peace
To him whose soul turns to that love Divine,
Whose arms shall lift him from the Cross to Heaven.

Michael Angelo.

3246. SUFFERING. Appointment of

SUFFERING is the *work* now sent;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by:
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my *gain*; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hush'd and still.
Suffering is my *worship* now.

3247. SUFFERING. Fruits of

MOST wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Shelley.

Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem thy loss;
Thou hast gain'd, in the furnace of affliction, self-knowledge, patience, and humility,
And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the coiner;
Despise not the blessings of adversity nor the gain thou hast earn'd so hardly,
And now thou hast drain'd the bitter, take heed that thou lose not the sweet.—*Tupper.*

The hour of anguish passes by;
But in the spirit there remains
The outgrowth of its agony,
The compensation of its pains.
In meekness, which suspects no wrong,
In patience, which endures control,
In faith, which makes the spirit strong,
In peace and purity of soul.—*Upham.*

3248. SUFFERING. Influence of

SUFFERING curbs our wayward passions,
Child-like tempers in us fashions,
And our will to His subdues:
Thus His hand, so soft and healing,
Each disorder'd power and feeling,
By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That the soul be not distracted
By the world's beguiling art;
'Tis like some angelic warder
Ever keeping sacred order
In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
To eternity's devotion,
And awakes a fond desire

For the land where psalms are ringing,
And with psalms the martyrs singing
Sweetly to the harpers' choir.—*Hartmann.*

3249. SUFFERING. Intense

LIGHT sufferings give us leisure to complain ;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

Dryden.

3250. SUFFERING. Lesson for the

OH learn one truth, in all its fair completeness !
A sorrow's crown of thorns, if worn aright,
With calm humility and patient sweetness,
Becomes a crown of light !

Each suffering heart by hope most unbefriended,
Should feel that if its faith to God be given,
When love and fortitude are closest blended,
It then is nearest Heaven !

And every new brave smile our lips shall render
When human pain's worst, weariest ways are trod,
Adds one fresh plume to those white wings of splendour

Wherewith we shall meet God !—*E. J. L.*

3251. SUFFERING. Release from

HER suffering ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She pass'd through glory's morning gate,
And walk'd in Paradise !—*Aldrich.*

3252. SUFFERING : to be patiently endured.

BE strong to bear, O Heart !
Nothing is vain :
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain ;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain !—

Adelaide A. Procter.

3253. SUICIDE.

'GAINST self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis not courage, when the darts of chance
Are thrown against our state, to turn our backs
And basely run to death ; as if the hand
Of Heaven and Nature had lent nothing else

T' oppose against mishap, but loss of life ;
Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.—*Jonson.*

When affliction thunders o'er our roofs ;
To hide our heads, and run into our graves,
Shows us no men, but makes us fortune's slaves.

Jonson.

He
That kills himself t' avoid misery, fears it,
And at the best shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced ;
Nor will I : he's not valiant that dares die ;
But he that boldly bears calamity.—*Massinger.*

Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck frenzy, rush
On voluntary death : the wise, the brave,
When the fierce storms of fortune round 'em roar,
Combat the billows with redoubled force :
Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd,
They sink with decent pride ; and from the deep
Honour retrieves them bright as rising stars.

Foster.

Our time is set and fix'd ; our days are told ;
And no man knows the limit of his life ;
This minute may be mine, the next another's ;
But still all mortals ought to wait the summons,
And not usurp on the decrees of fate,
By hastening their own ends.—*Swift.*

Fool ! I mean not
That poor-soul'd piece of heroism, self-slaughter :
Oh no ! the miserablest day we live
There's many a better thing to do than die !

Darley.

Venture not rashly on an unknown being :
E'en the most perfect shun the brink of death,
And shudder at the prospect of futurity.—*Savage.*

Take heed
How you do threaten Heaven by menacing
Yourself ; as we have no authority
To take away the being of another whom
Our pride contemns, so we have less t' annihilate
Our own when it is fallen in our dislike.

Davenant.

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come ;
Tyrants may tie him up from your relief ;
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world,
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.

Dryden.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
Sewell.

Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
How long, how short, we know not : this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission.
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait the appointed hour, till they're relieved,
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ill, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ! 'tis mad !
No frenzy half so desperate as this.—*Blair.*

If there be an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die ;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.

Blair.

3254. SUN. The

THE self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on both alike.—*Shakespeare.*

Then, higher, on the glittering sun I gazed,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree ;
The more I look'd, the more I grew amazed,
And softly said, What glory's like to thee ?
Soule of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder some made thee a deity ;
Had I not better known (alas), the same had I.
Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
And as a strong man joyes to run a race ;
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face ;
Birds, insects, animals, with vegetive,
Thy heat from death and dulness doth revive :
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervour and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night ;
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might :
Hail, creature, full of sweetness, beauty, and delight !
Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength thy shining rayes once to behold ?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high
As to approach it can no earthly mould ?

How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee !
Admired, adored for ever, be that Majesty !
Anne Bradstreet.

I marvel not, O Sun ! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love ;
For like a god thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.

Southey.

Blest power of sunshine ! genial day !
What balm, what life, are in thy ray !
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow, of the tomb.—*Moore.*

3255. SUNDAY. Pre-eminence of the

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay !
The week were dark, but for thy light !
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The worky-days are the back part ;
The burthen of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archèd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His,

That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth ;
Oh let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.—*Herbert.*

3256. SUNDAY. Similes of

BRIGHT shadows of true rest ! some shoots of bliss,
Heaven once a week ;
The next world's gladness prepossess in this ;
A day to seek :
Eternity in time ; the steps by which
We climb above all ages ; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight !
The pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower ;
The narrow way ;
Transplanted paradise ; God's walking hour,
The cool o' th' day !
The creature's jubilee ; God's parle with dust ;
Heaven here : man on those hills of myrrh and
flowers ;
Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers !
The Church's love-feasts ; time's prerogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,
And home of rest.
The milky-way chalkt out with suns ; a clue,
That guides through erring hours ; and in full story
A taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast ; and the out-courts of glory.

Henry Vaughan.

3257. SUPERSTITION.

ENGLAND a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tower above the common size ;
England a fortune-telling host,
As numerous as the stars could boast,
Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.

Churchill.

What a reasonless machine
Can superstition make the reasoner man !

Miller.

'Tis Christian science makes our day,
And Freedom lends her lovely ray ;
And we forget 'neath our fair skies,
The world that still in shadow lies ;—
That India bows to Juggernaut ;—
And China worships gods of clay ;
And healing amulets are bought,
Even where our Saviour's body lay ;
And holy miracles are wrought
Beneath St Peter's cross-crown'd sway ;
And over Afric's wide domain
The powers of Death and Darkness reign !

Mrs Haiz.

3258. SURRENDER. Entire

PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,
And woos the soul to her embrace ;
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From selfish love, else sought in vain ;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.
Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
Renounce all strength but strength Divine ;
And peace shall be for ever thine :
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.

Madame Guyon.

3259. SUSPENSE.

BUT be not long, for-in the tedious minutes,
Exquisite interval, I'm on the rack :
For sure the greatest evil man can know,
Bears no proportion to the dread suspense.

Frowde.

Uncertainty !

Fell demon of our fears ! The human soul,
That can support despair, supports not thee.

Mallet.

3260. SYMPATHY. Beauty of

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

Darwin.

3261. SYMPATHY. Effects of

THE soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.—*Logan.*

3262. SYMPATHY. God's

THOU mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
On sobbing children, seeing, all the while,
How soon will pass away the endless grief;
How soon will come the gladness and relief;
But if Thou smilest, yet Thy sympathy
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less Thy love doth understand,
And not the less, with tender, pitying hand,
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face
Doth cherish to a smile in Thy embrace,
Until the pain is gone, and Thou dost say,
'Go now, my child, and work for me to-day.'

3263. SYMPATHY: misdirected.

IN the same beaten channel still have run
The blessed streams of human sympathy;
And though I know this ever hath been done,
The why and wherefore I could never see:
Why some such sorrow for their griefs have won,
And some, unpitied, bear their misery,
Are mysteries which thinking o'er and o'er
Has left me nothing wiser than before.

What bitter tears of agony have flow'd
O'er the sad pages of some old romance!
How Beauty's cheek beneath those drops has glow'd,
That dimm'd the sparkling lustre of her glance,
And on some love-sick maiden is bestow'd,
Or some rejected, hapless knight, perchance,
All her deep sympathies, until her moans
Stifle the nearer sound of living groans.

Phæbe Carey.

3264. SYMPATHY. Need of

It is not well,
Here in the land of Christian liberty,
That honest worth or hopeless want should dwell
Unaided by our care and sympathy.

Phæbe Carey.

Oh, there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that can sympathize with all!

Phæbe Carey.

3265. SYMPATHY. Power of

LET our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain.—*Shakespeare.*

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept?—*Swift.*

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—*Scott.*

3266. SYMPATHY: seldom found.

OH! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.—*Mrs Hemans.*

3267. TACT. Importance of

WHAT boots it thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?
The only credentials,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlour—
Address, man, address.
Church, market, and tavern,
Bed and board it will sway;
It has no to-morrow;
It ends with to-day.—*Emerson.*

3268. TALENTS: apart from virtue.

TALENTS angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments,
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.—*Young.*

3269. TALENTS. Parable of

THERE went a man from home: and to his neighbours twain
He gave to keep for him two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar one the precious charge conceal'd;
And forth the other went and strew'd it in the field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack:
'Here, take it; 'tis the same; thou hast it safely back.'
Unharm'd it shows without, but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there finds he now no more:
One-half of all therein proves rotten and decay'd,
Upon the other half have worms and mildew prey'd.
The putrid heap to him in ire he doth return;
And of the other asks, 'Where is my sack of corn?'
Who answer'd, 'Come with me, behold how it has sped,'
And took and show'd him fields where waving
harvests spread.

Then cheerfully the man laugh'd out and cried,
'This one

Had sight, to make up for the other that had none :
The letter *he* observed, but thou the precept's sense :
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from
hence.

In harvest thou shalt fill two sacks for me,
The residue of right remains in full for thee.'

Trench.

3270. TALENTS. Respect for others'

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel—as well he might—
The keen demands of appetite ;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent :
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.—*Cowper.*

3271. TALENTS : rightly used.

MAY I remember, that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employ'd,
When in Thy service spent.

3272. TALK. Careless

UNLESS thou find occasion, hold thy tongue ;
Thyself or others careless talk may wrong.

Denham.

3273. TALKERS.

TALKERS are no good doers : be assured
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Shakespeare.

3274. TALKING. Constrained

THE circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate ;
Yes, ma'am, and no, ma'am, uttered softly, show
Every five minutes how the minutes go ;
Each individual suffering a constraint,
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint ;
As if in close committee on the sky, ;
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry ;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well-timed discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Fill'd up at last with interesting news,
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed ;
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,
Recovering what we lost, we know not how,
The faculties that seem'd reduced to nought,
Expression and the privilege of thought.—*Cowper.*

3275. TALKING. Dignity of

SPEECH is the golden harvest that followeth the
flowering of thought ;
Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be
wither'd and scanty :
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative
of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it
was done :
Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a
symbol ;
And speech is the body of a thought, without which
it were not seen.—*Tupper.*

3276. TASTE. Innate

NOT content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense,
Thou makest all Nature beauty to his eye,

Or music to his ear. Well-pleased, he scans '
The goodly prospect ; and, with inward smiles,
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour ; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth ;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds,
Than space or motion or eternal time ;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul, to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destined road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclosed
Amid the dubious wild : with streams and shades
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarranged, or gross
In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
But God alone, when first His active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.—*Akenside.*

3277. TEACHER. Dignity of the

THE angel-choir His praise may chant in rapturous
songs above,
And through the universe His power adoringly
proclaim ;
But they can never win for Christ a child's first
ardent love,
Nor whisper in an infant's ear the Saviour's
precious name.
O happy teacher ! to whose trust this glorious work
is given,
A work unshared by those who dwell amid the joys
of heaven.

'Feed, feed My lambs !' in all its sweet persuasive-
ness to-day,
This message from a Saviour's lips, O Christian,
reaches thee.
Ask not, 'And what shall others do ?' but help with-
out delay,
To train the children of your class in peace and
purity.

And though, perchance, thou may'st not call earth's
fading laurel thine,
Yet, bright as stars that gem night's brows, thou
shalt for ever shine.]

3278. TEACHER. Encouragement for a

It may not be your lot to wield
The sickle in the crowded field ;
Not yours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song 'mid thick'ning sheaves,
'Yet where your duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,'
Know thou that there the Master's eye
Surveys your work approvingly ;
Smiles on your task with sweetest grace,
Though humble and obscure your place.
Faint not ; the crown is only won
Through patient toil, through duties done.

3279. TEACHER. The Village

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still,
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Goldsmith.

3280. TEACHER. Work of the

SOME lambs are miss'd from Jesus' fold,
And straying far from home ;
'Mid forests dark, and streams so cold,
The little lambs now roam.

Some gems to deck our Master's crown
Are buried now on earth ;

Rich gems, whose lustre sin doth drown,
But still of priceless worth.

Some harps are needed in His choir,
Harps struck by infant hands ;
And tongues to sing with youthful fire
To swell those hymning bands.

To seek those lambs and lead them back ;
To find each sin-marr'd gem ;
To guide them to the heavenly track,
Fit for Christ's diadem ;

To tune those infant tongues to sing
Redemption's song in heaven ;
This is the work our loving King
To us on earth hath given.

3281. TEACHING. Demand for

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces !
Spite of all that mars and sears ;
To my inmost heart appealing ;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling ;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us ! save us ! woe surrounds us ;
Little knowledge sore confounds us :
Life is but a lingering death !

Give us light amid our darkness ;
Let us know the good from ill ;
Hate us not for all our blindness ;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing : we are ready :
We would learn, if you would teach :
We have hearts that yearn towards duty :
We have minds alive to beauty ;
Souls that any heights can reach !

Raise us by your Christian knowledge ;
Consecrate to man our powers ;
Let us take our proper station ;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours !

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise, and make us good !
Make us strong for time of trial ;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Mary Howitt.

3282. TEACHING. Simple

FRIENDLY the teacher stood, like an angel of light
there among them,
And to the children explain'd he the holy, the high-
est in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, *for sublimity always
is simple ;*
Both in sermon and song a child can seize on its
meaning.—*Longfellow.*

3283. TEARS : afford relief.

TEARS, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief ;
But unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.—*Dryden.*

3284. TEARS. Beauty of

WHAT gem bath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain ?
The tear most sacred shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright, pure—from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand Divine.—*Byron.*

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

Campbell.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

Scott.

3285. TEARS : common.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving ! lighter none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.

Tears ! what are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing : at her marriage bell
The bride weeps : and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace,
Mourners who weep ! Albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope, tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up ! These tears will
run

Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

Mrs Browning.

3286. TEARS : feed our woe.

BUT tears, alas ! are trifling things ;
They rather feed than heal our woe ;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.—*Watts.*

3287. TEARS. Honourableness of

HIDE not thy tears ; weep boldly—and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way :
'Tis nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt,
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.—*Hill.*

Heaven, that knows
The weakness of our natures, will forgive,
Nay, must applaud, love's debt, when decent paid ;
Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.—*Shirley.*

3288. TEARS. Joys from

WHAT ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Shakespeare.

The flowers live by the tears that fall from the sad
face of the skies,
And life would have no joys at all, were there no
watery eyes.
Love thou thy sorrow, grief shall bring its' own
excuse in after years.
The rainbow ! see how fair a thing God hath built
up from tears.

3289. TEARS. Penitential

BLEST tears of soul-felt penitence !
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt may know !

Moore.

Oh, turn, and be thou turn'd ! The selfish tear,
In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun,
Let it flow on, but flow refined and clear,
The turbid waters brightening as they run.
Let it flow on, till all thine earthly heart
In penitential drops have ebb'd away ;
Then, fearless, turn where Heaven hath set thy part,
Nor shudder at the eye that saw thee stray.

Oh, lost and found ! All gentle souls below
Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and prove
Such joy o'er thee as raptured seraphs know,
Who learn their lesson at the Throne of Love.

Kemble.

3290. TEARS. Self-deceiving

WHAT sadder scene can angels view
Than self-deceiving tears,

Pour'd idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
A record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years ?—*Kemble.*

3291. TEARS : woman's weapons.

OH ! too convincing dangerously dear
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear !
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue,—at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it ! virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers !
What lost a world, and made a hero fly ?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.—*Byron.*

3292. TEMPER. Good

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear ;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace ;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.

A charm to banish grief away,
To free the brow from care—
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer's dew
That gems the lily's breast—
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins,
As music 'mid the tempest loud
That still its sweet way wins,
As springs an arch across the tide
When waves conflicting foam,
So comes the seraph to our side,
The angel to our home.

What may this wondering spirit be,
With power unheard before ;
This charm, this bright divinity ?
Good nature—nothing more.
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

Charles Swain.

3293. TEMPERANCE. Chieftain of

THE coming man will bravely stand,
Without the wine-glass in his hand;
A sun-crown'd chieftain of the land;
A landmark, like the lofty pine
Which lifts on high its plumes of fir,
Whose root no fickle winds can stir;
He, like an upright worshipper,
Will never stoop to taste of wine.

Strong of body, strong of soul,
Firm of purpose to control,
He will spurn the tempting bowl
In the shadow of the vine.
No taint of wine in his full brains,
No trembling hand will hold the reins
When he who rules shall drink no wine.

Bungay.

3294. TEMPERANCE. Rewards of

THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.—*Shakespeare.*

If thou well observe

The rule of—not too much,—by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
'Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop,
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; in death mature.

Milton.

Philosophy, religious solitude,
And labour wait on temperance; in these
Desire is bounded; they instruct the mind's
And body's action.—*Nabb.*

Health and liberty

Attend on these bare meals; if all were blest
With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
Or to his belly sell his liberty?
There would be then no slaves, no sycophants
At great men's tables.—*May.*

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost.
Not so, O Temperance bland! when ruled by thee,
The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.

Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
The joyful dawns of returning day,
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation
pay,

All but the human brute: 'tis he alone,
Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.
'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can
flow;

Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refined,
Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse.

Mary Chandler.

3295. TEMPERANCE. Work of

It's a work of prevention and cure;
A work for the rich and the poor;
A work that is slow and yet sure;
A work whose effects will endure.
Then shout for it, hearer and preacher;
Shout for it, master and man;
Shout for it, scholar and teacher;
Praise it wherever you can.
Temperance lessens the stealers,
Robbing by day and by night;
Temperance adds to the kneelers
Who in religion delight.
Temperance aids the repealers
Of the infamous liquor laws;
Temperance helps the revealers
Of light on our nation's cause.
It's a work for the old and young,
It's a work for the pen and tongue,
It's a work for pulpit and pew,
It's a work for me and for you.

3296. TEMPLE. Building of the

SILENTLY as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

Cowper.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung;
Majestic silence!—*Heber.*

3297. TEMPTATION: Comfort for the Tempted.

A WORTHY man of Paris town
Came to the bishop there:
His face, o'erclouded with dismay,
Betray'd a fix'd despair.

'Father,' said he, 'a sinner vile,
Am I against my will;

Each hour I humbly pray for faith,
But am a doubter still.

'Sure, were I not despised of God,
He would not leave me so,
To struggle thus in constant strife
Against the deadly foe.'

The bishop to his sorrowing son
Thus spake a kind relief :
'The King of France has castles twain ;
To each he sends a chief.

'There's Montelhery, far inland,
That stands in place secure ;
While La Rochelle, upon the coast,
Doth sieges oft endure.

'Now for these castles,—both preserved,—
First in his prince's love
Shall Montelhery's chief be placed,
Or La Rochelle's above?'

'Oh, doubtless, sire,' the sinner said,
'That king will love the most
The man whose task was hard to keep
His castle on the coast!'

'Son,' said the bishop, 'thou art right ;
Apply this reasoning well :
My heart is Montelhery fort,
And thine is La Rochelle!'

3298. TEMPTATION. Danger of

PERHAPS thou dost but try me—yet take heed !
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some condition, may be brought to approve :
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
Lillo.

3299. TEMPTATION. Help in

THOUGH temptations round thy path
Lift their serpent-heads in wrath,—
Though the heavy tear-drops start,
Whilst the cloud is on thy heart,—
Though thy hope sends not a glance
From his hidden countenance,—
Jesus can thy trials see ;
He was tempted once like thee.

Mary Anne Gray.

3300. TEMPTATION : is not sin.

EVIL into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind.—*Milton.*

3301. TEMPTATION : may be resisted.

SECURE of outward force, within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power :
Against his will he can receive no harm.

Milton.

3302. TEMPTATION. Prayer for help in

LORD, bear me company ;
Alone I dare not climb the mountain height ;
Alone I dare not face the bitter night,
The fearsome watch, the Adversary's might.

Oh ! bear me company.

Let me cling close to Thee.
I climb the steep with faint and faltering tread ;
I tremble with a strange, unknowing dread ;
My heart within feels numb and cold and dead,
Oh ! keep me close to Thee.

Abide with me, O Lord ;
For I a vigil long and sad must keep ;
Mine eyes their bitter, unshed tears must weep ;
Ay, I must watch and pray while others sleep.
Oh ! leave me not, dear Lord.

Lord, intercede for me.
O Hands that piercèd hung on Calvary's tree,
O Head, sore-bruised and thorn-crown'd for me,
O Heart that broke with world-weigh'd agony,
Now intercede for me.

Support and comfort me ;
For in the wilderness, alone, apart,
I and my weary and sin-burden'd heart
Must face the Tempter, meet his cruel dart.
O Jesus, comfort me !

There is no helper else.
Unless thou hear'st my anguish'd, pleading cry,
Unless thou climb'st with me the mountain high,
In vain the vigil—I shall faint and die.
Thou only, Lord, canst help.

O Lamb who once wast slain,
Who all the sad world's sin dost take away,
Hear thou my cry. Oh ! close beside me stay ;
Take thou my burden, light my doleful way,
Thou who art risen again.

Conquer for me, O Lord.
Uphold me through the long and bitter fast—
Ay, till the Tempter's power be overpast.
Give me the victory, by Thy grace, at last.
Conquer for me, O Lord.

Mary E. C. Wyeth.

3303. TEMPTATION. Prayers for help in

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;

Out of the depths to Thee I call,—
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm :
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves ; say, ' Peace ! he still.'

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.—*Cowper.*

Plead, when the tempter's art
To each fond hope of mine
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be Thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who wouldst urge the true,
Plead Thou my cause.—*Waring.*

3304. TEMPTATION₁: should be promptly resisted.

Th' encroaching ill you early should oppose :
Flatter'd, 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.
Dryden.

3305. TEMPTATION : should be shunned.

LIE in the lap of sin, and not mean harm ?
It is hypocrisy against the devil :
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
Heaven.—*Shakespeare.*

So fatal 'twas to seek temptation out !
Most confidence has still most cause to doubt.
Dryden.

'Tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
Dryden.

To shun th' allurements is not hard
To minds resolved, forewarn'd, and well prepared ;
But wondrous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle through the straits, and break th' involving net.—*Dryden.*

3306. TEMPTATION : the secret of its power.

MEN said to-day, of one who sim'd, ' What may
This mean ? What sudden madness overtook
His brain, that in a moment he forsook
The rectitude which until yesterday
Had made his life a beacon by the way
To common men ?' I answer'd :

' We but look
On surfaces. Temptation never shonk
One soul whose secret hidden forces lay
Firm centred in the right. The glacier hides
For ages white and still, and seems a part
Of the eternal Alps. But at its heart,
Each hour, some atom noiseless jars, and slides,
Until the avalanche falls with thundering weight.
God only knoweth the beginning's date.'

Helen Hunt.

3307. TEMPTATIONS. The most dangerous

Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.—*Shakespeare.*

The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles to betray us
In deepest consequence.—*Shakespeare.*

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.
Shakespeare.

3308. TEST. A general

FOR forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.—*Pope.*

3309. TEST. Objection to a

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand ;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair ;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
' The loss outweighs the profit far ;
Our goods suffice us as they are ;
We will not have them tried.'

And since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,

They seized him, saying, 'Let him test
How real is our jail!'

But though they slew him with the sword,
And in a fire his touchstone burn'd,
Its doings could not be o'erturn'd,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strew'd its ashes on the breeze,
They little guess'd each grain of these
Convey'd the perfect charm.—*Allingham.*

3310. THANKFULNESS. Causes for

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee,
For everything give thanks!

Miss E. I. Tupper.

3311. THANKFULNESS. Causes for

We give Thee thanks, O Lord, our God,
For all things beautiful that be,—
Morn's lovely skies, eve's sunset clouds,
The grass-green earth, the dark blue sea;
The roses sweet that come with June;
The rainbow born of summer rains;
The pure white flakes of winter snows;
The leaves that burn as autumn wanes.

For every great and glorious gift
Our thanks to Thee, O Lord, belong;
Thy power guides the artist's hand,
Thy music fills the poet's song.
Thy smile is seen in friendship's smile;
The tones of love are all Thine own;
And in the laugh of little ones
Is heard an echo from Thy throne.

We give Thee thanks, O Lord, our God,
For blessings sent us in disguise;
For sorrows meant to chasten us,
And lift to Thee our tearful eyes;
For those whom death hath call'd—their gain,
So great 'twere sin to mourn *our* loss,
And most of all for Thy dear Son,
Who died for us upon the cross.—*M. E.*

3312. THANKFULNESS. Causes for

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touch'd with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

3313. THEATRE. Corruption of the

Lo, where the Stage, the poor, degraded Stage,
Holds its warp'd mirror to a gaping age;

There, where to raise the drama's moral tone,
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne ;
There, where grown children gather round, to praise
The new-vamp'd legends of their nursery days,
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls to
shame,

Than ten of Channing's lectures can reclaim ;
There, where in idiot rapture we adore
The herded vagabonds of every shore ;
Women unsex'd, who, lost to woman's pride,
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride ;
Pert lipping girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters ;
Neat-jointed mummery, mocking nature's shape,
To prove how nearly man can match an ape ;
Vaulters, who, rightly served at home, perchance
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance ;
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,
Where sin holds carnival and wit keeps lent ;
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush,
One sex to laugh, and one to try to blush,
When mincing Ravenot sports tight pantalettes,
And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes ;
There, at each ribald sally, where we hear
The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer,
While from the intellectual gallery first
Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.

Sprague.

3314. THEATRE. Evil of the

THE Theatre was from the very first
The favourite haunt of sin ; though honest men,
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men,
Maintain'd it might be turn'd to good account :
And so perhaps it might, but never was.
From first to last it was an evil place ;
And now such things were acted there, as made
The demons blush ; and from the neighbourhood
Angels and holy men trembling retired.—*Pollak.*

3315. THIRST. The soul's

I HAD drunk with lips unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst ;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mock'd my spirit's thirst.

And I said, 'Life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry ;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint, and die !'

Spoke there then a friend and brother :
'Rise, and roll the stone away ;
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day.'

Then I said,—my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech,—
'All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach.'

And He answer'd, 'Rise and labour ;
Doubt and idleness is death.
Shape thee out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith.'

So I wrought, and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there,
And I drew up living water
With the golden chain of prayer.

Phæbe Carry.

3316. THOUGHT : begins in feeling.

ALL thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.—*Lowell.*

3317. THOUGHT. Duration of

'Tis but in that *which doth create*,
Duration can be sought ;
A worm can waste the canvas ; fate
Ne'er swept from time a thought.

Lives Phidias in his work alone ?
His Jove returns to air :
But wake one god-like shape from stone,
And Phidian thought is there !

Blot out the Iliad from the earth,
Still Homer's thought would fire
Each deed that boasts sublimer worth,
And each diviner lyre.

Like light connecting star to star,
Doth thought transmitted run :
Rays that to earth the nearest are,
Have longest left the sun.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

3318. THOUGHT : expressed.

THOUGHT in the mind may come forth gold or dross ;
When coin'd in words, we know its real worth.
Young.

3319. THOUGHT : feared.

AND cards are dealt, and chessboards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought.—*Prior.*

3320. THOUGHT : is more than feeling.

THOUGHT, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream ;

But reveries (for human minds will act),
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought ;
Nor yet the swarms that occupy the brain
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign.

Cowper.

3321. THOUGHT. Painfulness of

VARIOUS discussions tear our heated brain :
Opinions often turn, still doubts remain ;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

Prior.

3322. THOUGHT. Pleasure of

COMPANION none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harm'd by speech—
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have ;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.—*Lord Vaux.*

3323. THOUGHT. Privacy of

GLORY to God ! though given to King and Pope,
To seal our eyes, our bosoms none can ope ;
There still shall freedom one asylum find :
Go to, make creeds and laws to scourge mankind ;
Enthral them, hand and foot, and sight and speech,
Thought only, thought is barr'd beyond your reach.
What racks can bind ? or what research unveil ?
The soul, with flesh encompass'd as a mail
Of proof, impervious, save to God alone,
Defies her labours, and resumes her own.
Whether she break communion with the tongue
And bid it mock you with the lie you wrung,
Or scorn such degenerate use of breath,
Escape with truth, and leave you dust and death.

Moile.

3324. THOUGHT. Profitableness of

O READER, had you in your mind,
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader, you would find
A tale in everything.—*Wordsworth.*

3325. THOUGHT : the gift of God.

LORD, hear my discontent : All blank I stand,
A mirror polish'd by Thy hand ;
Thy sun's beams flash and flame from me—
I cannot help it ; here I stand, there he ;
To one of them I cannot say—
Go, and on yonder water play.
Nor one poor ragged daisy can I fashion—
I do not make the words of this my limping passion.
If I should say : Now I will think a thought,
Lo ! I must wait, unknowing,
What thought in me is growing,
Until the thing to birth is brought ;
Nor know I then what next will come
From out the gulf of silence dumb.
I am the door the thing did find
To pass into the general mind :
I cannot say I think—
I only stand upon the thought-well's brink ;
From darkness to the sun the water bubbles up—
I lift it in my cup.
Thou only thinkest—I am thought ;
Me and my thought Thou thinkest. Nought
Am I but as a fountain spout
From which Thy water welletb out.
Thou art the only One, the All in all.
—Yet when my soul on Thee doth call
And Thou dost answer out of everywhere,
I in Thy allness have my perfect share.—*Macdonald.*

3326. THOUGHTFULNESS : the duty of the
aged.

WALK thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
And put good works on board ; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.

Young.

3327. THOUGHTS.

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse ;
But sown in darkness let them lie ;
So live the better, let the worst thoughts die !

Raleigh.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

Shakespeare.

Think that is just ; 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

Randolph.

His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through ways
Of light to the bright Source of all.—*Congreve.*

Search for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind,
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous.—*Pope.*

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts, shut up, want
air,

And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.—*Young.*

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense,
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Frightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.—*Rogers.*

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable.

Grant this, we pray Thee, that all they who read
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life.—*Bailey.*

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind; arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind;
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
And pale and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing,—glorious,
But momentary; madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal.

Bailey.

Thoughts flit and flutter through the mind,
As o'er the waves the shifting wind;
Trackless and traceless is their flight,
As falling stars of yesternight,
Or the old tide-marks on the shore,
Which other tides have rippled o'er.—*Browning.*

3328. THRIFT.

Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend, his due;
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten: surely, use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.—*Herbert.*

3329. TIME. Conquests of

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;

When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself, confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Shakespeare.

Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship; he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroys the memory of man.

Davenant.

O Time! the fatal wreck of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtain over kings:
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record, are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid i' the
dust,

Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, 'scape Time's rust;
But he whose name is 'graved in the white stone,
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

Mrs Anne Bradstreet.

What does not fade? the tower, that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.

Armstrong.

I wept that all must die:

'Yet Love,' I cried, 'doth live, and conquer
death'—

And Time pass'd by,

And breathed on Love, and kill'd it with his
breath,

Ere death was nigh.

More bitter far than all

It was to know that Love could change and die!

Hush! for the ages call,

'The love of God lives through eternity,

And conquers all!'—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

3330. TIME. Consolation of

O TIME, who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealst unperceived away ;
On thee I rest my only hopes at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my hope holds dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile :
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful though its wings be wet the while.
But, ah ! what ills must that poor heart endure
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure ?
Beaumont.

Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand
Hath stolen from sorrow's grasp the envenom'd
dart ;
Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand ;
And though my aching breast still heaves the sigh,
Though oft the tear swells silent in mine eye,
Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone ;
Sorrow and I shall part ; and these faint throes
Are but the remnant of severer woes.—*Mrs Tighe.*

3331. TIME. Effects of

YEARS, following years, steal something every day ;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.—*Horace.*

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay :
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
Southwell.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Waller.

Time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves.—*Gay.*

Now Time has fled—the world is strange,
Something there is of pain and change ;
My books lie closed upon my shelf :
I miss the old heart in myself.

I miss the sunbeams in my room—
It was not always wrapp'd in gloom :
I miss my dreams—they fade so fast,
Or flit into some trivial past.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Wait thou for Time : the slow-unfolding flower
Guides man's impatient haste with long delay ;
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun,
The golden fruit of Suffering's weighty power,
Within the soul like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones : if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way,—

Wait thou for Time : it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal
To a high purpose in the world of strife :
Wait thou for Time !—*Lucy Hooper.*

3332. TIME : ever changing.

E'EN times are in perpetual flux, and run
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on ;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay ;
The flying hour is ever on her way ;
And as the fountains still supply their store,
The wave behind impels the wave before,
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving ever new : for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings ;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.

Ovid.

3333. TIME. 'Flight of

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow :
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Shakespeare.

Our time consumes like smoke, and posts away ;
Nor can we treasure up a month or day :

The sand within the transitory glass
Doth haste, and so our silent minutes pass.

Watkyns.

Time, the prime minister of death,
There's nought can bribe his honest will ;
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still.—*Marvell.*

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought ;
Linger'd labours come to nought.

Time wears all his locks before ;
Take thy hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays ;
Long demurs breed new delays.—*Southwell.*

3334. TIME. Flight of

THE day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going,
Scarce now possess'd—so suddenly 'tis gone.

Young.

'Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time ;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.

Young.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age ;
Behold him when past by : what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.—*Young.*

Time hurries on,
With a resistless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—*Blair.*

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd and swift, and of a silken sound.

Cowper.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same ;
Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay ;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart :

Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound,
How laughs the land, with various plenty crown'd !
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.—*Cowper.*

3335. TIME. Flight of

STILL on it creeps
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
Of such small parts as these, and men look back
Worn and bewilder'd, wondering how it is.
Thou travellest like a ship in the wide ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress.

Joanna Baillie.

Time speeds away—away—away :
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sear ;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away,
Like torrent in a stormy day ;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that blest ;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away :
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age ;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.—*A'nar.*

3336. TIME. Flight of

'WHERE is the world,' cries Young, 'at eighty?
Where

The world in which a man was born ?' Alas !
Where is the world of eight years past ? 'Twas
there—

I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass !
Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gazed on ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

Byron.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,

And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store, |
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight.—*Scott.*

On! on! our moments hurry by
Like shadows of a passing cloud,
Till general darkness wraps the sky,
And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.
He sports, he trifles time away,
Till time is his to waste no more:
Heedless he hears the surges play;
And then is dash'd upon the shore.
He has no thought of coming days,
Though they alone deserve his thought,
And so the heedless wanderer strays,
And treasures nought and gathers nought.
Though Wisdom speak—his ear is dull;
Though Virtue smile—he sees her not;
His cup of vanity is full;
And all besides forgone—forgot.

Bowring.

3337. TIME. Flight of

Oh! never chide the wing of time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight;
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.—*Miss Cook.*

Time

Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.—*Prentice.*

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.—*Cranch.*

'Linger,' I cried, 'O radiant Time! thy power
Has nothing more to give; life is complete:
Let but the perfect Present, hour by hour,
Itself remember and itself repeat.

'And love,—the future can but mar its splendour,
Change can but dim the glory of its youth;
Time has no star more faithful or more tender
To crown its constancy or light its truth.'

But Time pass'd on, in spite of prayer or pleading,
Through storm and peril; but that life might gain
A Peace through strife all other peace exceeding,
Fresh joy from sorrow, and new hope from pain.

Addaide A. Procter.

3338. TIME: how it is to be reckoned.

DESIRE not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years, but actions, tell.
Watkins.

The vicious count their years; virtuous, their acts.
Johnson.

3339. TIME: its influence limited.

ROLL round, strange years; swift seasons, come and
go;

Ye leave upon us but an outward sign;

Ye cannot touch the inward and divine,

While God alone does know;

There seal'd till summers, winters all shall cease

In His deep peace.

Therefore, uprouse, ye winds, and howl your will;

Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pane and door;

Enter, slow-footed age, and thou, obscure,

Grand Angel—not of ill:

Healer of every wound, whene'er thou come,

Glad, we'll go home.—*Mrs Craik.*

3340. TIME. King

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings,
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
But monarch and courtier, though great they may be,
Must fall from their glory and bend to me.
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
They will not come under its mighty sway?
Ye may know who I am—there's the passing chime,
And the dial to herald me, Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;
But they dream not how closely I track their way.
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And break the battlement, stone from stone.
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

Eliza Cook.

3341. TIME. Lengthening

SORROW, suspense, desire, and fear—
These four can make a day appear
Long as the shadow of a spear.—*Oriental.*

3342. TIME : mis-spent.

WHO, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?

Whittier.

3343. TIME. Note of

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours :
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch :
How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?—*Young.*

3344. TIME. Portrait of

YE paint me old ! and why ?—ye fools, short-sighted !
And doth my speed eld's frozen blood betray ?
Methinks the storm-wind is not swifter flighted ;
The rapid lightning scarce o'ertakes my way.
Ye think your hurrying thoughts perchance outrun
me—
Go, race with sunbeams—when they have outdone
me !
Talk of my age ! I fly more swift than they.
Ye call me grey ! now, try me. I'll confound ye
With youth's most vigorous arm. One glance—
but one—
O'er the huge touch of vanish'd time around ye,
Mountains of ruins piled by me alone ;
I did it—I smote yesterday—to-morrow
I wait to smite—your cities—you : go, borrow
Safety and strength—they shall avail you none.
Take from my front the white locks folly fancies ;
My hair is golden, and my forehead curl'd ;
My youth but sports with years—fire are my glances—
My brow resists the wrinkling of the world.
Not for the scythe alone my hand was shapen,
'Twas made to crush—give me the club—that weapon
Oft has my power in awful moments hurl'd.
But give me, too, the hour-glass—ever raining
Exhaustless streams untired—for I am he
Who pours forth gems and gold, and fruits undrain-
ing,
And treasures ever new—or can it be
For desolation only ? Do not new drops
Of dew, in summer fervours, follow dew-drops ?
Fresh flowers replace each flower that's crush'd by
me.—*Wilkis.*

3345. TIME. Preciousness of

TIME flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone :
The shortest space, which we so highly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into th' eternal main,
No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again :
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When wing'd time, which fix'd the prints, is past.
Beaumont.

The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment.—*Rome.*

The present point of time is all thou hast :
The future doubtful, and the former past.

Hart.

Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor :
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth ;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds : they can
tell !—*Young.*

'Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away ?'

'Know'st thou not me ?' the deep voice cried,
'So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused ?'

Before my breath, like smoking flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thou shalt part for ever !'

Scott.

Arrest the present moments ;
For be assured they are all arrant tell-tales ;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
trackless
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record their folly—
Because, though station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumber'st on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive : and when thou thus

Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more
precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

Cotton.

3346. TIME. Revelations of

TIME, as he courses onwards, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare, or to reward.—*Coleridge.*

3347. TIME. Riddle on

EVER eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.—*Swift.*

3348. TIME: the great arbitrator.

THE end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.—*Shakespeare.*

3349. TIME. Thieves of

SEEN such as lounge through afternoons and eves,
And on thy dial write, 'Beware of thieves!'
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal,
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right—it holds my golden time!

Holmes.

3350. TIME. Triumph over

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly Divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to Whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided souls shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time!—*Milton.*

3351. TIME. Use of

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.—*Herrick.*

Time wasted is existence, used is life.—*Young.*

Catch, then, oh, catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies, alas! how soon he dies!—*Johnson.*

3352. TIME. Web of

CEASELESSLY the weaver, Time,
Sitteth at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying—
Every thread anears our dying—
And with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad withal,
Sings his solemn madrigal
As he weaves our web of doom.
'Mortals!' thus he, weaving, sings,
'Bright or dark the web shall be,
As ye will it, all the tissues
Blending in harmonious issues
Of discordant colourings;
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny.'—*Burlingame.*

3353. TIME? What is

I ASK'D an aged man with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled and curved with many worldly cares.
'Time is the warp of life,' said he; 'oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!'
I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
'Time sow'd the seed we reap in this abode!'
I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: 'Time!' he replied;

'I've lost it! ah, the treasure!' and he died.
 I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years:
 They answer'd, 'Time is but a meteor glare,'
 And bade me for eternity prepare.
 I ask'd the Seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify or desolate the ground;
 And they replied (no oracle more wise),
 "'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!'
 I ask'd a spirit lost—but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
 It cried, 'A particle! a speck! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite!'
 Of things inanimate my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply:
 'Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory or the path of hell.'
 I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
 'Time is the present hour, the past has fled;
 Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set.'
 I ask'd old Father Time himself at last;
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past,
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I ask'd the mighty angel who shall stand
 One foot on sea and one on solid land:
 'Mortal!' he cried, 'the mystery now is o'er;
 Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!'

Marsden.

3354. TIME. Work of

TIME's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
 To stamp the seal of time on aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger, till he render right.

Shakespeare.

3355. TIMES. Our

OUR times are in Thy hand,
 O God, we wish them there;
 Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
 Entirely to Thy care.

Our times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,—
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.

Our times are in Thy hand;
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

Our times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus the crucified;

The hand our many sins have pierced,
 Is now our guard and guide.

Our times are in Thy hand,
 We'll always trust in Thee,
 Till we have left this weary land,
 And all Thy glory see.

3356. TIMES. Slandering the

WHY slander we the times?
 What crimes
 Have days and years, that we
 Thus charge them with iniquity?
 If we would rightly scan,
 It's not the times are bad, but man.

If thy desire it be
 To see
 The times prove good, be thou
 But such thyself, and surely know
 That all thy days to thee
 Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

Beaumont.

3357. TITLES.

TITLES of honour add not to his worth,
 Who is an honour to his title.—*Ford.*

Man—is name of honour for a king;
 Additions take away from each chief thing.

Chapman.

All transitory titles I detest,
 A virtuous life I mean to boast alone;
 Our birth's our sires', our virtues be our own.

Drayton.

I look down upon him
 With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;
 He's a name only, and all good in him
 He must derive from his great-grandsires' ashes:
 For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
 His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead—
 This is a lord—he had lived unobserved
 By any man of mark, and died as one
 Amongst the common rout.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title,
 It teaches men to call him count and duke,
 And to forget his proper name of fool.

Crowne.

Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
 Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
 The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants.—*Rowe.*

With their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.

Thomson.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.—*Burns.*

3358. TO-DAY. Crisis of

THE crisis of man's destiny is now, a still recurring danger ;

Who can tell the trials and temptations coming with the coming hour ?

Thou standest a target-like Sebastian, and the arrows whistle near thee ;

Who knoweth when he may be hit ? for great is the company of archers.

Each breath is burden'd with a bidding, and every minute bath its mission :

For spirits, good and bad, cluster on the thickly-peopled air ;

Sin may blast thee, grace may bless thee, good or ill this hour ;

Chance, and change, and doubt, and fear, are parasites of all.

A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,

That, as he toileth upwards, crumble successively behind him ;

No going back, the past is an abyss ; no stopping, for the present perisheth ;

But ever hastening on, precarious on the foot-hold of To-day.

Our cares are all To-day ; our joys are all To-day ; And in one little world, our life, what is it, but—

To-day ?—*Tupper.*

3359. TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry :

In what far country does this morrow lie,

That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?

Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?

'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear

'Twill be both very old and very dear.

To-morrow I will live, the fool does say :

To-day itself's too late ; the wise lived yesterday.

Martial.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,

And still a new to-morrow does come on.

We by to-morrows draw out all our store,

Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

Cowley.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?

Where is to-morrow ? In another world :

For numbers this is certain ; the reverse

Is sure to none ; and yet on this 'perhaps,'

This 'peradventure,' infamous for lies,

As on a rock of adamant, we build

Our mountain-hopes.—*Young.*

To-morrow, didst thou say ?

Methought I heard Horatio say, *To-morrow.*

Go to—I will not hear of it—*To-morrow !*

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,

That gulls the easy creditor !—*To-morrow !*

It is a period nowhere to be found

In all the hoary registers of Time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

With those who own it. No, my Horatio,

'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;

Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.—*Cotton.*

To-morrow's action ? can that hoary wisdom

Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow ?

That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,

The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose

An useless life in wishing for to-morrow,

Till interposing death destroys the prospect !

Strange that this general fraud from day to day

Should fill the world with misery undetected.

The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,

Still sees to-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph ;

Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,

To-morrow brings the visionary bride ;

But thou, too old to bear another cheat,

Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Johnson.

Each morn the bees fly forth to fill the growing comb,

And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers ;

To-morrow is their care ; they toil for rest To-morrow ;

But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease To-day.

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth ;

To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance ;

To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners ;

To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.—*Tupper.*

3360. TO-MORROW : too late.

Misguided genius oft has said,
When angel voices gently plead,
A deeper love for Christ to woo,—
'See ! Fame's bright prize is full in view,
It is no phantom I pursue ;
Give me but one day more
The fragrance of my earnest prayer,
To-morrow, shall ascend in air,
And peace of mind secure !'

With patient lips, in mercy sent,
They whisper'd still, 'Repent ! repent !'
Yet vainly did implore !

One day he said, 'With toil I'm spent ;'
The next, on worldly things intent,

'Oh, why perplex me more ?'
Again, 'One night of thought and rest
Give me, for I am sorely press'd ;—
Your holy mission is not lost,—
'Ingratitude's unkindly frost'
Shall melt at dawn, and Christian love
My portal carpet evermore !'

Then Christ Himself knock'd at the door !

'O, holy Guest !' the sinner cried,—
'O, Form Divine, with melting eyes !
I see with grief Thy bleeding side !
With sorrow hear Thy tender sighs ;
But, plunged in sin, unfit to-day
Am I to meditate or pray ;
To-morrow come, and with me bide,—
My whole heart shall be sanctified !'
With soul-wrung sigh, God's Son replied :
'*Alas ! to-morrow is too late !*
To-night shuts Mercy's wide-swung gate !'
As dirge through leafless forest sigh'd,
Roll'd mournful echoes far and wide :
'TO-MORROW IS TOO LATE !'—*Griffith.*

3361. TRADITION.

TRADITION ! time's suspected register !
Too oft religion at her trial fails ;
Instead of knowledge, teacheth her to err,
And wears out truth's best stories into tales.

Davenant.

Traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain such they were, so known ;
But since some flaws in long descents may be,
They make not truth, but probability.—*Dryden.*

3362. TRANSLATIONS.

NOR ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation ; for transplanted wit

All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are.

Denham.

3363. TRAVEL.

His travel has not stopp'd him
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom,
But made him far more clear and excellent :
It drains the grossness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits :
He that knows men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by examples :
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, round and blinded.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy-chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.

Byron.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase ;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.

Lord Lyttelton.

3364. TRAVEL. Rules for

RELIGION, first, be made your utmost care,
Nor drop your native faith in foreign air ;
Nor, like the fluttering triflers of the town,
Go forth with little, and come back with none.
Next, travel not for nought through distant lands :
Be wise, and just, and diligent as Sands,
Whose penetrating eye distinctly sees
Religions, governments, and politics.
Some only learn the difference all the while
Betwixt an English and a German mile :
What nation's reckonings, at their inns, are least,
If coaches or post-chaises travel best ;
That Adria's isles are pleasing to behold ;
That Spain is hot, and Switzerland is cold.
Our callow youth for paintings visit Rome,
And know not the cartoons they left at home.
Strange sights o'er Alps and Apennines they seek,
But stare with silence if you name the Peak.
The famed Venetian arsenal they explore,
But slight the armoury in the London Tower :
With floods of speech the Vatican they praise,
But never heard of Bodly in their days.
Ashamed of home, of foreign climes they boast,
And Thames and Humber are in Tiber lost.

When back return'd let not your whole discourse
Assert the privilege of travellers :
Nor strange relations of adventures give,
Which few delight to hear, and none believe.

Throw not your country's manners quite aside,
Nor taint our honest air with foreign pride.
An Englishman (the proverb tells you true)
Who turns Italian, turns a devil too :
And none, unless distracted, would forego
The British substance for the Gallic show.
Own that a man of worth may justly shine,
Who never Paris view'd, or pass'd the Rhine.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

3365. TRAVELLERS.

WITH reverend tutor clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day ;
With memorandum-book for every town,
And every post, and where the chaise broke down ;
His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart.
The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wand'rer into foreign lands.
Surprised at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high much like our own ;
But show peculiar light, by many a grin
At Popish practices observed within.—*Cowper.*

Returning he proclaims by many a grace
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

Cowper.

3366. TREASON.

SMOOTH runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

Shakespeare.

The man who rises on his country's ruin,
Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief :
In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasure
His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,
Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph.

Martyn.

Treason doth never prosper : what's the reason ?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Harrington.

He who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe :
No, 'tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name.—*Thomson.*

3367. TREATIES.

IT is a vain attempt
To bind th' ambitious and unjust by treaties :

These they elude a thousand specious ways ;
Or, if they cannot find a fair pretext,
They blush not in the face of Heaven to break them.

Thomson.

3368. TREES.

O READER, hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves

Order'd by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize ;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme ;
One which may profit in the after-time.—*Southey.*

'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride ;
To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
Where sombre pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.

But they who dwell beside the stream and hill
Prize little treasures there so kindly given :
The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
They walk as those who seeing cannot see,
Blind to this beauty even from their birth :
We value little blessings ever free ;
We covet most the rarest things of earth.

But rising from the dust of busy streets
These forest children gladden many hearts ;
As some old friend their welcome presence greets
The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
Above the glare which stifling walls throw back ;
Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,
Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.

Alice B. Neal.

3369. TRIALS. Benefit of

Is not the way to heavenly gain
Through earthly grief and loss ?

Rest must be won by toil and pain—
 The crown repays the cross.
 As woods, when shaken by the breeze,
 Take deeper, firmer root,
 As winter's frosts but make the trees
 Abound in summer fruit ;
 So every Heaven-sent pang and throe
 That Christian firmness tries,
 But nerves us for our work below,
 And forms us for the skies.—*Lyle.*

Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
 Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
 Yea, till the mill the grain in pieces tear,
 The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
 So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
 If worth be found, their worth is not so much ;
 Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
 That value which in thrashing they may get.
 For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
 Have thrashed out of us our vain affections,
 Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
 Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnow'd from us ;
 Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
 Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
 Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
 To thrash the husk of this our flesh away,
 And leave the soul uncover'd ; nay, yet more,
 Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
 We shall not up to highest wealth aspire ;
 But then we shall ; and that is my desire.

3370. TRIALS : not the whole of life.

DID we think of the light and sunshine,
 Of the blessings left us still,
 When we sit and ponder darkly
 And blindly o'er life's ill,
 How should we dispel the shadows
 Of still and deep despair,
 And lessen the weight of anguish
 Which every heart must bear !

The clouds may rest on the present,
 And sorrow on days that are gone,
 But no night is so utterly cheerless
 That we may not look for the dawn :
 And there is no human being
 With so wholly dark a lot,
 But the heart by turning the picture
 May find some sunny spot :

For, as in the days of winter,
 When the snow-drifts whiten the hill,
 Some birds in the air will flutter,
 And warble to cheer us still ;

So, if we would hark to the music,
 Some hope with a starry wing,
 In the days of our darkest sorrow,
 Will sit in the heart and sing.

Phæbe Cary.

3371. TRIALS. Prayer in view of

As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials and its cares,
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be Thou my counsellor and friend ;
 Teach me thy precepts, all Divine,
 And be Thy great example mine.

Skrabusec.

3372. TRIFLERS.

TRIFLERS not even in trifles can excel ;
 'Tis solid bodies only polish well.—*Young.*

3373. TRIFLES. Conquest of

How is it o'er the strongest mind
 That trifles hold such sway ?
 A word—nay, e'en a look unkind,
 May darken all life's day.
 Oh, in this world of daily care,
 The thousands that have err'd
 Can any hardship better bear
 Than they can bear a word !

The man who with heroic heart
 Can stern misfortune meet,
 Unflinchingly perform his part,
 And struggle 'gainst defeat
 With faith unalter'd—yet can lose
 His temper, e'en for aught
 Which falls not as his will would choose,
 Or proves not what he sought !

And woman can forgive a wrong
 Which casts her on the world,
 Far better than forgive the tongue
 That may some sneer have hurl'd ;
 A thousand times prefer a lot
 As hard as want deplores,
 Than feel or think herself forgot
 By one her heart adores !

Alas, the human mould's at fault ;
 And still by turns it claims
 A nobleness that can exalt,
 A littleness that shames !
 Of strength and weakness still combined,
 Compounded of the mean and grand ;
 And trifles thus will shake the mind
 That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great ;
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind !—*Charles Swain.*

3374. TRIFLES. Influence of

WHAT is a trifle ? a thoughtless word,
Forgotten as soon as said ?
Perchance its echo shall yet be heard
When the speaker is with the dead.
That thoughtless word is a random dart,
And strikes we know not where ;
It may rankle long in some tender heart—
Is it a trifle there ?

Is it a trifle—the first false step
On the dizzy verge of sin ?
'Tis treacherous ground—one little slip
May plunge us headlong in.
One light temptation, and we may wear
Death's galling chain for aye ;
One little moment of heartfelt prayer
May rend those bonds away..

This world is but little if rightly weigh'd,
And trifling its joy or care ;
But not while we linger beneath its shade—
There are no trifles here.
The lightest burden may weigh like lead
On the faint and weary soul,
In the uphill path it perforce must tread
Before it reach the goal.

3375. TRIFLES : not unimportant.

THINK nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountains, moments make the year ;
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.—*Young.*

3376. TROUBLES : will soon be over.

'A LITTLE while' of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more years to wander here below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of woe.

A few more thorns about our pathway growing,
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers—
The morn of joy, but first the tearful sowing,
Ere we may rest these weary souls of ours.

'A little while,'—and we shall dwell for ever
Within our bright, our everlasting Home,
Where time, or space, or death no more can sever
Our grief-wrung hearts ;—and pain can never come.

3377. TROUBLES : will soon be over.

'A LITTLE while' for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong ;
'A little while' to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

'A little while' to wear the robe of sadness,
And toil with weary step through miry ways ;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

'A little while,' midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell ;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
And hail sight's verdict, 'He doth all things well.'

3378. TRUST. Filial

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by its nest
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.—*Williams.*

3379. TRUST. Supporting

SECURELY cabin'd in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm I cross the
sea,

A pathless wilderness of waves to me :
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That he who guides the good ship o'er that waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze,
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass,
Through thorn-set barren and through deep morass ;
But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast ;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

Anne Lynch.

3380. TRUTH. Calmness of

ALL truth is calm,
 Refuge and rock and tower;
 The more of truth the more of calm,
 Its calmness is its power.
 Truth is not strife,
 Nor is to strife allied;
 It is the error that is bred
 Of storm, by rage and pride.
 Calmness is truth,
 And truth is calmness still;
 Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,
 Like some eternal hill.—*Bonar.*

3381. TRUTH: changeless.

It fortifies my soul to know
 That, though I perish, Truth is so:
 That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change:
 I steadier step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.—*Clough.*

3382. TRUTH. Controversies about

STILL as a statue, on as firm a base,
 But warm and rosy with life-giving life,
 Stands Truth; not veil'd, but shelter'd from the
 strife

Of clashing passions in a holy place.

Around, with busy hands and upturn'd face,
 Her votaries stand; no sacrificial knife

Have they, but graveurs, there, and tints are rife,
 And tablets well prepared, whereon they trace,
 Or strive to trace, her features pure and fair.

These all around their different stations take;

Some love the twilight, some the noonday glare,
 And some for morning's misty brilliance wake.

And so it is, of all the limners there,
 Not any two the self-same image make.

But when from out the temple-doors they go,
 And raise their finish'd works that all may see,
 A hideous clamour greets their industry:

'Which is the Truth?' say men. 'How may we
 know

Which is the goddess? O ye limners, show!
 So manifold we know she cannot be,
 For Truth is one—therefore this is not she.'

And then, for very love of Truth, ah, woe!

They trample under-foot her queenly form,
 And drag it through the miry sloughs of doubt!

Yet while her pale priests wrangle in the storm,
 Pleading their adverse claims with cry and shout,

There, all the time, life-giving, rosy, warm,
 Stands Truth, with holy quiet clothed about.

T. M. H.

3383. TRUTH. Disclosures of

SEARCHING the skiey depths all night in vain,
 The starry seer hath known this mystery—
 That the sky orb, which over half the sky
 Hath balk'd his chase, and mock'd his utmost pain,
 If (haply while the daylight pour'd amain
 Into the empty concave of the night)
 Hath stepp'd into his glass, as clear to sight
 As the one tree that stars a glassy plain,
 So is it known that some secretive Truth,
 Which Thought and Patience strove in vain to find,
 Just when Despair and Doubt were swallowing all,
 Hath dropp'd into the heart without a call,
 Conspicuous as a Fire, and sweet as Youth,
 An everlasting stronghold to the mind.—*Barbidge.*

3384. TRUTH. Fidelity to

CONVINCE the world that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, in all you do,
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first quality to me.—*Yarrow.*

This above all, to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

3385. TRUTH. Grace of

HARD by Truth's temple:

A lovely being stood;

Array'd in white,

The symbol of her God.

The unholy throng pass'd by,

And stood aghast;

Said, Let me be like her,

And on they pass'd.

There's beauty in that form

Not elsewhere seen;

It's in her name and nature,

And her stately mien.

Her name is Truth,

A lovely Christian grace;

Among Heaven's mighty

She ever holds her place.

The earth shall pass away,

The stars shall fall,

The heavens roll together

Like a parchment scroll;

But Truth shall live for ever,

And through endless ages give

Her blessings to the sainted,

And fail them never, never.

3386. TRUTH. Guidance of

O TRUTH divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.
Arbutnot.

I shut my eyes, in grief and shame,
Upon the dreary past ;
My heart, my soul pour'd recklessly
On dreams that could not last :
My bark was drifted down the stream
At will of wind or wave,—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
And steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of Fate,
Though wide the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
If once I give it sway ;
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.
Frances S. Osgood.

3387. TRUTH : imperishable.

THE only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue ; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
Cowper.

Marble and recording brass decay,
And like the 'graver's memory, pass away ;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust ;
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure ;
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears ;
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
Cowper.

3388. TRUTH : must be sought earnestly.

TRUTH, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right ;
But what resembles truth is soon descried,
Spread like a surface, and expanded wide.
Pomfret.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow :
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Dryden.

But what is Truth ? 'Twas Pilate's question, put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
'And wherefore ? Will not God impart His light
To them that ask it ? Freely,—'tis His joy,
His glory, and His nature, to impart.

But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Our negligent enquirer, not a spark.—*Cowper.*

3389. TRUTH : must be spoken wisely.

THE truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis not enough your counsel shall be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved ;
That only makes superior sense beloved.—*Pope.*

3390. TRUTH : not loved for its own sake.

WHEN fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe because they love the lie ;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Churchill.

3391. TRUTH. Penalty of the rejection of

HEAR the just law, the judgment of the skies !
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies,
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions, strong as hell, shall bind him fast.
But if the wanderer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss
For ever and for ever ? No—the Cross !—*Cowper.*

3392. TRUTH. Price of

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common
truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl ;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer-dream ;
But grasp'd in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard-buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine ;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems ;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth ;
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems ;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprison'd truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-plough'd
field,

And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.—*Bonar.*

3393. TRUTH. Progress of

TRUTH is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;
Her mirror is turn'd forward to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies ;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay, wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified for ever : better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain : there is more force in names
Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.

Lowell.

3394. TRUTH : the supreme excellence of character.

O How much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in't live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
closes.
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

Shakespeare.

3395. TRUTH : unconquerable.

TRUTH, crush'd to earth, shall rise again :
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.—*Bryant.*

3396. TRUTH. Witnessing for

THOU for the testimony of the truth hast borne,
Universal reproach ; far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse.—*Milton.*

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Pope.

There is a wreath for him whose hand
The crimson tide of battle leads ;
The triumph of the victor's brand
Death with its slaughter'd thousands feeds :
Is there no wreath for Christian worth,
For him that fights for truth on earth ?

Charles Swain.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow ;
After-hands shall sow the seed,
After-hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow.—*Whittier.*

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word,
Whether for him the popular voice of praise
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard :
Like the first martyr when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.—*Phoebe Cary.*

Peace to the true man's ashes ! weep for those
Whose days in old delusions have grown dim :
Such lives as his are triumphs, and their close
An immortality : weep not for him.

As feathers wafted from the eagle's wings
Lie bright among the rocks they cannot warm,
So lie the flowery lays that Genius brings,
In the cold turf that wraps his honour'd form.

A practical rebuker of vain strife,
Bolder in deeds than words, from beardless youth
To the white hairs of age, he made his life
A beautiful consecration to the Truth.

Alice Cary.

3397. TWILIGHT.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day :
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

Addaide A. Procter.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour :
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early
power.—*Halleck.*

3398. TYRANNY.

BUT what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her bloomy mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?—*Addison.*

Tyranny

Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects ? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber chief.—*Byron.*

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains ? The despotism of vice,
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury,
The negligence, the apathy, the evils
Of sensual sloth, produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

Byron.

3399. TYRANTS.

THE fiend with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Milton.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known,
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

Herrick.

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
Profusely gives them honours, riches, power,
Whate'er the expanded heart can wish ; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin ;
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they !
Guilty at once of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to man.—*Mallet.*

Power is a curse when in a tyrant's hands,
But in a bigot tyrant's—treble curse.—*Miller.*

Though the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,
Fear trembles in the cement : Prayers and tears
And secret curses sap its mouldering base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it ;
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns and drives upon destruction.

Brooke.

Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authorize oppression ; give a law
For lawless power ; wed faith to violation ;
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice.—*Tyranny*
Absolves all faith ; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper.—*Brooke.*

I am told, thou call'st thyself a king.
Know, if thou art one, that the poor have rights :
And power, in all its pride, is less than justice.

Hill.

The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
Cuts off those means by which himself got up :
And with a harder hand, and straiter rein,
Doth curb that looseness he did find before ;
Doubting the occasion like might serve again :
His own example makes him fear the more.

Daniel.

The tyrant now
Trusts not to men : nightly within his chamber
The watch-dog guards his couch, the only friend
He now dares trust.—*Joanna Baillie.*

Now hath his loaded soul gone to its place,
And ne'er a pitying voice from all his kind,
Cries, 'God have mercy on him.'

Joanna Baillie.

Goaded by ambition's sting,
The hero sunk into the king!
Then he fell—so perish all
Who would men by man enthral!—*Byron.*

3400. UNBELIEF. Credulity of

AN atheist is ever the most credulous,
Snatching at any foolish cause that may dispel his doubts;
And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle to men and angels.
The captious and cautious unbeliever is of all men weakest to believe;
Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is a plaything of the billows;
The compass of his principle is broken, the rudder of his faith unshipped;
Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism, govern all for him;
Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities, and the multitude of accidents hath bred design!
Where is the imposture so gross that shall not entrap his curiosity?
What superstition is so abject that it doth not blanch his cheek?
Whereof can he be sure, with whom chaos is substitute for order?
How should his silly structure stand, a pyramid built upon its apex?
Yea, I have seen grey-headed men, the bastard slips of science,
Go for light to glow-worms, while they scorn the sun at noon;
Men, who fear no God, trembling at a gipsy's curse;
Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a madman's prophecy!—*Tupper.*

3401. UNBELIEF. Influence of

TRUST is great in either world, if any would be well.
Verily the sceptical propensity is a universal foe;
Sneering Pyrrho never found, nor cared to find, a friend;
How could he trust another? and himself, whom would he not deceive?
His proper gains were all his aim, and interests clash with kindness.
So the Bedouin goeth armed, an enemy to all,
The spear is stuck beside his couch, the dagger hid beneath his pillow.
For society, void of mutual trust, of credit, and of faith,
Would fall asunder as a waterspout, snapped from the cloud's attraction.—*Tupper.*

3402. UNHAPPINESS. The World's

THE world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is strong with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear
Its borrow'd beauty might make it too dear;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee of old;

Why thy faith gone out, and thy love grown cold?
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood thou lackest, thou poor old world!
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old world?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have His own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.—*Faber.*

3403. UNION. Fable of

OBSERVE the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove by turns to break the fagot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.

See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done :
Then took and broke them one by one .
So strong you'll be in friendship tied ;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel :
Here ends the fable and the moral.—*Swift*.

3404. UNKINDNESS.

To the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
Shakespeare.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous, evil,
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Pope.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs ;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please ;
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

Hannah More.

3405. UNKNOWN APOSTLES.

SOME were among the apostles' band
Whose names alone we read ;
Nor trace their course, by sea or land,
Nor where they sow'd the seed.

Only, by proof full sure, we know
They bore no traitor's blame ;
They kept the faith, in weal and woe,
And spread the Saviour's name.

Thou may'st to Christ as much belong,
Albeit alike obscure ;
Thy faith and love as John's be strong,
And more than Peter's sure.

Though nought of thee be told by fame,
Thou may'st high work essay ;
And teach to throngs the Saviour's name,
Apostle in thy day.

3406. USURPERS.

A SCEPTRE snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Shakespeare.

The man who rises on his country's ruin
Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief :
In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasures,

His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,
Steal in unseen, and stop him in his triumph.
Martyn.

3407. UNWORTHINESS. Confession of

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity ;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate ;
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves they also knew ;
Lord, Holy One ! if Thou who knowest worse,
Should'st loathe us too !

Trench.

3408. VALOUR.

FOR as we see the eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gazed upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright,
So valour in a low estate
Is more admired and wonder'd at.—*Butler.*

True valour
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.

Thomson.

3409. VANITY

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

3410. VANITY. Life's

FAME's but a hollow echo ; gold, pure clay ;
Honour, the darling of but one short day ;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin ;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds ; embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, not our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.—*Wotton.*

The thirsty rivers drink their store,
And bear it rolling to the shore,
But still the ocean craves for more.
'Tis endless labour everywhere !
Sound cannot satisfy the ear,
Light cannot fill the craving eye,
Nor riches half our wants supply ;

Pleasure but doubles future pain,
And joy brings sorrow in her train;
Laughter is mad, and reckless mirth—
What does she in this weary earth?
Should Wealth, or Fame, our life employ,
Death comes our labour to destroy;
To snatch the untasted cup away
For which we toil'd so many a day.

Anne Brontë.

3411. VARIETY.

WHEREFORE did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate a curious taste?—*Milton.*

If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-Giver would be unthank'd, would be un-
praised.—*Milton.*

Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.—*Gay.*

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which sep'rate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.

Gifford.

3412. VENGEANCE: belongs to God alone.

SPEAK not of vengeance! 'tis the right of God.
'Vengeance is His.' Who shall usurp the bolt
And launch it for Omnipotence? shall man
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe
How far the line of mercy shall extend,
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod?
In thine own cause to judge, who gave thee right,
Presumptuous man!—*C. P. Layard.*

3413. VENGEANCE. Example of

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beaten surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

3414. VICE. Beginning of

A LITTLE theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

3415. VICE. Familiarity with

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Pope.

3416. VICE. Fascination of

AH, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear devulsive shape.

Byron.

3417. VICE. Infamy of

NOR all that heralds raked from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

Byron.

3418. VICE : profitless.

WHAT if the sinner's magazines are stored
With the rich spoils that Ophir's mines afford?
What if he spends his happy days and nights
In softest joys, and undisturb'd delights?
Where is his hope at last, when God shall wrest
His trembling soul from his reluctant breast?

Blackmore.

3419. VICE. Punishment of

AH ! from real happiness we stray,
By vice bewilder'd : vice, which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of woe.

Thomson.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame !
How wild the fury of his soul careers !
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.

Percival.

3420. VICE. Tyranny of

OH, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us ! And the tyranny
He exercises, ...
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffers nothing
To stir abroad on earth but its own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gather'd head above us :
No roof, no shelter will secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

Chapman.

3421. VICISSITUDE.

FOR what is it on earth,
Nay, under heaven, continues at a stay ?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown ?
Follows not darkness when the day is gone ?
And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds ? There's not that
work

Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin.—*Shakespeare.*

3422. VICTORY.

'Tis not victory to win the field,
Unless we make our enemies to yield
More to our justice than our force ; and so
As well instruct as overcome our foe.

Gomersall.

Plumed victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look ;
Equally distant from proud insolence
And base dejection.—*Massinger.*

3423. VIRTUE : acceptable to God.

IF there's a Power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue :
And that which He delights in must be happy.

Addison.

3424. VIRTUE : a reality.

FOOLS into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all :
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Pope.

3425. VIRTUE : a riddle.

How strange a riddle virtue is !
They never miss it, who possess it not ;
And they who have it ever find a want !

Lord Rochester.

3426. VIRTUE. Authority of

'HAS virtue charms ?'—I grant her heavenly fair ;
But if unportion'd all, will interest wed ;
Though that our admiration, this our choice.
The virtues grow on immortality ;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believed, will nought avail ;
Rewards and punishments make God adored ;
And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himself alone ;
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already ; nought but brute survives.

Young.

3427. VIRTUE. Courage of

VIRTUE is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Shakespeare.

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound ;
Ever the same, let fortune smile or frown :
Serenely as he lived resigns his breath,
Meets destiny half-way, nor shrinks at death.

Granville.

3428. VIRTUE. Discipline of

THE discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace—
Thus duties rising out of good possest,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught and train'd.
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend
Like an inheritance, from age to age.—*Wordsworth.*

3429. VIRTUE. Happiness of

THEN, to be good is to be happy : angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow : 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings. The blest know none of
this ;

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.

Rowe.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill.—*Pope.*

Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

Pope.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven : a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites ; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

Armstrong.

The heart, unalter'd in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an angel trod,—
The joys within such heart that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn !
The stars may from their orbits bend,
The mountains rock, the heavens rend,
The sun's last ember cool and quiver,—
But virtue still shall glow for ever !—*Hogg.*

3430. VIRTUE : immortal.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky ;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave ;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
Thy music shows ye have your closes ;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.—*Herbert.*

The wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thomson.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps ;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids :
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?
The cause is lodged in immortality.—*Young.*

3431. VIRTUE. Influence of

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakespeare.

Virtue

Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

Byron.

3432. VIRTUE : invincible.

VIRTUE's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble hero stands, built of such basis,
While they recoil and wound the shooter's face.

Bononcini.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yet even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

Milton.

3433. VIRTUE : lengthens life.

VIRTUE, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.
The man of wisdom is the man of years.—*Young.*

3434. VIRTUE : loved by many merely for its rewards.

THEY follow virtue for reward to-day ;
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay ;
We are so good, or bad, just at a price,
Nor nothing else discerns the virtue or the vice.
Dryden.

3435. VIRTUE. Memory of

VIRTUE, like God, Whose excellent majesty,
Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.
No being, once created rational,
Accountable, endow'd with moral sense,
With sapience of right and wrong endow'd,
And charged, however fallen, debased, destroy'd ;
However lost, forlorn, and miserable ;
In guilt's dark shrouding wrapt, however thick ;
However drunk, delirious, and mad,
With sin's full cup ; and with whatever damn'd,
Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
Can banish virtue from its sight, or once
Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,
In central night ; takes it the lightning's wing,
And flies for ever on, beyond the bounds
Of all ; drinks it the maddest cup of sin ;
Dives it beneath the ocean of despair ;
It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain :
For still the eternal beauty, image fair,
Once stamp'd upon the soul, before the eye
All lovely stands, nor will depart ; so God
Ordains : and lovely to the worst she seems,
And ever seems ; and as they look, and still
Must ever look upon her loveliness,
Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
They might have been, and bitter sense of what
They are, polluted, ruin'd, hopeless, lost,
With most repenting torment rend their hearts.
So God ordains—their punishment severe,
Eternally inflicted by themselves.
'Tis this—this virtue hovering evermore
Before the vision of the damn'd, and in
Upon their monstrous moral nakedness
Casting unwelcome light, that makes their woe,
That makes the essence of the endless flame :
Where this is, there is hell—darker than aught
That he, the bard three-vision'd, darkest saw.

Pollok.

3436. VIRTUE : misapplied.

VIRTUE itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action's dignified.
Shakespeare.

3437. VIRTUE : must be displayed in active life.

THYSELF and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. . . .
Shakespeare.

3438. VIRTUE. Nobility of

HE whose mind !
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race ;
And he commits the crime who calls him base.
Dryden.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.—*Shirley.*

High worth is elevated place : 'tis more ;
It makes the past stand candidate for thee ;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth ;
And though it wears no riband, 'tis renown ;
Renown that would not quit thee, though disgraced,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.—*Young.*

3439. VIRTUE. Peace of

THERE is no peace in sinne: Æternal warr
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choicest accents be
Harsh echoes of their heavenly harmonic.

Habington.

The path to peace is virtue : what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise,
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

Dryden.

What, what is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?

Thomson.

3440. VIRTUE. Pretended

How oft that virtue, which some women boast,
And pride themselves in, is but an empty name,
No real good ; in thought alone possess'd.
Safe in the want of charms, the homely dame,
Secure from the seducing arts of man,
Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste ;
Wonders how others e'er could fall, yet when
She talks most loud about the noisy nothing,
Look on her face, and there you read her virtue.

Froude.

3441. VIRTUE. Rewards of

I NEVER did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now.—*Shakespeare.*

Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.—*Wotton.*

Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past nor present ills despair ;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Congreve.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize ; a better would you fix ?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man ! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
Go like the Indian in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife ;
As well as dreams such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind ;
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing ;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one !
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just ?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of humankind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.—*Pope.*

But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed ?
What then ? is the reward of virtue bread ?
That, vice may merit—'tis the price of toil ;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?
No—shall the good want health, the good want
power ?

Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king
Nay, why external for internal given ?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven ?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while He has more to give ;
Immense the power, immense were the demand ;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?—*Pope.*

Are domestic comforts dead ?
Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled ?
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good
fame ?
All these belong to virtue, and all prove
That virtue has a title to your love.—*Cowper.*

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes ;
And he was poor—without a friend,
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay ;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long.—*Camden.*

3442. VIRTUE. Safety of

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here,
Nor wrack or bulging thou hast cause to fear ;
But trust to this, my noble passenger :
Who swims with virtue, he shall still be sure,
Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

Herrick.

3443. VIRTUE : scorned.

VIRTUE ! how many as a lowly thing,
Born of weak folly, scorn thee ! but thy name

Alone they know ; upon thy soaring wing
They'd fear to mount ; nor could thy sacred flame

Burn in their baser hearts : the biting thorn,
The flinty crag, flowers hiding, strew thy field :
Yet blest is he whose daring hides the scorn
Of the frail, easy herd, and buckles on thy shield.

Who says thy ways are bliss, trolls but a lay
To lure the infant : if thy paths to view
Were always pleasant, Crime's worst sons would lay
Their daggers at thy feet, and, from mere sloth,
pursue.—*Maria Brooks.*

3444. VIRTUE: tempted.

VIRTUE which breaks through opposition,
And all temptations can remove,
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.
Milton.

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Addison.

3445. VIRTUE: the basis of national prosperity and glory.

ALL private virtue is the public fund :
As that abounds, the state decays or thrives ;
Each should contribute to the general stock,
And who lends most, is most his country's friend.
Jephson.

All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes ;
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves ;
Palmyra central in the desert, fell !
And the arts died by which they had been raised.
Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the plains of vanish'd Syracuse ;
And feelingly the sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself
Is that philosophy whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments, how weak
Those arts and high inventions, if unpropp'd
By virtue.—*Wordsworth.*

3446. VIRTUE: world-wide.

THOU know'st but little, Zaphna,
If thou dost think true virtue is confined
To climes or systems ; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole crea-
tion,
And beats the pulse of every healthful heart.
Miller.

3447. VIRTUES.

OUR virtues
Would be proud if our faults whipt them not ; and
Our crimes would despair if they were not
Cherish'd by our virtues.—*Shakespeare.*

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
Pop.

3448. VIRTUOUS ENDS.

BE virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
Nor think the intention sanctifies the deed :
That maxim publish'd in an impious age
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth !
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of Heaven.
Johnson.

3449. VIRTUOUS IMPULSES.

A VIRTUOUS deed should never be delay'd,
The impulse comes from heaven, and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeys
The god within his mind.—*Dowe.*

3450. VOICE. The Shepherd's

It is Thy voice that floats above the din,
Clear as a silver bell :
We hear Thee, Saviour, through the strife of sin,
Thy servants heed Thee well ;
Beyond all others, through the upper air
That voice comes pure and sweet,
Like chimes, that from a steeple tall and fair,
Break o'er the clamorous street.

Not all, O Lord, may walk erect, and know
The music of that sound ;
Some cannot hear Thee till their heads are low,
Ay, level with the ground !
And yet, for them, heart-humbled and alone,
Spurn'd as the crowds go by,
There is a power in the royal tone
To set them up on high.

Thy sheep shall hear Thy voice—on plain or hill,
Through flood or wilderness,
In the green pastures, by the waters still,
In joy, or sharp distress,
Thy call will reach them—sometimes loud and near,
Then faint and far away ;

O Thou, Good Shepherd, grant that heart and ear
May listen and obey!—*Sarah Doudney.*

3451. VOICE. Woman's

HER voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.
Shakespeare.

3452. VOWS. Making

SAID I not so—that I would sin no more?
Witness, my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score;
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows and break them still?
'Twill be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou
mayst
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst He permits thee but to call.
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again,
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And Thine be all the praise.—*Herbert.*

3453. VOYAGE. The last

THERE's not an hour but from some sparkling beach
Go joyful men, in fragile ships, to sail
By unknown seas to unknown lands. They hail
The freshening winds with eager hope and speech
Of wondrous countries which they soon will reach.
Left on the shore, we wave our hands, with pale,
Wet cheeks, but hearts that are ashamed to quail
Or own the grief which selfishness would teach.
Oh! Death, the fairest lands beyond thy sea
Lie waiting, and thy barks are swift and staunch
And ready. Why do we reluctant launch?
And when our friends their heritage have claim'd
Of thee and enter'd on it, rich and free,
Oh! why of sorrow are we not ashamed?

Helen Hunt.

3454. WAITING: enforced.

I WILL not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wish'd with God is done!

Whittier.

3455. WAITING: how God waits.

GRAND is the leisure of the earth;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above,
The while He sits whose name is Love,
And waits, as Noah did the dove,
To see if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things,
We beat about with bruised wings
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The ruin'd world, the desolated sea;
With open windows from the prime,
All night, all day, He waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.—*Jeann Ingelow.*

3456. WAITING: is service.

THEY also serve who only stand and wait.
Milton.

3457. WAITING. Working and

A HUSBANDMAN who many years
Had plough'd his fields and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears:
'I toil in vain! these rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.
My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.
My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!'

While yet he spake, a breath had stirr'd
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:
'The germs and fruits of life must be
For ever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for Me.

A mightier hand, more skill'd than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.
Man can but work ; God can create :
But they who work, and watch, and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.
Look up to heaven ! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear.'

He look'd, and lo ! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star :
And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.
And on the clouds he saw again,
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with His rainbow pen :
'Seed-time and harvest shall not fail ;
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail.'

3458. WANTS. Duplicity of

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do),
That I may call my own ;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.
Plain food is quite enough for me ;
Three courses are as good as ten ;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amet !
I always thought cold victuals nice ;
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.
I care not much for gold or land ;
Give me a mortgage here and there—
Some good bank-stock—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share ;
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.
Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names ;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,
But only near St James ;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.
Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things !
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some, *not so large*, in rings—
A ruby and a pearl or so
Will do for me ;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good heavy silks are never dear) ;
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;
An easy gait—two forty-five—
Suits me ; I do not care ;
Perhaps for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape—foreground golden dirt—
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor ;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride ;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschauts, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl ?
Give grasping pomp its double share—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch :
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content !

O. W. Holmes.

3459. WANTS. Human

'MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'
'Tis not with *me* exactly so ;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score ;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And roasted ducks, and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell ;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire :
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair ;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share :
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas ! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave ?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour ;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see ;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command ;
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of humankind ;

That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want*—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call,
The *Mercy of my God*.

John Quincy Adams.

3460. WAR. Benefit of

BUT, as I mused, there crowded on my spirit
The lofty virtues nursed in strife ; the will
That breaks but bends not ; goodness even in death
Abhorring evil ; right defying wrong ;
The stern self-sacrifice of souls afire
For perill'd altars, and for hearths profaned ;
The generous chivalry, which shields the weak,
And dares the oppressor's worst ; love guarding love
From rapine, or, as God's executor,
Dealing forth vengeance on the stubborn foe,
And mercy to the vanquish'd ; all along
The ages, names the noblest and the best,
From Israel's chief to those brave men whose swords
Have been the bulwark of my native isle.

Bickersteth.

3461. WAR. Causes of

SOME seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at.—*Cowper.*

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

Cowper.

In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war,
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.

Cowper.

3462. WAR. Clamour for

SECURE from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war !
Alas ! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, famine, or blue plague,
Battle or siege, or flight through wintry snows,
We, this whole people, have been clamorous

For war and bloodshed ; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of ;
Spectators and not combatants ! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause ; and forth,
Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names
And adjurations of the God in heaven,
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands ! Boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning's meal !
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayer
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide ;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to which
We join no feeling, and attach no form !
As if the soldier died without a wound ;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang ; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Pass'd off to heaven, translated, and not kill'd ;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him.—*Coleridge*.

3463. WAR. Cruelty of

Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field, from murdering swords of thou-
sands ?
Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious ?
Cibber.

3464. WAR. Debasing influence of

How like a fiend may man be made,
Plying the foul and monstrous trade
Whose harvest-field is human life,
Whose sickle is the reeking sword !
Quenching, with reckless hands, in blood,
Sparks kindled by the breath of God.
Whittier.

O, war is cruel-hearted ! ay, the man
That in the private walks of life was kind,
Even to the nursing mother's tender fears ;—
Who started at a funeral knell, and walk'd,
With slow, sad step, and synpathizing eye,
When the hearse pass'd with one he never knew ;—
Why he, when war's stern strength is on his soul,
Will walk in apathy o'er slaughter'd friends,

Counting the dead and dying, as their loss
Was all computed in the numbers slain. †

Mrs Hale.

3465. WAR. Defensive

WAR is honourable

In those who do their native rights maintain ;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak ;
But is in those who draw the offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.

Joanna Baillie.

3466. WAR. Desolation of

THE autumnal rains had beaten to the earth
The unrep'd harvest, from the village church
No eve-song bell was heard, the shepherd's dog
Prey'd on the scatter'd flock, for there was now
No hand to feed him, and upon the hearth, "
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet,
The rank weed flourish'd.—*Southey*.

3467. WAR. Hatefulness of

No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight ;
Nor triumph please, while rage and death destroy :
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.—*Bloomfield*.

3468. WAR. Horrors of

ALL that the mind would shrink from of excesses ;
All that the body perpetrates of bad ;
All that we read, hear, dream of man's distresses ;
All that the devil would do if run stark mad ;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses ;
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse,—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.
Byron.

I own my natural weakness ; I have not
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering ; and the sight
Of blood which spouts through hoary scalps is not
To me a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised, a glory.—*Byron*.

Avaunt thee, horrid War : whose miasms, bred
Of nether darkness and Tartarean swamps,
Float o'er this fallen world, and blight the flowers,
Sole relics of a ruin'd Eden ! Hence,
With all thy cruel ravages ! fair homes
Rifled for thee of husband, brother, son ;
Wild passions slipp'd like hell-hounds in the heart,
And baying in full cry for blood ; the shock

Of battle ; the quick throes of dying men ;
 The ghastly stillness of the mangled dead ;
 The crumbling ramparts breach'd, the city storm'd,
 The massacre of unresisting age,
 The shrieks of violated innocence,
 And bloom, almost too delicate for the print
 Of bridal kisses and the touch of love,
 Ruthlessly trampled underneath the heel
 Of armed lust ; and, pitiful to see,
 The mother's womb ripp'd by the pitiless sword,
 And life—her unborn offspring's and her own—
 Shed in short mortal travail ; lurid flames,
 Wrapping the toils of arduous centuries
 And hopes of ages in one funeral pyre ;
 Gaunt famine after, and remorseless plague,
 Reaping their myriads where the warrior's scythe
 Had been content with thousands ; leaving scars
 Upon a nation's heart, which never time
 Wholly can heal : hence horrid, horrid War !

Bickersteth.

3469. WAR. Irreligiousness of

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
 'Tis war alone that never violates
 The hallow'd day by simulate respect—
 By hypocritic rest ; no, no, the work proceeds,
 From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags
 That give the sign to slip the leash for slaughter.
 The bells whose knoll a holy calmness pour'd
 Into the good man's breast, whose sound consoled
 The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire !
 Pealing with sulphurous tongue, speak death-fraught
 words.

From morn to eve destruction revels frenzied,
 Till at the hour when peaceful vesper chimes
 Were wont to soothe the air, the trumpet sounds
 Pursuit, and flight altern ; and for the song
 Of larks descending to their grass-bower'd homes,
 The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they slake
 Their thirst in hoof-prints filled with gore, disturbs
 The stupor of the dying man ; while death
 Triumphantly sails down the ensanguined stream,
 On corpses throned, and crown'd with shiver'd
 boughs,

That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide.

Grahame.

3470. WAR : is murder.

ONE to destroy is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,—
 War's glorious art,—and gives immortal fame.

Young.

Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
 Is only splendid murder.—*Thomson.*

3471. WAR : necessary.

WAR must be

While men are what they are ; while they have had
 Passions to be roused up ; while ruled by men ;
 While all the powers and treasures of a land
 Are at the beck of the ambitious crowd ;
 While injuries can be inflicted, or
 Insults be offer'd ; yea, while rights are worth
 Maintaining, freedom keeping, or life having,
 So long the sword shall shine ; so long shall war
 Continue, and the need of war remain.—*Bailey.*

3472. WAR. Picture of

AH ! whence yon glare

That fires the arch of heaven ? that dark-red smoke
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quench'd
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
 Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !
 Now swells the intermingling din : the jar,
 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb,
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
 The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
 Inebriate with rage ! Loud and more loud
 The discord grows ; till pale death shuts the scene,
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquer'd draws
 His cold and bloody shroud !

The sulphurous smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
 Even to the forest's depth, and scatter'd arms,
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful
 path

Of the out-sallying victors : far behind
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen ;
 Each tree, which guards its darkness from the day,
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb !—*Shelley.*

3473. WAR. Scourge of

O WAR ! begot in pride and luxury,
 The child of malice and revengeful hate ;
 Thou impious good, and good impiety !
 Thou art the foul refiner of a state,
 The unjust scourge of men's iniquity,
 Sharp easer of corruptions desperate !
 Is there no means but that a sin-sick land
 Must be let blood with such a boisterous hand ?

Daniel.

O war!—what, what art thou?
At once the proof and scourge of man's fall'n state!
After the brightest conquest, what appears
Of all thy glories? for the vanquish'd, chains!
For the proud victors, what? alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations!—*Hannah More.*

3474. WAR. Shamefulness of

O, SHAME to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

Milton.

3475. WAR. Tug of

WHEN Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of
war.—*La.*

3476. WAR. Tumult of

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And, when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

John Scott.

The tumult of each sack'd and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleagu'rd towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and
courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Longfellow.

3477. WARRIORS.

WOX worth the man
That first did teach the cursed steel to bite
In his own flesh, and make way to the living spirit.
Spenser.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.—*Crowne.*

But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.

Cowper.

Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret;
The hoarse, dull drum would sleep, and man be
happy yet!—*Byron.*

• 3478. WARS. Christian

BUT what most show'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe, peace shall their force
restore.—*Thomson.*

3479. WARS. Rash

To broach a war, and not to be assured
Of certain means to make a fair defence,
Howe'er the ground be just, may justly seem
A wilful madness.—*Hemmings.*

3480. WATCHFULNESS. Duty of

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And His appointed way?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith,
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make !

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong ;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than 'watch one hour' in humbling prayer :
Life's 'great things,' like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But, oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side—
From waters which alone can save,
And murmur for Abana's banks,
And Pharpar's brighter wave !

O Thou who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumber'd at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain—

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free ;
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee !—*Whittier.*

O watch and pray ! for thou hast foes to fight,
Foes which alone thou canst not overcome ;
Watching and prayer will keep thine armour bright,
Soon will thy toils be o'er, thy victory won.
O watch and pray ! the Judge is at the door,
Before His flaming bar thou soon must stand ;
O watch ! and keep thy garments spotless pure,
And thou shalt then be found at His right hand.

3481. WATCHFULNESS. Need of

WATCH, for the time is short ;
Watch, while 'tis call'd to-day ;
Watch, lest temptations overcome ;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray !
Watch, for the flesh is weak ;
Watch, for the foe is strong ;
Watch, lest the Bridegroom knock in vain ;
Watch, though He tarry long !

Chase slumber from thine eyes ;
Chase doubting from thy breast ;

Thine is the promised prize
Of heaven's eternal rest.
Watch, Christian, watch and pray ;
Thy Saviour watch'd for thee,
Till from His brow the blood-sweat pour'd,
Great drops of agony.

Take Jesus for thy trust ;
Watch, watch for evermore ;
Watch, for thou soon must sleep
With thousands gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up,
Now, while 'tis call'd to-day,
O now, in thine accepted time,
Watch, Christian, watch and pray !

3482. WEAK. Comfort for the

AND sometimes in my house of grief
For moments, I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt the chastening of God's hand ;
Then learn'd I that the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms ;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the shepherd's arms.

Phoebe Carry.

3483. WEAKNESS : no excuse for idleness.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
'So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields ;
I'll tarry in the sky' ?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

Doth not *each* raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower ;
And *every* ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ?

3484. WEALTH : diffused.

WEALTH in the gross is death, but life diffused ;
As poison heals, in just proportions used ;
In heaps, like ambergris, a sink it lies,
And well dispersed is incense to the skies.—*Pope.*

3485. WEALTH : does not confer greatness.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
'That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.

I know thy better thoughts ; I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.—*Watts.*

3486. WEALTH : does not secure happiness.

CAN wealth give happiness ? look round and see
What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Young.

3487. WEALTH. Folly of pride in

CAN riches keep the mortal wretch from death ?
Or can new treasures purchase a new breath ?
Or does heaven send its love and mercy more
To Mammon's pamper'd sons than to the poor ?
If not, why should the fool take so much state,
Exalt himself and others under-rate ?
'Tis senseless ignorance, that soothes his pride,
And makes him laugh at all the world beside.

Tom Brown.

3488. WEALTH. Hardening influence of

UNTO a singer at the city gates
An angel from the courts of Heaven sped.
'Long hast thou quarrell'd with the cruel fates,'
With winning voice the pitying angel said.

'Go prove thy heart with riches and renown.
Thou hast them both ?' The angel disappear'd.
Bewilder'd then the singer sought the town.
Men lowly bow'd to him as one they fear'd.
There at the gates, where he was wont to sing,
The angel's words had made the singer king !
With riches and renown the singer sweet
Stood at his window, looking down the street.
Rich purple vestments on his person hung,
While at the gates another singer sung.

With tearful eyes unto the king the bard
Look'd up for alms ; but all in vain he pled.
'Sing those who must. Let those who may reward.
The world is wide,' the haughty monarch said.
Then, as the singer sadly left the place,
Too late, he recognized the angel's face !

L. C. Strong.

3489. WEALTH. Household

THANK God for little children :
When our skies are cold and grey,
They fling a sunshine o'er our hearts,
And charm our cares away.

I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's gardens fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a blessing from the skies.
Dear mothers, guard these jewels,
As sacred offerings meet,
A wealth of household treasures,
To lay at Jesu's feet.

3490. WEALTH. Independence of

WHEN wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.

Denham.

I feel no care of coin ;
Well-doing is my wealth ;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.—*Southwell.*

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own :
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose :
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.—*Watts.*

3491. WEARY. Encouragement for the

'Be not weary,' *toiling* Christian,
Good the Master thou dost serve ;
Let no disappointment move thee,
From thy service never swerve :
Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing ;
Lack not patience, faith, or prayer ;
Seed-time passeth,—harvest hasteneth,—
Precious sheaves thou then shalt bear.

'Be not weary,' *praying* Christian,
Open is thy Father's ear
To the fervent supplication,
And the agonizing prayer :
Prayer the Holy Ghost begetteth,
Be it words, or groans, or tears,
Is the prayer that's always answer'd ;
Banish then thy doubts and fears.

'Be not weary,' *suffering* Christian,
Scourged is each adopted child,
Else would grow, in sad profusion,
Nature's fruit, perverse and wild;
Chastening's needful for the spirit,
Though 'tis painful for the flesh;
God designs a blessing for thee;—
Let this thought thy soul refresh.

'Be not weary,' *tempted* Christian,
Sin can only lure on earth;
Faith is tried by sore temptation;
'Tis the furnace proves its worth:
Bounds are set unto the tempter,
Which beyond he cannot go;
Battle on, on God relying,
Faith will overcome the foe.

'Be not weary,' *weeping* Christian,
Tears endure but for the night,
Joy, deep joy thy spirit greeting,
Will return with morning's light:
Every tear thou shedd'st is number'd
In the register above;
Heaven is tearless, sweet the prospect,—
Sighless, tearless land of love!

3492. WEARY. Invitation to the

POOR worldling! stay thy vain pursuit of peace
In empty vanities: no good can live
In all the gilded charms that mock thee: cease
Thy hold on these; loose every cord, and hear
The voice of God: 'Come, ye that *weary* are!
Ye heavy-laden, come, and I will give
You rest.' O, heed that call! in holy fear,
In deep humility, bow down: the star
Of hope shall rise, and joy shall speak thy soul's re-
lease.—*Shepard*.

3493. WEeping.

THERE was a time
—— her cries and sorrows
Were not despised; when, if she chanced to sigh,
Or but look sad, a friend or parent
Would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eased her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her till he found the cause:
But now, let her weep seas,
Cry till she rend the earth, sigh till she burst
Her heart asunder, she is disregarded.—*Otway*.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miseries hope relief;
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage in your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.—*Watts*.

I weep, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know.
Lord, I believe; assuage my grief,
And help, oh! help my unbelief.

My days of youth and health are o'er;
My early friends are dead and gone;
And there are times it tries me sore
To think I'm left on earth alone.
But yet Faith whispers, 'Tis not so:
He will not leave, nor let thee go.'

Caroline Anne Southey.

Weep not for him that dieth;
For he sleeps and is at rest,
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast:
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth,
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth;
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.—*Mrs Norton*.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, oh, rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled:
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Mary E. Brooks.

3494. WICKEDNESS.

WHAT rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
Shakespeare.

The wicked with anxiety of mind
Shall pine away, in sighs consume their breath.
Sandys.

Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable.—*Dryden.*

3495. WICKEDNESS. Growth in

HE transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the gulf despairing ;
For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,
And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray.
A landmark tree was once a seed ; and the dust in the balance maketh a difference ;
And the cairn is heap'd high by each one flinging a pebble :
The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains of sand ;
And the shoal that hath wreck'd a navy is the work of a colony of worms :
Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant ;
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest with thine equals,
For atoms must crowd upon atoms ere crime groweth to be a giant.—*M. F. Tupper.*

3496. WIDOW'S GIFT. The

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand ;
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave ;
The other cast away,—she only gave.—*Crashaw.*

3497. WIFE. A bad

BETTER through life barefooted press,
Than in a pinching shoe ;
Better no house or home possess,
Than have a bad wife too !
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

Of earthly good, the best is a good wife.
A bad—the bitterest curse of human life.

3498. WIFE. A good

THE waiting angel, patient wife,
All through the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetness on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified :
When waves of trouble beat breast-high,
And the heart sank, she pour'd a balm
That still'd them, and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world, with harvest ripe,
In all its golden fulness lay,
And God, it seem'd, saw fit to wipe
Even on earth, our tears away,—
The good, true heart that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face, and fall :
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end ! And is this all ?
All the Year Round.

3499. WIFE. Admonition to a

FYE ! fye ! unknit that threatening unkind brow ;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.—*Shakespeare.*

3500. WIFE. Duty of a

THY husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
Shakespeare.

I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Shakespeare.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Milton.

3501. WIFE. Emblem of a good

THE butterfly, which sports on gaudy wing,—
The brawling brooklet, lost in foam and spray,
As it goes dancing on its idle way,—
The sunflower, in broad daylight glistening,—
Are types of her who in the festive ring
Lives but to bask in fashion's vain display,
And glittering through her bright but useless day,
'Flaunts, and goes down a disregarded thing !'
Thy emblem, Lucy, is the busy bee,

Whose industry for future hours provides ;
The gentle streamlet, gladding as it glides
Unseen along ; the flower which gives the lea
Fragrance and loveliness, are types of thee,
And of the active worth thy modest merit hides.

Barton.

3502. WIFE. Husband and

TRUE wife ! fond wife ! let us together lean,
Like trees with intertwining boughs, that so
Brave angry skies, whatever winds may blow :
And, though there interpose a cloudy screen,
Lift up their heads towards the blue serene
From whence the sunbeams and the rain-drops
flow,
By which they gather strength, and taller grow,
And keep their shoots and saplings fresh and green.
True wife ! fond wife ! we have together stood,
Through years of trial, each supporting each ;
Ever unto the infinite and good,
Thy thoughts than mine have higher, wider
reach'd ;
And I have felt how true the wise one's word ;
Thou art indeed a gift, a favour from the Lord !

Egona.

3503. WIFE. Influence of a

THEN before all they stand,—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas ! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts, inclined ;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow !
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before !—*Rogers.*

3504. WIFE. Value of a

A WIFE becomes the truest,—tenderest friend,
The balm of comfort, and the source of joy !
Through every various turn of life the same.

Savage.

A wife's a man's best piece ; who, till he marries,
Wants making up ; she is the shrine to which

Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage ;
She was a scion taken from that tree,
Into which, if she has no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit ; she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children ;
She is the good man's Paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven ; a treasure which, who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts ; she's a golden sentence
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.—*Shirley.*

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,—
A wife is the peculiar grace of Heaven.—*Foxe.*

3505. WILL. Sacrifice of the

LORD, I submit. Complete Thy gracious will,
For, if Thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
O, be my will so swallow'd up in Thine,
That I may do Thy will, in doing mine.

Hannah More.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness,
His own, thy will ;
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil ;
And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light, from the inner glory,
Be stricken through.—*Whittier.*

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept this gift to-day, for Jesus' sake :
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make ;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small :
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.
Hidden therein Thy searching gaze canst see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I have, or am, or fain would be,—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite ;
It hath been wet with tears and dimm'd with sighs,
Clinch'd in my grasp till beauty hath it none.
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquish'd lies,
The prayer ascendeth—May Thy will be done !

Take it, O Father ! ere my courage fail,
 And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
 If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
 And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
 So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
 So one with Thee, so fill'd with peace Divine,
 I may not know or feel it as mine own,
 But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

3506. WILL: the ruling faculty.

WILL holds the sceptre in the soul,
 And o'er the passions of the heart doth reign.
Davies.

3507. WILLINGNESS—without Power.

I STRIVE like to the vessel in the tide-way,
 Which, lacking favouring breeze, hath not the power
 To stem the powerful current. Even so,
 Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
 Habit, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation,
 Sweep me to sea again. O heavenly breath,
 Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,
 Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without thee.
Old Play.

3508. WINE. Curse of

LOOK not upon the wine when it
 Is red within the cup !
 Stay not for pleasure when she fills
 Her tempting beaker up !
 Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
 A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
 And merry on the brain,
 They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
 And dulls the tooth of pain.
 Ay—but within its glowing deeps
 A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
 Its coolness change to thirst,
 And by its mirth within the brain
 A sleepless worm is nursed.
 There's not a bubble at the brim
 That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
 And spill its purple wine,
 Take not its madness to thy lip,
 Let not its curse be thine.
 'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
 Are hid those rosy depths below.

N. P. Willis.

3509. WINE. Effects of

O MADNESS, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health ;
 When God, with these forbidden, made choice to
 rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Milton.

O when we swallow down
 Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation ;
 Naked we stand the sport of mocking fiends,
 Who grin to see our noble nature vanquish'd,
 Subdued to beasts.—*C. Johnson.*

Wine is like anger ; for it makes us strong,
 Blind, and impatient, and it leads us wrong :
 The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long.

Crabbe.

Could the wine-cup tell its story,
 The story of its day,
 It would tell of strength and glory
 Long fallen to decay !
 It would tell of revel weary,
 When battle-fields were won ;
 It would tell of dark hours dreary,
 When revel hours were done !
 It would tell of shame and sorrow,
 Of weariness and grief,
 Of many a wished to-morrow,
 Proved barren of relief !
 Of departed fame and glory,
 Could the wine-cup tell its story !

3510. WINE. Use of

'STAY till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl.'
 'Far hence be Bacchus' gifts,' Hector rejoin'd.
 'Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
 Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind :
 Let chiefs abstain—and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the gods—'tis fitter use.'—*Homer.*

3511. WINTER. Analogy of

BEHOLD, fond man !

See here thy pictured life : pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy, bustling days ?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
 The new creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye, refined, clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause
 Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
 And died neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth
 And moderation fair wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good, distress'd!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view—which only saw
 A little part—deem'd evil, is no more:
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.—*Thomson.*

3512. WINTER. Lessons of

THE valley stream is frozen,
 The hills are cold and bare;
 And the wild white bees of winter
 Swarm in the darken'd air.

I look on the naked forest:
 Was it ever green in June?
 Did it burn with gold and crimson
 In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
 Was it ever heap'd with hay?
 Did it hide the grassy cottage
 Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
 Is it true the rose was there?
 And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
 And the hyacinth's purple hair!

I look on my heart, and marvel
 If Love were ever its own—
 If the spring of promise brighten'd,
 And the summer of passion shone?

Is the stem of bliss but wither'd,
 And the root survives the blast?
 Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
 Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils
 The frozen germs shall grow,
 And the dews of a thousand summers
 Wait in the womb of the snow!

Bayard Taylor.

3513. WISDOM. Christian

BE wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.—*Quarles.*

That thou may'st injure no man, dove-like be;
 And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.
Owen.

3514. WISDOM: comes late in life.

WISDOM, slow product of laborious years,
 The only fruit that life's cold winter bears,
 Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
 By the fierce storm of passion torn away.

Should some remain in a rich generous soil,
 They long lie hid, and must be raised with toil;
 Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
 No sooner born than the poor planter dies.

Lady M. W. Montagu.

3515. WISDOM. Desires of

AH! when did Wisdom covet length of days,
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
 No: Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die.

Hannah More.

3516. WISDOM. Excellence of

WISDOM Divine! who tells the price
 Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise—
 Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
 And honour that descends from God.

To purest joys she all invites—
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

Happy the man who Wisdom gains ;
 Thrice happy, who his guest retains ;
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven, are one.

Charles Wesley.

3517. WISDOM : in what it consists.

BUT apt the mind or fancy is to rove
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end,
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.

Milton.

To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill ;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 Who best obeys Thy will.—*Watts.*

Who are the wise ?

They who have govern'd with a self-control
 Each wild and baneful passion of the soul,—
 Curb'd the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
 But kept alive affection's purer fires ;
 They who have pass'd the labyrinth of life,
 Without one hour of weakness or of strife ;
 Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
 Humble though rich, and dignified though poor,—
 Skill'd in the latent movements of the heart,
 Learn'd in the lore which nature can impart,—
 Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud
 Which sees the 'silver lining' of the cloud,—
 Looking for good in all beneath the skies :—
 These are the truly wise !—*P. Prince.*

3518. WISDOM. Independence of

WISDOM of what herself approves makes choice,
 Nor is led captive by the common voice.

Denham.

3519. WISDOM. Legend of

THE Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
 Said : 'I am wisdom's fortress ; but the gate
 Thereof is Ali.' Wherefore some who heard,
 With unbelieving jealousy were stirr'd ;
 And, that they might on him confusion bring,
 Ten of the boldest join'd to prove the thing.
 'Let us in turn to Ali go,' they said,
 'And ask if wisdom should be sought instead
 Of earthly riches : then, if he reply
 To each of us, in thought, accordingly,

And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,
 His shall the honour be, and ours the shame.'
 Now, when the first his bold demand did make,
 These were the words which Ali straightway spake :
 'Wisdom is the inheritance of those

Whom Allah favours ; riches, of his foes.'

Unto the second he said : 'Thyself must be
 Guard to thy wealth ; but wisdom guardeth thee.'

Unto the third : 'By wisdom wealth is won ;
 But riches purchased wisdom yet for none.'

Unto the fourth : 'Thy goods the thief may take ;
 But into wisdom's house he cannot break.'

Unto the fifth : 'Thy goods decrease the more
 Thou givest ; but use enlarges wisdom's store.'

Unto the sixth : 'Wealth tempts to evil ways ;
 But the desire of wisdom is God's praise.'

Unto the seventh : 'Divide thy wealth, each part
 Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart

Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
 All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee.'

Unto the eighth : 'Wealth cannot keep itself ;
 But wisdom is the steward even of pelf.'

Unto the ninth : 'The camels slowly bring
 Thy goods ; but wisdom has the swallow's wing.'

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
 These were the ready words which Ali spake :

'Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear ;
 But wisdom is the lamp which makes it clear.'

Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,
 And they declared : 'The Prophet's words were
 true ;

The mouth of Ali is the golden door
 Of wisdom.'

When his friends to Ali bore

These words, he smiled and said : 'And should they
 ask

The same until my dying day, the task
 Were easy ; for the stream from wisdom's well,
 Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.'

Bayard Taylor.

3520. WISDOM : must be sought.

THE clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
 Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought ;
 Sought before all, but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

Young.

3521. WISDOM : of Providence

ALL is best, though oft we doubt
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.

Milton.

'Tis not thy terrors, Lord, thy dreadful frown,
Which keep my step in duty's narrow path ;
'Tis not the awful threatenings of thy wrath,—
But that in virtue's sacred smile alone
I find or peace or happiness. Thy light,
In all its prodigality, is shed
Upon the worthy and the unworthy head ;
And thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy as the thankless. All is well ;
Thy wisdom has to each his portion given :
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven ?
'Tis vain to murmur,—daring to rebel :
Lord, I would fear Thee, though I fear'd not hell,
And love Thee, though I had no hopes of heaven !
Santa Teresa De Avila : tr. by Sir John Bowring.

3522. WISDOM. Power of

THE bold are but the instruments of the wise ;
They undertake the dangers they advise.
Dryden.

Deep subtle wits,
In truth, are master spirits in the world.
The brave man's courage, and the student's lore,
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
Who hath the skill to use them.—*Joanna Bailie.*

Vishnu ask'd Bal to take his choice,
With five wise men to visit hell,
Or with five ignorant visit heaven.
Then quick did Bal in heart rejoice,
And chose in hell with the wise to dwell ;
For heaven is hell, with folly's bell ;
And hell is heaven, with wisdom's leaven
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3523. WISDOM. Reputation of

It moves thee more perhaps than folly ought,
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose themselves monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's ability pretence.
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold :
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.—*Cowper.*

3524. WISDOM. Rule of

A WISE man likes that best that is itself ;
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.
Middleton.

3525. WISDOM : supplanted.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace ;

We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone :
A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend.
Cowper.

3526. WISDOM. Sympathetic

WISDOM that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of Nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom, and there's poesy's art,—
Both of this earth ; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.
Household Words.

3527. WISHES.

WISHING, of all employments, is the worst—
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay.
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to thin shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor :
Wishing the constant hectic of a fool.—*Young.*

In idle wishes fools supinely stay ;
Be there a will,—and wisdom finds a way.
Crabbe.

Had the cat wings, no sparrow could live in the air :
Had each his wish, what more would Allah have to
spare ?—*Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

3528. WIT. Christian

A CHRISTIAN'S wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids but never grieves the sight ;
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth ;
Temperance and peace insure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield :
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact but not precise, though meek, keen-eyed ;
A man that would have foil'd at their own play
A dozen would-bes of the modern day ;

Who, when occasion justified its use,
 Had wit as bright and ready to produce ;
 Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
 Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
 His rich materials, and regale your ear
 With strains it was a privilege to hear :
 Yet above all, his luxury supreme,
 And his chief glory, was the gospel theme ;
 There he was copious as old Greece or Rome ;
 His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,
 Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
 But to treat justly what he loved so well.

Cowper.

3529. WIT. Danger of

WIT's an unruly engine, wildly striking
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
 Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
 But if thou want it, buy it, not too dear.
 Many, affecting wit beyond their power,
 Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.—*Herbert.*

3530. WIT: defined.

TRUE wit is nature to advantage drest ;
 That oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest :
 Something whose truth, convinced at sight, we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.—*Pope.*

3531. WIT: everlasting.

TRUE wit is everlasting, like the sun,
 Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admired :
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
 E'en something of divine, and more than wit ;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all men, but described by none.

Duke of Buckingham.

3532. WIT. Hurtful

WORKS may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.—*Pope.*

3533. WIT. Penalties of

UNHAPPY wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast :
 But soon the short-lived vanity is lost ;
 Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.

Pope.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
 But are not therefore fit for all alike ;
 They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
 And raise a foe as often as a friend ;

Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
 They cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.
Stillingfleet.

3534. WIT. Sense and

SENSE is our helmet, wit is but the plume ;
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
 Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam ;
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.—*Young.*

3535. WIT. Striving after

OUR wise forefathers, born in sober days,
 Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase ;
 The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
 Excused the wound, and sanctified the pest ;
 But we, from high to low, all strive to sneer,
 Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Stillingfleet.

3536. WITCHES.

OUR witches are no longer old
 And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
 But young and gay and laughing creatures,
 With the heart's sunshine on their features ;
 Their sorcery—the light which dances
 When the raised lid unveils its glances,
 And the low-breathed and gentle tone
 Faintly responding unto ours,
 Soft, dream-like as a fairy's moan
 Above its nightly-closing flowers.—*Whittier.*

3537. WOE.

WISE men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

Shakespeare.

So many great
 Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 Even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

Thomson.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
Young.

3538. WOMAN. Comparisons of

AN eastern prince his viziers once assembled,
 And ask'd them what a woman most resembled.

One said, the sun, the source of light,
 Which made all nature gay ;
 When woman's present, all is bright,
 All dull when she's away.

Woman, cried one, we can compare
To nought so justly as to air ;
'Tis light, indeed, and apt to fly ;
But it unites the earth and sky :
So woman, at creation given,
Stood as a link 'twixt man and heaven.

She's like the rainbow, said a third,
That, when the elements are stirr'd
To strife, dissolves the storm.
Its aspect does sweet calm diffuse ;
We're dazzled by its brilliant hues,
Its symmetry of form.
But who such prize possess'd ?—Sure, no man :
'Tis an illusion—so is woman.

The prince, who found his council thus divided,
Left the perplexing question undecided.

3539. WOMAN : different from man.

TRUE genius, but true woman ! dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity ?
Ah, vain denial ! that revolted cry
Is sobb'd in by a woman's voice forlorn !
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats back dishevell'd strength in agony,
Disproving thy man's name ! and while before
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and
higher,
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire.

Mrs E. B. Browning.

As the man beholds the woman,
As the woman sees the man,
Curiously they note each other
As each other only can.

Never can the man divest her
Of that wondrous charm of sex ;
Ever must she, dreaming of him,
The same mystic charm annex.

Strange, inborn, profound attraction !
Not the poet's range of soul,
Learning, science, sexless virtue,
Can the gazer's thought control.

But through every nerve and fancy
Which the inmost heart reveals,
Twined, ingrain'd, the sense of difference,
Like the subtle serpent steals.—*Procter.*

3540. WOMAN. Fidelity of

OH, what makes woman lovely ! virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering,—an endurance
Through scorn or trial,—these call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels !—*Brent.*

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue ;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.

E. S. Barrett.

When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betray'd, denied, forsook ;
Then woman, meekly constant still,
Follow'd to Calvary's fatal hill ;
Yes, follow'd where the boldest fail'd,
Unmoved by threat or sneer ;
For faithful woman's love prevail'd
O'er helpless woman's fear.—*Hankinson.*

3541. WOMAN : her grief.

WOMAN's grief is like a summer's storm,
Short as 'tis violent.—*Joanna Baillic.*

3542. WOMAN : her mission.

AH ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !
This charm shall grow, while that fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing ;
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.—*Pope.*

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties ; in their race
To rear the graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make ;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life :
This be the female dignity and praise.—*Thomson.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great ;
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight ;
Domestic worth,—that shuns too strong a light.
Lord Lyttelton.

'Tis thine to curb the passions' maddening sway,
And wipe the mourner's bitter tear away ;
'Tis thine to soothe when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed ;
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task,—to bless, and to be blest.

Grahame.

3543. WOMAN : her power.

BLESSINGS on the hand of woman !
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place :
Would that never storms assail'd it ;
Rainbows ever gently curl'd ;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain ;
Power may with beauty flow ;
Mother first to guide the streamlets,
From them souls unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine stream'd or darkness hur'd ;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

3544. WOMAN : her rights.

YES, God has made me a woman ;
I am content to be
Just what He meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me best has
order'd this for me.

A woman, to live my life out
In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight
through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant,
I would not join the fight,
Or jostle with men in the highways,
Or stain my garments white ;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I
claim my right :

The right of a rose to blossom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink,
And none to utter a nay,
That it reaches a root, or points a thorn, as even
a rose-tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow—
To grow as the Lord shall please,

By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness kin to the stronger
trees.

The right to a life of my own ;
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life flung out,
That, taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral
writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can,
From the garner'd stores of knowledge,
Which man has heap'd for man,
Taking with free hands freely, and after an
order'd plan.

The right—ah ! best and sweetest—
To stand all undismay'd,
Wherever pain or sorrow or sin
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or misconstrue, by never a
look gainsay'd.

I do not beg for a ballot,
Though very life were at stake ;
I would beg for the noble, juster way—
That men, for manhood's sake,
Should give ungrudging, and not withhold
Till I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal ;
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the mighty army-roll :
And God, who made man's body strong, made
also the woman's soul.—*Susan Coolidge.*

3545. WOMAN : her vengeance.

I AM a woman ! nay, a woman wrong'd !
And when our sex from injuries take fire,
Our softness turns to fury, and our thoughts
Breathe vengeance and destruction.—*Savage.*

Not even the soldier's fury, raised in war,
The rage of tyrants, when defiance stings 'em !
The pride of priests, so bloody when in power !
Are half so dreadful as a woman's vengeance.

Savage.

3546. WOMAN. Kindness of

MAN may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe ;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear :
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear ;—

'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here :
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

Crabbe.

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—*Scott.*

3547. WOMAN. Man's need of

O WOMAN ! Woman ! thou art form'd to bless
The heart of restless man, to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness ;
Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair.
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms
there,

Shrouding the thorns that on thy pathway rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise.

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,
Soothing and soft, and gentle as the stream
That strays 'mid summer flowers ; thy glittering tear
Is mutely eloquent ; thy smile a beam
Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,

It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream,
Shedding a hallow'd lustre o'er our fate,
And when it beams we are not desolate.—*Bird.*

Ah, woman ! in this world of ours,
What boon can be compared to thee ?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with
flowers,

And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone
And ne'er call woman's heart his own !

My mother ! at that holy name
'Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,—
A feeling, which for years of fame

I would not, could not crush ;
And, sisters ! ye are dear as life :
But when I look upon my wife,

My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In mother, sister, wife, and friend.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray ;

The heart will melt before her smile,
And base-born passions fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman ! half the price of thee.

P. Morris.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

Campbell.

Woman's warm heart and gentle hand, in God's
eternal plan,
Were form'd to soften, soothe, refine, exalt, and
comfort man,
And win from pleasure's poison cup to life's pure
fount above,
And rule him as the angels rule, by deeds of peace
and love.—*Sarah J. Hale.*

3548. WOMAN : not inferior to man.

WHAT highest prize hath woman won
In science or in art ?
What mightiest work by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart ?
'She hath no Raphael,' Painting saith ;
'No Newton,' Learning cries ;
Show us her Steam-ship ! her Macbeth !
Her thought-won victories !

Hail, boastful man ! though worthy are
Thy deeds when thou art true,
Things worthier still and holier far
Our sister yet will do ;
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honours her the more.

Oh ! not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's weak angel striven,
But silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heaven !
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom ;
For woman's best is unbegun !
Her advent yet to come.—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

3549. WOMAN : often wronged.

OH, wretched woman ! oh, defenceless sex !
Of the whole animated race most helpless.
We purchase slavery with wealth and honours ;
And when we take a husband, buy a tyrant,

A stern domestic foe, morose, unjust,
Bound by no law himself, and yet demanding
A strict obedience from the frail and weak.

C. Johnson.

Oh, woman ! how thy truest word is slighted !
Thy tenderness how often met with hate !
Thy fondest, purest hopes, how often blighted !
How man, the tyrant, lords it o'er thy fate—
Yet feigns for thy benign behests to wait !
How jealously he guards thy faithfulness,
And forms a censure on thy every state !

Thomas Cooper.

3550. WOMAN. Pope on

By custom doom'd to folly, sloth, and ease,
No wonder Pope such female triflers sees ;
Nor, would the satirist confess the truth,
Nothing so like as male and female youth ;
Nothing so like as man and woman old,—
Their joys, their woes, their hates, if truly told :
Though different acts seem different sexes' growth,
'Tis the same principle impels them both.

*Anne Howard, Viscountess Irwin : Answer to Pope's
Characters of Women.*

3551. WOMAN. Power of

WHEN a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled.

Shakespeare.

3552. WOMAN. Record of

WARRIORS and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer, men record ;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought, without a word ;
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd,
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind !
Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high de-
bate.
The soldier dies surrounded : could he live
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive ?

Caroline E. Norton.

3553. WOMAN : the best of God's works.

O FAIREST of creation ! last and best
Of all God's works ! creature in whom excels
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.—*Milton.*

3554. WOMAN : the end of her being.

A YOUNG maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs,
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season ;
And though the love of home first breaks the soil,
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.
Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil
The entire and holiest end of woman's being.

Frances Anne Kemble Butler.

3555. WOMAN. True reasons for loving

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.—*Carew.*

3556. WOMEN. Diversions for

LEMIRA's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call :
He comes ; but where's his patient ? at the ball.
The doctor stares ; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, ' My lady, sir, is always so :
Diversions put her maladies to flight :
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night :
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June ;
And though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sovereign for a cold :
With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;
With indigestions, supper just at three.'
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor or a dance ?
Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, at home :
For want—but not of health—are ladies ill ;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.—*Young.*

3557. WOMEN. Pictures of wise and good

OH ! blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She who can own a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;

That never answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Lets fops or fortune fly which way they will ;
Disdains all loss of tickets or quadrille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox—above them all ;
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

Pope.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dainty shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel-light.

Wordsworth.

Oh, beautiful as Morning in those hours
When, as her pathway lies along the hills,
Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
And softly touch the waters of the rills,
Was she who walk'd more faintly day by day,
Till silently she perish'd by the way.

It was not hers to know that perfect heaven
Of passionate love return'd by love as deep ;
Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
Watching the beauty of her babe asleep ;
'Mother and brethren'—these she had not known,
Save such as do the Father's will alone.

Yet found she something still for which to live,—
Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,
And 'little ones' to whom her hand could give
A cup of water in her Master's name ;
And breaking hearts to bind away from death
With the soft hand of pitying love and faith.

Phæbe Cary.

3558. WORDS : can never be recalled.

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend ;
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Roscommon.

Words have wings, and as soon as their cage, the
Mouth, is open'd, out they fly, and mount beyond
Our reach and past recovery : like lightning,
They can't be stopt, but break their passage through
The smallest crannies, and penetrate
Sometimes the thickest walls : their nature's as
Expansive as the light.—*Neville.*

3559. WORDS. Effect of

OH, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant ;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

Scott.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think.—*Byron.*

Words are mighty, words are living,
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every word man's lips have utter'd
Echoes in God's skies.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear ;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirr'd
(Never, never more to slumber),
Only by a word.—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

It was but a little word,
Yet it took wings,
Like unto living things,
And flew away ;
But one dark day,

Mid gloomy clouds and rain,
The 'word' came back again
Like any bird.

Came back to trouble me;
But not alone;
My winged word had grown
Into a sentence,
And brought repentance
For a spoken thought
That had but wrought
Me misery.

Words are like thistle-seed ;
Mind *what* you sow,
And *where* your blossoms grow.
When once they've flown
On wings of down,
Across the fertile field,
A harvest they will yield :
The warning heed !—*M. A. Kidder.*

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell,
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,—
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass ; for every hand
Must find some work to do ;
Lose not a chance to waken love ;
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
'These things shall never die !'
All the Year Round.

The strongest love hath yet, at times,
A weakness in its power ;
And latent sickness often sends
The madness of an hour !
To her I loved, in bitterness
I said a cruel thing:
Ah me ! how much of misery
From idle words may spring !
I loved her then—I love her still ;
But there was in my blood
A growing fever, that did give
Its frenzy to my mood ;
I sneer'd because another's sneers
Had power my heart to wring :
Ah me ! how much of misery
From idle words may spring !

And when, with tears of wonder, she
Look'd up into my face,
I coldly turn'd away mine eyes,
Avoiding her embrace :
Idly I spake of idle doubts,
And many an idle thing :
Ah me ! how much of misery
From idle words may spring !

'Twas over soon, the cause,—not soon
The sad effects pass'd by ;
They rule beneath the winter's sun,
And 'neath the summer's sky !
I sought forgiveness,—she forgave,
But kept the lurking sting :
Alas ! how much of misery
From idle words may spring !

Month after month, year after year,
I strove to win again
The heart an idle word had lost,
But strove, alas ! in vain.
Oh ! ye who love, beware lest thorns
Across Love's path ye fling :
Ye little know what misery
From idle words may spring.
Major Calder Campbell.

3560. WORDS. Eloquent

THAT glorious burst of winged words!—how bound
they from his tongue!
The full expression of the mighty thought, the
: strong, triumphant argument,
The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine, poetic
image,
The nice analogy, the clinching fact, the metaphor
bold and free,
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the om-
nipotence of truth.—*Tupper.*

3561. WORDS : expressions of thought.

WORDS are the soul's ambassadors, who go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro ;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are those airy keys that ope (and wrest
Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.
By them the heart makes sallies : wit and sense
Belong to them : they are the quintessence
Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,
And so calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into accents ; in whom lies
The salt of fancy, and all faculties.—*Howell.*

Words are the notes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore : they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripp'd,
And roughly looked over.—*Bailey*.

A mist of words,
Like haloes round the moon, though they enlarge
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less
doubly.

It is the thought writ down we want,
Not its effect, —not likenesses of likenesses ;
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.—*Bailey*.

3562. WORDS. Kind

NAY, speak no ill ; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind ;
And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind ;
For oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus a kinder plan ;
For if but little good we've known,
Let's speak of all the good we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's fault efface :
How can it please our human pride
To prove humanity but base ?
No ! let it reach a higher mode,
A nobler estimate of man :
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' feelings as your own ;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing flood ;
No lip can tell how brief the stay :
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we may.

3563. WORDS: real character.

'Tis only man can words create,
And cut the air to sounds articulate
By nature's special charter. Nay, speech can
Make a shrewd discrepancy 'twixt man and man :
It doth the gentleman from clown discover ;
And from a fool the grave philosopher ;
As Solon said to one in judgment weak,
I thought thee wise until I heard thee speak.

James Howell.

3564. WORDS. Use of

WORDS are like leaves ; and where they most
abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay ;
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable :
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.—*Pope*.

3565. WORDS. Weakness of

WHERE deeds pull down, words can repair no faith.
Chapman.

3566. WORK. Blessedness of

DANGER lies in idly living,
Health in labour freely done ;
Sweat of toil is honour-giving
To the brow, at set of sun.
Know'st thou not, whate'er the ending,
Whether failure or success,
That God's favour, still attending,
All good deeds of thine will bless ?

Spitta.

3567. WORK. Christian

IN His furrow'd fields around us
God has work for all who will :
Those who may not scatter broadcast,
Yet may plant it hill by hill.
Yearning hearts are often near us,
Conscious of their spirit-need :
These are hills prepared by Heaven
To receive the precious seed.

Shall we find these hills, and plant them ?
Shall we scatter when we may ?
Or with idle hands stand waiting
Till the seed-time pass away ?

Glory waits the faithful workmen
Who perform their Master's will :
Then, O Christians ! will ye weary
Of this planting hill by hill ?

Soon life's spring-time will be over,
And its autumn days will come :
Happy then will be those workmen
Who have sheaves to carry home.—*Allie*.

3568. WORK. Hopeless

ALL nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair,
 The bees are stirring, birds are on the wing,
 And winter, slumbering in the open air,
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring;
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
 Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
 Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
 With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll.
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
 Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object cannot live.—*Coleridge.*

3569. WORK : necessary as well as prayer.

ONE pleasant spring morning on nothing intent,
 But following fancy wherever it went,
 As clang of an anvil rang out on the air
 I paused by a smithy, smoke-blacken'd, and where
 The brawny-arm'd blacksmith, with blows fast and
 strong,
 Was pounding out horse-shoes and singing this
 song:—

'Bread and butter, potatoes and meat,
 Shoes and stockings for six little feet;
 House and home from mortgages free,
 Come, old anvil, give these to me.'

And the ring of the anvil seem'd to say:—
 'Tis wisdom to work as well as to pray;
 And prayer that comes with work at its side
 Is never in heaven or earth denied.'

And the blows fell faster and faster still,
 And the sparks flew farther and farther, till,
 Like rainbow of fire, the very air
 Seem'd full of promise to hear the prayer.

The music of hammer and words of song
 Rang out in the morning air hearty and strong;
 Keeping time together,—the arm that swung
 The hammer to strike, and the heart that sung,—
 And neither was still a moment before
 The smoking horse-shoe roll'd on the floor.

Mid shower of fire and rain of sweat
 The brawny blacksmith is toiling yet;
 But he taught a lesson for all, that day,
 How to work with the hammer as well as to pray.

Leverick.

3570. WORK : universal.

No gain, but by its price; labour, for the poor man's
 meal,
 Ofttimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel
 for his hunger;

Labour, for the chapman at his trade, a dull, un-
 varied round,
 Year after year, unto death; yea, what a weariness
 is it!
 Labour, for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his
 hated desk,
 Who bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold
 of health;
 Labour, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes
 are ventured on the sea;
 Labour, with care, for the man of law, responsible
 in his gains;
 Labour, with envy and annoyance, where strangers
 will thee wealth;
 Labour, with indolence and gloom, where wealth
 falleth from a father;
 Labour, unto all, whether aching thews, or aching
 head, or spirit—
 The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is
 labour.
 Nevertheless, to the diligent, labour bringeth bless-
 ing:
 The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is a
 pleasure;
 And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not
 for the idle;
 The hardship is transmuted into joy, by the dear
 alchemy of mercy;
 Labour is good for a man, bracing up his energies to
 conquest,
 And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself
 useless;
 For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty
 hinges,
 And the grasp of the mind is weaken'd, as the talons
 of a caged vulture.—*Tupper.*

3571. WORKERS. Encouragement for Chris-
 tian

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock;
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not everywhere;
 O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
 Go forth then everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown;

Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown ;

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, 'Harvest home.'

Montgomery.

3572. WORLD : a masquerade.

THE world is a great dance, in which we find
The good and bad have various turns assign'd ;
But when they've ended the great masquerade,
One goes to glory, the other to a shade.—*Crowne.*

3573. WORLD : accused.

'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted are the worst.
Denham.

3574. WORLD. Beauty of the

WHEN God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounced the building good ;
Sunbeams and light the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

Colours that charm and ease the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round ;
With pleasing blue He arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

Let envious atheists ne'er complain
That Nature wants or skill or care ;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
To avoid their Maker's goodness there.

Watts.

Beautiful !

How beautiful is all this visible world !
How glorious in its action and itself !
But we who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other.—*Byron.*

O ! it is beautiful to see this world,
Poised in the crystal air, with all its seas,
Mountains, and plains, majestically rolling
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,
And year by year, and century after century ;
And as it turns, still wheeling through the immense
Of ether, circling the resplendent sun
In calm and simple grandeur.—*Atherstone.*

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page ; see, every season brings
New change to her, of everlasting youth ;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads still are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs.—*Bryant.*

God's world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steep'd in light ;
It is the self-same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,
Floating on clouds above,
Ringing in autumn's tempest,
Murmur'd by every dove,
One thought fills God's creation—
His own great name of Love !

In God's world strength is lovely,
And so is beauty strong,
And light—God's glorious shadow—
To both great gifts belong ;
And they all meet in sweetness,
And fill the earth with song.

God's world has one great echo,
Whether calm blue mists are curl'd,
Or lingering dew-drops quiver,
Or red storms are unfurl'd ;
The same deep love is throbbing
Through the great heart of God's world.

3575. WORLD. Different views of the

'Tis a very good world that we live in
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.
Old Song.

I've tried this world in all its changes,
States, and conditions ; have been great and happy,
Wretched and low, and pass'd through all its stages.
And oh ! believe me, who have known it best,
It is not worth the bustle that it costs ;
'Tis but a medley, all of idle hopes,
And object childish fears.—*Madden.*

Ah, world unknown ! how charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new !
Ah, world experienced ! what of thee is told ?
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old !

Crabbe.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste ;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot ;
But the rich rays of sunshine that brighten our way,
Are bask'd in, enjoy'd, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls ;
But dwell on the beauties, the glories, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

Eliza Cook.

3576. WORLD. False confidence of the

LET the world be told
She boasts a confidence she does not hold ;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead
A cold misgiving and a killing dread ;
That while in health the ground of her support
Is madly to forget that life is short ;
That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie.

Cowper.

3577. WORLD. Flavour of the

IN Shiraz grows a tree, within the Sultan's bower,
Which bears an apple one-half sweet, and one-half
sour.

Ah ! such an apple is the world. How sweet it
tastes

In joy ! how sour when turning round to grief it
hastes.—*Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

3578. WORLD. Freedom from the

WHEN the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each fray ;
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load

Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
Yet keep those cares without thee : let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Vaughan.

Leave behind earth's empty pleasure,
Fleeting hope, and changeable love ;
Leave its soon-corroding treasure :
There are better things above.

Leave, ah, leave thy fond aspirings,
Bid thy restless heart be still ;

Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings,
Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow
And thine every anxious care :

He who only knows the morrow
Can for thee its burden bear.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

3579. WORLD : full of peril.

ALAS ! the world is full of peril !

The path that runs through the fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile !—*Longfellow.*

3580. WORLD : hollow.

THE world is just as hollow as an egg-shell ;
It is a surface, not a solid round ;
And all this boasted knowledge of the world
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with
Low things, or evil, or indifferent.—*Bailey.*

3581. WORLD : illusory.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractised hearts
A flattering prospect shows ;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And undisturb'd repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste
(As ancient fables say),
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,
And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies ;
'Twas but enchanted ground :
Thus, if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world, which promised us so much,
A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distress'd,
Convinced we never can have rest
In such a wretched place ;
But He whose mercy breaks the charm
Reveals His own almighty arm,
And bids us seek His face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When, from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend,
We follow Him from day to day,
Assured of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.—*Cowper.*

3582. WORLD: neither to be feared nor loved.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord,—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreath'd His brow with thorn?

No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.—*Denny.*

3583. WORLD. Power of the

WHENCE has this world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe,
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience? Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his flying breath:
All evils then seem light, compared
With the approach of death.

The judgment shakes him! there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay!
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where He was laid,
And calm descend to yours.—*Cowper.*

3584. WORLD. Question about the

WHAT is the world? tell, worldling, if thou know it.
If it be good, why do all ills o'erflow it?
If it be bad, why dost thou like it so?
If it be sweet, how comes it bitter then?
If it be bitter, what bewitcheth men?
If it be friend, why kills it, as a foe,
Vain-minded men that over-love and lust it?
If it be foe, fondling, how dar'st thou trust it?

Sylvester.

3585. WORLD. Quitting the

I HAVE not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes: I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things, hopes which will not de-
ceive,

And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snare for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

Byron.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean's brine,
Long I've been toss'd like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come:
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet!

Emerson.

3586. WORLD. Sale of the

THE world for sale! Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set this weafy spirit free?
'Tis going! yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away,
I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring;
The world at auction here, to-day!

—
 ved me sore,
 to be.
 e mine no more.
 and view it well,
 you purchase dear.
 I must sell!
 'll buy the splendid tear?
 n glittering heaps of gold;
 But let me tell you fair,
 as never sold!

y the heavy heaps of care?
 spread out in broad domain,
 y landscape all may trace,
 age, tree, field, hill, and plain;
 ll buy himself a burial-place?

s Love, the dreamy potent spell
 hat Beauty flings around the heart;
 now its power, alas! too well;
 'Tis going! Love and I must part!
 Must part? What can I more with Love?

All over's the enchanter's reign.
 Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
 A breath of bliss, a storm of pain?

And Friendship, rarest gem of earth;
 Who e'er hath found the jewel his?
 Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,
 Who bids for Friendship—as it is?
 'Tis going! going! hear the call;
 Once, twice, and thrice, 'tis very low!
 'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
 But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high,
 How dazzling every gilded name!
 Ye millions! now's the time to buy.
 How much for Fame? how much for Fame?
 Hear how it thunders! Would you stand
 On high Olympus, far renown'd,
 Now purchase, and a world command,
 And be with a world's curses crown'd.

Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,
 I part from all for ever now;
 Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
 By Death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
 The best of all I still have left—
 My faith, my Bible, and my God!—*Hoyt.*

3587. WORLD. The enticing
 By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair:
 But all night as the moon so changeth she;
 Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,

And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
 By day she woos me to the outer air,
 Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:
 But through the night, a beast she grins at me,
 A very monster void of love and prayer.
 By day she stands a lie: by night she stands,
 In all the naked horror of the truth,
 With pushing horns and claw'd and clutching hands.
 Is this a friend indeed; that I should sell
 My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
 Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

Christina G. Rossetti.

3587^a. WORLD: transient.

THE flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow dies;
 All that we wish to stay,
 Tempts, and then flies:
 What is this world's delight?
 Lightning, that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.—*Shelley.*

3588. WORLD: treacherous.

THE world's esteem is but a bribe:
 To buy their peace you sell your own;
 The slave of a vainglorious tribe,
 Who hate you while they make you known.
 The joy that vain amusements give,
 Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
 The honey of a crowded hive,
 Defended by a thousand stings.
 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 That live upon her treacherous smiles:
 She leads them blindfold by her rules,
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.—*Cowper.*

3589. WORLD. Vanity of the

OH! the world is but a word;
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone.—*Shakespeare.*

3590. WORLD. Youth of the

WHO will say the world is dying?
 Who will say our prime is past?
 Sparks from heaven within us lying
 Flash, and will flash to the last.
 Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
 Man a tool to buy and sell;
 Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
 Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero spirits
 Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
 Age from age the words inherits,—
 Wife and child and fatherland.

Still the youthful hunter gathers
 Fiery joy from wold and wood ;
 He will dare as dared his fathers,
 Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters ;
 While an orphan pleads in vain ;
 While an infant lisps his letters,
 Heir of all the ages' gain ;
 While a lip grows ripe for kissing ;
 While a moan from man is wrung ;
 Know, by every want and blessing,
 That the world is young.—*C. Kingsley.*

3591. WORLDLINESS. Influence of

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers—
 For this, for everything, we're out of tune ;

It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

Wordsworth.

3592. WORLDLING. Lament of the

THERE's not a joy the world can give like that it
 takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
 dull decay ;

Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone
 which fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth it-
 self be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
 happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or oceans of ex-
 cess :

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
 vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
 stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
 comes down ;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its
 own ;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our
 tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the
 ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth dis-
 tract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their
 former hope of rest,

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and
 grey beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a
 vanish'd scene,—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
 though they be,

So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would
 flow to me !—*Byron.*

3593. WORLDLINGS. Ways of

Lo ! here spread out the plains of heavenly light,
 And narrow way, that ends where all is bright.
 Behold, with globes upon the lightsome green,
 To different work address'd, two men are seen.
 With careless ease one rolls his globe along,
 And follows after full of mirth and song ;
 The other strives to move his world's vast weight
 Uphill, toward the brightly shining gate ;
 He strives in vain ; the globe, though in the track,
 Still downward tending drives him farther back :
 And though they seem contrary roads to go,
 They meet together in the vale below.

Thus some pursue an open course of sin ;
 Some Christ profess, yet hold the world within ;
 Though these appear to play a different game,
 Their fate is equal, and their end the same.

W. Holmes.

3594. WORLDS. Other

OTHER worlds. Those planets evermore
 On their golden orbits swiftly glide on—
 From quick Hermes by the solar shore
 To remote Poseidon.

Are they like this earth ? The glory shed
 From the ruddy dawn's unfading portals—
 Does it fall on regions tenanted
 By a race of mortals ?

Are there merry maidens, wicked-eyed,
 Peeping slyly through the cottage lattice ?
 Have they vintage-bearing countries wide ?
 Have they oyster-patties ?

Have they silent shady forest realms,
 Odorous violets that in grassy nooks hide,

Aged oaks and great ancestral elms
 Growing by the brook-side?
 Does a mighty ocean roar and break
 On dark rocks and sandy shores fantastic?
 Have they any Darwins there to make
 Theories elastic?
 Have they landscapes that would set a flat alight
 With their beauty? Have they snow-neck'd clerici?
 Poets who be-rhyme each whirling satellite?
 Dr Temple's heresy?

Does their weather change? November fog—
 Weeping April—March with many a raw gust?
 And do thunder and demented dog
 Come to them in August?

Nineteenth-century science should unravel
 All these queries, but has somehow miss'd 'em.
 When will it be possible to travel
 Through the solar system?

Mortimer Collins.

3595. WORSHIP. Acceptable

No sacred lore, howe'er profound,
 Nor all the long and varied round
 Of sacred rites, can bliss procure
 For worthless man, in heart impure.
 Although a man with zeal and skill
 Should all external rites fulfil,
 He reaps no fruit of all his toil
 If sin his inner man should soil.
 Even he his all in alms who spends
 With heart defiled, secures no meed:
 The disposition, not the deed,
 Has value—all on it depends.

Vayu Purana, viii. 190.

Two altars are uprear'd in yonder plain;
 Two worshippers with different gifts draw near;
 Two sacrifices are presented there,
 Heaven's merciful approval to obtain.
 One brings a bloody offering, and the slain
 Crimsons earth's beauteous carpet with its gore;
 A lamb—a sinless victim—there is slain;
 Such sacrifice Earth never saw before.
 Upon the other altar luscious fruits,
 Like incense, are in rich profusion piled,
 Mix'd with earth's ripen'd grain, its fruitful roots,
 And gorgeous flowers, all beautiful and wild.
 Which of these two oblations will be found
 Most worthy—tribute from the rock, or from the
 ground?

Heaven takes the former, but the latter spurns;
 One lifts his head to heaven to thank the Giver,
 Nor thinks to mourn his lost condition ever;
 With Pharisaic pride his spirit burns,

But in deep penitence the other turns
 His downcast eyes to earth, in sorrow bent:
 He offers bleeding innocence, and yearns
 Vicarious release from punishment.
 The promised Christ to bruise the serpent's head,
 The substitute for man, is shadow'd here;
 And Heaven approves the gift—accepts the deed,
 The principle of future trust is there.
 Abel, by faith, Heaven's favour thus obtains
 For a more excellent sacrifice by far than Cain's.

Churchill.

3596. WORSHIP: in what spirit it is to be offered.

I.

'I WOULD my gift were worthier,' sigh'd the Greek,
 As on he goaded to the temple door
 His spotted bullock: 'Ever of our store
 Doth Zeus require the best. And fat and sleek
 The ox I vow'd to him (no brindle streak,
 No fleck of dun), when through the breakers' roar
 He bore me safe, that day, to Naxos' shore:
 And now—my gratitude—how seeming weak!

'But here be chalk-pits: What if I should white
 The blotches, hiding all unfitness so?
 The victim in the people's eyes would show
 Better therefor, the sacrificial rite
 Be quicker granted at so fair a sight,
 And the great Zeus himself might never know!'

II.

We have a God who knows: And yet we dare,
 On His consuming altar-coals, to lay
 (Full loth the goad of conscience to obey)—
 The whitened sacrifice, the glossing prayer,
 In place of what we vow'd—in our despair—
 Of best and holiest; glad no mortal may
 Pierce through the cheat, and hoping half to stay
 That eye before whose search all souls are bare.

Nay, rather let us bring the victim-heart,
 Defiled, unworthy, blemish'd though it be,
 And fling it on the flame, entreating: 'See!
 I blush to know how vile in every part
 Is this, my gift, through sin's delusive art,
 Yet—'tis the best that I can offer Thee!'

Margaret J. Preston.

3597. WORSHIP. Places of

SPIRIT! whose life-sustaining presence fills
 Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
 Thou for Thy worshippers hast sanctified
 All place, all time! The silence of the hills
 Breathes veneration; founts and choral rills
 Of these are murmuring: to its inmost glade

The living forest with Thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear nought but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rock or cave possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

Mrs Hemans.

3598. WORSHIP. Prayer for acceptance of

THE glorious hosts of peerless night
That ever see Thy face,
Thou mak'st the mirrors of Thy light,
The vessels of Thy grace;
Then when their wondrous strain they weave,
Hast pleasure in the lay:
Deign thus our praises to receive,
Albeit from lips of clay!

And yet Thyself they cannot know,
Nor pierce the veil of light
That hides Thee from the thrones below,
As in profoundest night:
How then can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to the King?
Thou only, while we praise Thy name,
Forgive us while we sing!

Metrophanes of Smyrna, tr. by J. M. Neale.

3599. WORSHIP. Rejected

GLADSOME the bells so musical and loud,
Splendid the court, splendid the glistening crowd;
Luxuriously soft the cushion'd stalls
And costly carpet, where the footstep falls;
The air perfumed, the music soft and low,
The tinted lights upon the tinted show.

O Christ, they come to praise Thee! Dost Thou
hear?

For Thee the psalm rings out so sweet and clear,
And silk-robed beauty bends the graceful knee,
And wealth doth suffer Thy meek company,
Content to pray with self-approving ken,
'Thanks, Lord! that we—are not as other men.'

O vainest prayer! unheard beyond the skies
For widows' wails, and orphans' bitter cries,
For hunger's calls, and the sad freezing moan
Of dying souls untended and alone.
Shall they have answer, then? Ah, yes! I say
They shall have answer—on the Judgment Day.

When sore-perplex'd, with hearts that sink and
quake,
They urge the plea, 'Think, Lord, that for Thy
sake

We built our church; carved were the stones and
wood,
And priceless was the land on which it stood;
Surely our golden gifts are not forgot:—'
And the stern Christ shall say, '*I know them not.*'

'But this I know, that at your temple gate
My poor, my starving poor, in sorrow sat;
Mine were the children, ignorant and cold,
Mine were the mothers, in their anguish old;
And those young girls were sisters all of mine
That you, for "my sake," might have saved from
crime.

'I never knew you! From your splendid place
No heart with sorrow breaking sought my face;
No poor man's soul e'er to my bosom came,
And your church kept the memory of his name;
My poor—which are my body, quite forgot,
I am dishonour'd! Go—I know you not!'

Lillie E. Barr.

3600. WORSHIP. True

TRUE faith nor biddeth nor abideth form.
The bended knee, the eye uplift, is all
Which man need render; all which God can bear.
What to the faith are forms? A passing speck,
A crow upon the sky. God's worship is
That only He inspires; and His bright words,
Writ in the red-leaved volume of the heart,
Return to Him in prayer, as dew to heaven.
Our proper good we rarely seek or make;
Mindless of our immortal powers and their
Immortal end, as is the pearl of its worth,
The rose its scent, the wave its purity.—*Bailey.*

3601. WORTH: how it is to be measured.

THE worth of all men by their end esteem,
And then due praise, or due reproach, them yield.
Spenser.

3602. WORTH. Joy in

THERE is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm,
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth,
Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the
storm.

It asks, it needs no aid;
It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne:
There, in its self-created heaven, alone,
No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
It sits a lesser God—life, life is all its own!

The Stoic was not wrong:
There is no evil to the virtuous brave;
Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,

Worshipp'd or scorn'd, alone or 'mid the throng,
He is himself—a man! not life's nor fortune's
slave.

Power, and wealth, and fame,
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide :
Give me but these,—a spirit tempest-tried,
A brow unshrinking, and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its
pride!—*Conrad.*

3603. WORTH. Men of

GOD gives us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready
hands :

Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
Men who possess opinions and a will ;
Men who have honour—men who will not lie ;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without wink-
ing ;

Tall men, sun-crown'd, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking—
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worm creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo ! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

3604. WORTH : wins esteem.

NOR are we ignorant how noble minds
Suffer too much through those indignities
Which times and vicious persons cast on them.
Ourselves have ever vowed to esteem
As virtue for itself, so fortune base :
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.

Ben Jonson.

Firm and resolved by sterling worth to gain
Love and respect, thou shalt not strive in vain.

Brydges.

Oh ! wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself ?
Wouldst thou be honour'd for thyself or that ?
Rank that excels the wearer doth degrade,
Riches impoverish that divide respect :
Oh, to be cherish'd for one's self alone !
To owe the love which cleaves to us to nought
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes !

Sheridan Knowles.

3605. WRATH. Victims of

'Tis not the want of time, nor means, nor good in-
tent,
That has these millions to perdition sent ;

But 'tis the siren who, his victims to betray,
Persuades with honey'd words repentance to delay.
Delay's the siren's name, whose fascinating song
Lures and deceives the madden'd, swelling throng.
Delay's the fatal cause that bars the heavenly gates,
And tortures with an agony which ne'er abates.

3606. WRONG.

I SEE the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.
Ovid.

To persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.—*Shakespeare.*

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long ;
Who farthest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way.—*Prior.*

They ever do pretend
To have received a wrong, who wrong intend.
Daniel.

Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course.
Daniel.

3607. YEAR. Old and New

No pause, no rest, no visual line
Between the years that come and go !
For some too fast, for some too slow ;
Time never stops to sleep or dine,
But on and on with steady flight
He keeps, untired, by day—by night,
And boys and girls, ere yet aware,
Find threads of silver in their hair,
Their love of quiet growing stronger ;
And, haply, by these tokens know,
What kind friends told them long ago,
That they are boys and girls no longer.

Still on—as silent as a ghost !
Seems but a score of days, all told,
Or but a month or two at most,
Since our last New Year's song we troll'd,
And lo ! that New Year now is Old.
And here we stand to say 'Good-bye !'
Brief words—and yet, we scarce know why,
They bring a moisture to the eye,
And to the heart some quakes and aches ;
We speak them very tenderly,
With half a sob and half a sigh—
'Old Year, good-bye ! Old Year, good-bye !'
For what it brought, for what it takes,
We love it, and for loved ones' sakes ;

Prized for its hours of happiness,
Nor for its sacred sorrows less ;
For all it gave through toil and strife
Of new significance to life—
New breadths, new depths, new heights sublime,
And, haply, kingship over Time !
Accept our thanks, Old Year ! for these,
And for all precious memories
Of love, of grief, of joy, of pain,
Whose ministry was not in vain.

And so we sadly lay, Old Year !
Our love-wreath on thy snowy bier,
Our love-wreath, moisten'd by a tear ;
And, turning from our brief adieu,
With kindly welcome hail the New :
True to the Ruling Power, we sing,
'The King is dead !' 'Long live the King !'
Burleigh.

3608. YEAR. Thanksgiving for a New

THANK God, that towards eternity
Another step is won !
Oh, longing turns my heart to Thee,
As time flows slowly on,
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,
Whence those rich streams of grace are drawn,
That through my being run !

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
When, at Thy touch divine,
Whate'er is mortal now in me
Shall be consumed for aye in Thee,
And deathless life be mine !

So glows Thy love within this frame,
That, touch'd with keenest fire,
My whole soul kindles in the flame
Of one intense desire,
To be in Thee, and Thou in me,
And e'en while yet on earth, to be
Still pressing closer, nigher !

I joy that from Thy love divine
No power can part me now ;
That I may dare to call Thee mine,
My Friend, my Lord avow ;
That I, O Prince of life, shall be
Made wholly one in Heaven with Thee ;
My portion, Lord, art Thou !

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one more year is gone,
And of this time, so poor, so slow,
Another step is won ;

And with a heart that may not wait,
Toward yonder, distant, golden gate,
I journey gladly on.

O Jesus ! all my soul hath flown
Already up to Thee,
For Thou, in whom is love alone,
Hast wholly conquer'd me.
Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,
Eternity is round me here,
Since, Lord, I live in Thee !—*A. H. Franke.*

3609. YESTERDAY. Lessons of

Now shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson ;
Now can we from that elm-tree's sap distil the wine of Truth.
Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,
Eddying in various waves to the red bark's shore-like rim ?
These be the gathering of yesterdays, present all to-day ;
This is the tree's judgment, self-history that cannot be gainsaid :
Seven years ago there was a drought—and the seventh ring is narrow'd ;
The fifth from hence was half a deluge—the fifth is cellular and broad,
Thus, Man, thou art a result, the growth of many yesterdays,
That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe :
Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds :
Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their season :
Here is a knot—it was a crime ; there is a canker—selfishness ;
Lo ! here, the heart-wood rotten ; lo, there, perchance, the sap-wood sound.
Nature teacheth not in vain ; thy works are in thee, of thee ;
Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors :
And what if thou be walking now uprightly ? Salve not thy wounds with poison.
As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday :
It is well thou hast life and light ; and the Hearer showeth mercy,
Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy tardy fruits ;
But, even here, as thou standest, cheerful belike, and careless,

The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record
of thy wrong is in thee ;
For a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yes-
terdays of sin,
That, haply, little heeded now, shall blast thy many
morrrows.—*Tupper.*

3610. YOUNG. Claims of the

GIVE us light amid our darkness ;
Let us know the good from ill ;
Hate us not for all our blindness ;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness,—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing ; we are ready ;
We would learn, if you would teach ;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty ;
We have minds alive to beauty ;
Souls that any heights can reach !

Raise us by your Christian knowledge :
Consecrate to man our powers ;
Let us take our proper station ;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours !

We shall be what you will make us :
Make us wise, and make us good !
Make us strong for time of trial ;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Look into our childish faces ;
See ye not our willing hearts ?
Only love us, only lead us ;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands, many thousands !
Every day our ranks increase ;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honour,
Combating for love and peace !

Mary Howitt.

3611. YOUNG. Counsel for the

LIVE, that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh,
And be assured that life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die.

Eliza Cook.

3612. YOUNG. Death of the

LIKE other tyrants, Death delights to smite
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;

The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud ;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb :
Me thine, Narcissa ! What though short thy date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth, Methuselahs may die ;
O, how misdated on their flattering tombs !

Young.

Grieve not that I die young.—Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness ?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me
Here I am bless'd—but I would be more free ;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.
Let me depart !

Ah ! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold ?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faëry world ;
Till fancy's many-colour'd wings are furl'd,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old ?
I would depart !

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul
A joyous thank-offering to Him who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart :
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—
Let me depart !

Lady Flora Hastings.

3613. YOUNG. Prayer for the

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.—*Crowper.*

3614. YOUNG. Prayer of the

MY Father, the guide of my youth,
To Thee for direction I fly ;
O grant me Thy light and Thy truth,
Nor ever Thy presence deny.

My pillar of cloud and of fire,
While destined to journey below,—
What more can a pilgrim desire,
Or Thou in Thy goodness bestow?

Raffles.

3615. YOUNG. Warning for the

GREEN as the bay-tree ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen :
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page :
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health ensure
For yet an hour to come ;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
Can always balk the tomb.

And O ! that humble as my lot,
And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.—*Cowper.*

3616. YOUTH : and age.

AND to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And Virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years ;
Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd—
That fire abated which impels hot youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,—
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence in its shortening day
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.—*Cowper.*

And if the mist retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way !

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear ;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage ;
Alas ! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age.—*Southey.*

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.—*Thackeray.*

There was a time when meadow, grove, and spring,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore :—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no
more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare :
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth :—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the
earth.—*Wordsworth.*

3617. YOUTH. Aspirations of

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story :
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college :
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.

Minds are of celestial birth ;
 Make we, then, a heaven of earth.
James Montgomery.

Let us read the dreams of glory
 That childish fancy made ;
 Turn to the next few pages,
 And see how soon they fade.

Here, while still waiting, dreaming,
 For some ideal life,
 The young heart all unconscious
 Had enter'd on the strife.

See how the page is blotted :
 What—could those tears be mine ?
 How coolly I can read you
 Each blurr'd and trembling line !

Now I can reason calmly,
 And, looking back again,
 Can see divinest meaning
 Threading each separate pain.

Here strong resolve—how broken !
 Rash hope, and foolish fear,
 And prayers, which God in pity
 Refused to grant or hear.

Nay—I will turn the pages
 To where the tale is told
 Of how a dawn diviner
 Flush'd the dark clouds with gold.
Household Words : 'My Journal.'

Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
 Thy even way,
 Thou pantest on to win a mournful race :
 Then stay ! oh, stay !

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain ;
 Loiter,—enjoy :
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again
 A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face
 When seen from far ;
 The mist of light from which they take their grace
 Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
 Thou canst not know,
 And how it leads to regions never green,
 Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
 Which, all too fast,
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
 A man at last,—*Monckton Milnes.*

3618. YOUTH : described.

WHAT is youth ?—A dancing billow,
 Winds behind, and rocks before !
Wordsworth.

3619. YOUTH. Desires of

YOUTH hath a strong and strange desire to try
 All feelings on the heart : 'tis very wrong,
 And dangerous, and deadly : strive against it.
Bailey.

3620. YOUTH : dissipated.

YOUTH lost in dissipation,—we deplore
 Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore :
 Our years, a fruitless loss without a prize,
 Too many—yet too few to make us wise.—*Cowper.*

3621. YOUTH. Dreams of

FOR, ah ! my heart, how very soon
 The glittering dreams of youth are past !
 And long before it reach its noon,
 The sun of life is overcast.—*Moore.*

3622. YOUTH. Griefs of

AND is not youth, as fancy tells,
 Life's summer prime of joy ?
 Ah, no ! for hopes too long delay'd
 And feelings blasted or betray'd
 Its fabled bliss destroy ;
 And youth remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of infancy.—*Southey.*

Look back upon your hours of youth :
 What were your early years,
 But scenes of childish cares and griefs ?
 And say not childish tears
 Were nothing ; at that time they were
 More than the young heart well could bear.
L. E. Landon.

3623. YOUTH. Happiness of

IN the sweet morn of life, when health and joy
 Laugh in the eye, and o'er each sunny plain
 A mild celestial softness seems to reign,
 Ah ! who could dream what woes the heart annoy ?
 No saddening sighs disturb the vernal gale
 Which fans the wild-wood music on the ear ;
 Unbathed the sparkling eye with pity's tear,
 Save listening to the aged soldier's tale.
 The heart's slow grief which wastes the child of woe,
 And lovely injured woman's cruel wrong,
 We hear not in the skylark's morning song,
 We hear not in the gales that o'er us blow :—
 Visions devoid of woe which childhood drew,
 How oft shall my sad heart your soothing scenes
 renew !—*Leyden.*

Happy the schoolboy ! Did he prize his bliss,
 'Twere ill exchanged for all the dazzling gems
 That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye :
 His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
 The cherub smile, of innocence and health :
 Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,
 He wipes it soon : for, hark ! the cheerful voice
 Of comrades calls him to the top or ball ;
 Away he hies, and clamours as he goes,
 With glee, which causes him to tread on air.

Knox.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's *maze*,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchanged for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves, that guileless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active men engage ;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age !—*Burns.*

How bright to him life's opening morn !
 No cloud to intercept a ray ;
 The rose had then no hidden thorn,
 The tree of life knew no decay.
 How greeted oft his wondering soul
 The fairy shapes of childish joy,
 As gaily on the moments stole,
 And still grew up the blooming boy !

Hoyt.

Let them exult : their laugh and song
 Are rarely known to last too long :
 Why should we strive, with cynic frown,
 To knock their fairy castles down ?

Eliza Cook.

Blest hour of childhood ! then, and then alone,
 Dance we the revels close round pleasure's throne,
 Quaff the bright nectar from her fountain-springs,
 And laugh beneath the rainbow of her wings.
 Oh ! time of promise, hope, and innocence,
 Of trust, and love, and happy ignorance !
 Whose every dream is heaven, in whose fair joy
 Experience yet has thrown no black alloy ;
 Whose pain, when fiercest, lacks the venom'd pang,
 Which to maturer ill doth oft belong,
 When, mute and cold, we weep departed bliss,
 And hope expires on broken happiness.

3624. YOUTH. Hopefulness of

SELF-FLATTER'D, unexperienced, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend.

Young.

How gaily is at first begun
 Our life's uncertain race !
 Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
 With which we just set out to run,
 Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
 How tempting to go through !
 Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
 From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
 Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
 Which wander through our minds !
 How full the joys, how free the love,
 Which does that early season move,
 As flowers the western winds !

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

Oh ! the joy
 Of young ideas painted on the mind
 In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
 On objects not yet known, when all is new
 And all is lovely.—*Hannah More.*

Youth with swift feet walks onward in the way ;
 The land of joy lies all before his eyes ;
 Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
 Still looking back, for it behind him lies.

Frances Anne Kemble Butler.

3625. YOUTH. Immortal

YET grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
 Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
 Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
 Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ;
 Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides
 Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour ;
 Waits, like the vanish'd spring, that slumbering bides
 Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall He welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
 On His bright morning hills, with smiles more
 sweet

Than when at first He took thee by the hand,
 Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
 He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
 Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
 Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
 Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
 Of mountains where immortal morn prevails ?
 Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
 A gentle rustling of the morning gales ;

A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks for ever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?—*Bryant.*

3626. YOUTH. Importance of education in

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years :
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That education gives her, false or true.—*Cowper.*

3627. YOUTH : misspent.

O MAN ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !—*Burns.*

3628. YOUTH. Perils of

DOWN the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn : bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells the sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand : but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

Porteus.

3629. YOUTH. Rashness of

YOUTH is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

Hill.

3630. YOUTH : returnless.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign ;
Still we feel that something sweet
Follow'd youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanish'd,
And we sigh for it in vain ;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.—*Stoddard.*

3631. YOUTH. Sedateness in

SOMETHING of youth I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.—*Denham.*

3632. YOUTH. Thoughtlessness of

WE were
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boys eternal.—*Shakespeare.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.—*Gray.*

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day ;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah ! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band :
Ah, tell them they are men !—*Gray.*

O life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at the expected warning,
To joy and play.—*Burns.*

Ah ! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie ?
Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity.

H. Kirke White.

3633. YOUTH. Zeal in

OH ! be thou zealous in thy youth ;
 Fill every day with noble toils,
 Fight for the victories of Truth,
 And deck thee with her deathless spoils.
 For those whose lives are in retreat,
 Their valour and ambition flown,
 In vain the 'larum drum is beat,
 In vain the battle-trumpet blown !
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3634. ZEAL. Present

RISE from your dreams of the future,
 Of gaining some hard-fought field,
 Of storming some airy fortress,
 Or bidding some giant yield.
 Your future has deeds of glory,
 Of honour (God grant it may),
 But your aim will never be stronger,
 Or the need so great as to-day.

 Rise, for the day is passing !
 The low sound that you scarcely hear
 Is the enemy marching to battle ;
 Arise ! for the foe is near !

Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
 Or the hour will strike at last,
 When, from dreams of a coming battle,
 You may wake to find it past.

3635. ZEAL. True

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
 The fire of love supplies ;
 While that which often bears the name
 Is self in a disguise.

True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear ;
 The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
 And breathes revenge and war.

While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.

Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfied,
 If sinners love the Saviour's name ;
 Nor seeks it aught beside.—*Newton.*



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